THE LITERARY DIGEST

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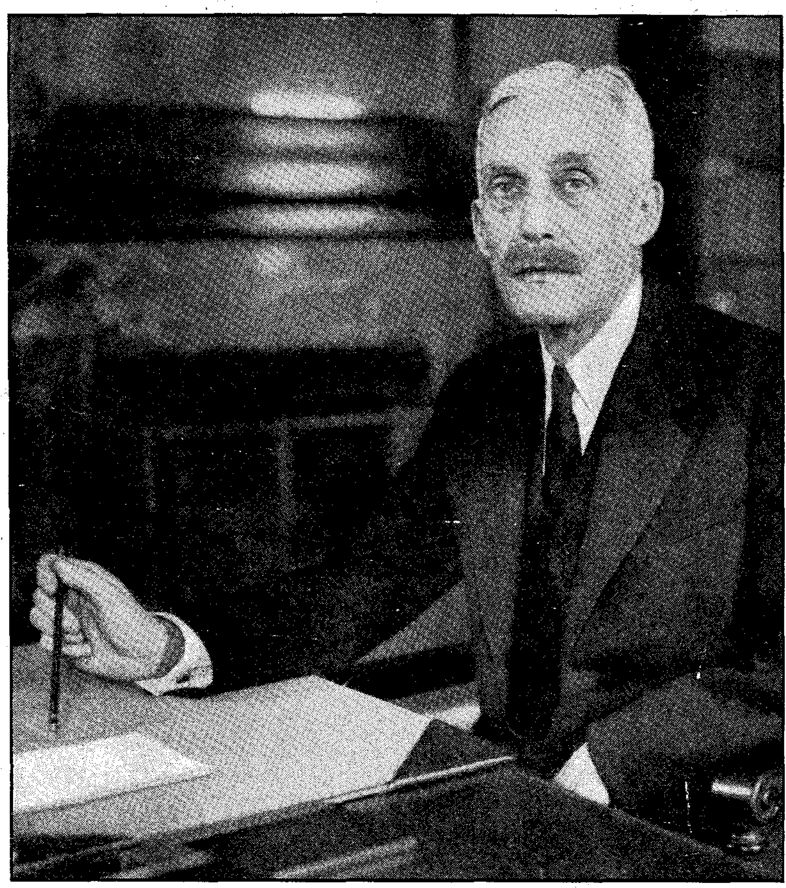
TOPICS OF THE DAY

(This title registered in U. S. Patent Office)

TAX REDUCTION—OR BONUS?

A HEAD-ON COLLISION in the new Congress between advocates of the bonus and champions of tax reduction is made inevitable, most observers agree, by Secretary Mellon's letter, stating flatly that we can lighten our burden of taxation next year by more than $300,000,000, or we can pay the proposed Federal "adjusted compensation" to ex-service men of the World War, but that we can not do both. "To embark on any soldiers' bonus, such as was considered in the last Congress," writes the Secretary of the Treasury, "would make it necessary to drop all consideration of tax reduction." A bill providing for a bonus was passed by the last Congress, but was vetoed by President Harding because it did not make any provision for raising the additional revenue required. The American Legion's legislative committee claims an overwhelming majority for the measure in the new House, and a safe majority in the Senate. But those pro-bonus legislators are now apparently to be confronted with the embarrassing choice between enacting a compensation bill that will presumably win the approval of between four and five million war veterans, or a tax-reduction measure that will soothe the pocket nerves of some seven million income-tax payers. Congressional politicians, the Washington correspondents report, are "alarmed and indignant" that almost on the eve of a national election they should be asked to jeopardize their seats by such a decision. The issue raised by Secretary Mellon, they assert, will be the outstanding one throughout the whole of the coming session. According to Representative Graham of Illinois, a Republican, Secretary Mellon shows "darn poor judgment" in expressing his views regarding tax reduction at this time. But as the Democratic New York *Times* sees it, he "has placed in the hands of the President and of the Republican party a great political issue which might easily prove winning if boldly seized upon and energetically advocated."



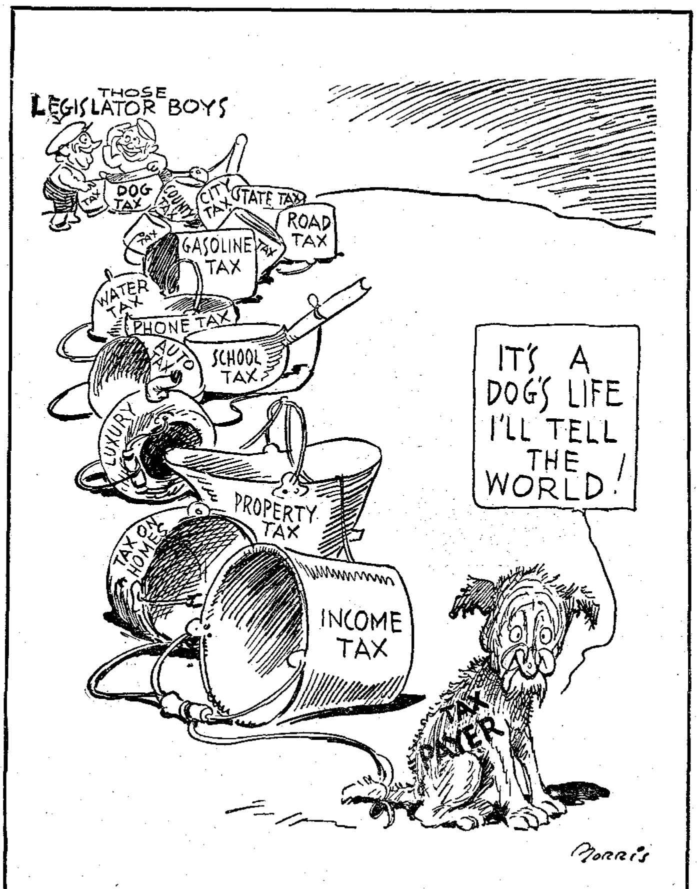
HE GIVES US OUR CHOICE

Secretary Mellon promises a tax reduction which will put a substantial sum into every taxpayer's pocket, if no such bonus law is passed as was proposed last year. But his critics say we can have the tax-cut and the bonus too.

But Congress will act in this matter, we are assured, only under the pressure of public opinion. "Secretary Mellon has done his part; the rest is up to the people," remarks the New York *Evening Mail* (Ind.). "The choice is before the country," agrees the Brooklyn *Eagle* (Dem.). The nation, says the New York *Times*, must make its choice between reduced taxes or a soldiers' bonus—"it can not have both." It is for the people to indicate their wish, declares the Washington *Post* (Ind.), because "Congress will act as it believes the country wishes it to act."

Which horn of the dilemma shall Congress choose? Public opinion, as reflected in editorials and statements in the press, seems to be divided at present into three groups. One—apparently the largest, or at least the most vocal—demands tax reduction and is willing to let the bonus go; another demands bonus legislation, and is willing to surrender tax reduction for it; and a third sees no reason why we can not have both. Listening first to those who argue for a slash in taxes, we are assured by the National Industrial Council, which speaks for many of our large industries, that a trade boom would be sure to follow, and that the carrying out of Mr. Mellon's program would prove the greatest stabilizing event since the war. As the Rochester *Herald* (Ind.) sees it, we have our choice between a "tax-cut and prosperity or a bonus and hard times." For—

"The imposition on the country at this time of a soldiers' bonus, to which a large and important element among former service



WHAT ELSE CAN WE TIE TO HIS TAIL?
—Morris for the George Matthew Adams Service.

men is opposed, would be to increase Federal taxation, increase the tendency of wealth to seek concealment, pile additional burdens on the small taxpayer, and hamstring business for an indefinite period. And no small part of the resultant hardship would fall on the service men themselves, for they would find that any such amount as the Government could afford to pay them would be quickly eaten up by increased cost of living and hard times brought about by a four-billion-dollar addition to the national debt."

The main features of Secretary Mellon's tax-reduction program, as outlined in a letter to Acting Chairman Green of the House Ways and Means Committee, are thus summarized by The Associated Press:

"1. Reduce the income tax on earned incomes 25 per cent.
"2. Reduce the 4 per cent. normal tax to 3 per cent. and the 8 per cent. one to 6 per cent.
"3. Begin surtax application at $10,000, scaling tax progressively upward to 25 per cent. on $100,000.
"4. Limit deduction of capital losses to 12½ per cent. of the total loss.
"5. Limit gross income deductions for interest paid and for non-business losses to the amount the sum of these items exceeds tax-exempt income.
"6. Tax community property income of the spouse having control of the income.
"7. Repeal taxes on telephones, telegrams and leased wires.
"8. Repeal tax on theater admissions.
"9. Repeal miscellaneous nuisance taxes."

"Mr. Mellon has raised a sharp, clear issue which the practical politicians in Congress will dodge at their peril," says the Baltimore *Sun* (Ind.). Mr. Mellon "puts it squarely up to Congress whether it will reduce the taxes of the people or increase those taxes by voting a bonus for a few people," remarks the Louisville *Courier-Journal* (Dem.). "If courage triumphs over political expediency, the Mellon program will win," believes the Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot* (Dem.). However, if the new Congress passes a bonus bill, the Atlanta *Constitution* (Dem.) hopes that President Coolidge will show the same courage that President Harding did, and veto it. "There should be tax reduction first of all to lift the burdens of the country," believes the Philadelphia *Inquirer* (Rep.). The Columbus *Ohio State Journal* (Rep.) believes the Secretary's plan to be "patriotically sound and for the greatest good of the greatest number." To the Minneapolis *Journal* (Rep.) it is "the essence of financial wisdom." The Los Angeles *Times* (Rep.) denounces the proposed bonus legislation as "unwise." "Reduced taxation, quickened industry and broadened opportunity will better care for the former service man than the pittance each would get as a bonus that in the aggregate would be onerous to the nation," thinks the New Orleans *Times-Picayune* (Dem.). The Richmond *Times-Dispatch* (Dem.) also declares that the present tax burden "is sapping the sources of national prosperity."

"From the point of view of national politics an Administration that reduces taxes will have the strongest of all claims upon the people at the next elections," remarks the San Francisco *Bulletin* (Ind.). Also, in view of the Republican campaign promises of 1920 to reduce tax burdens, adds the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* (Ind.), the carrying out of the plan will mean "keeping faith with the American people."

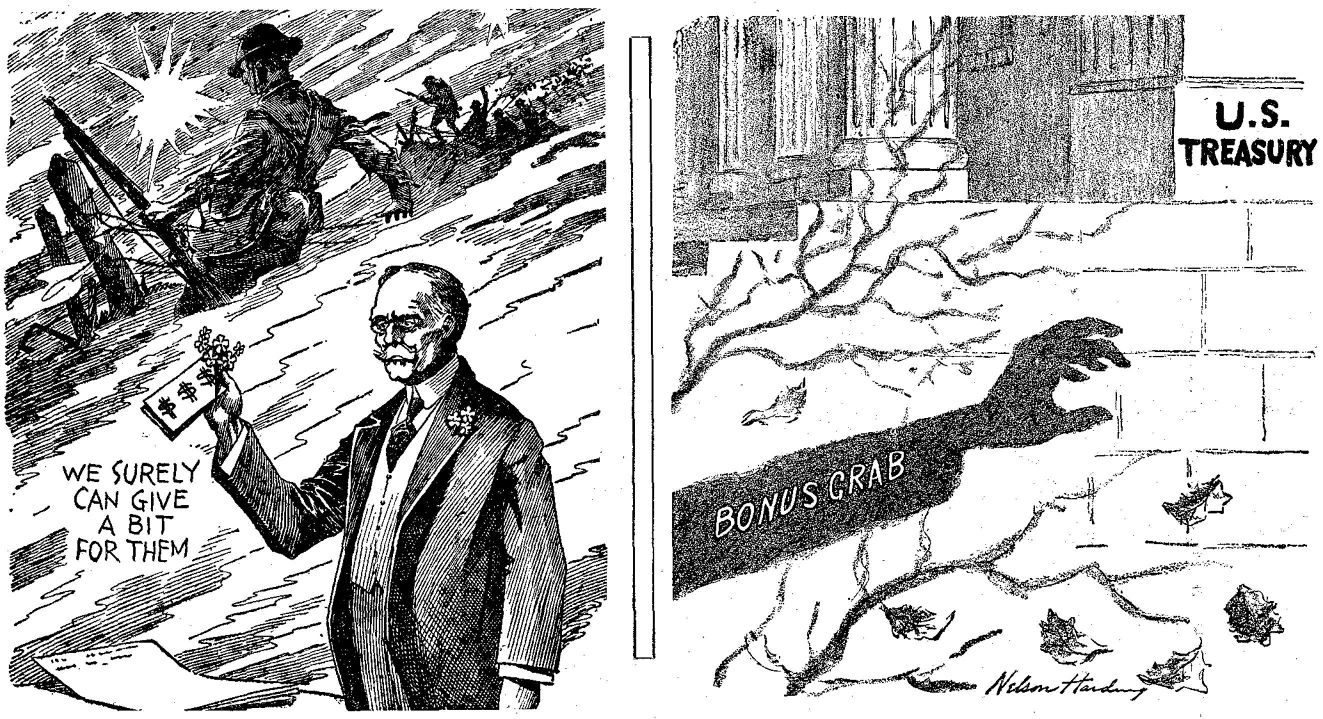
"By sacrificing the bonus, the soldier can contribute to a reduction of taxes, to a lowering of the cost of living, and to the stimulation of business and employment, in all of which benefits he will participate, even if not to the extent of the proposed cash bonus," remarks the Kansas City *Star* (Ind.), which adds: "By demanding and procuring the bonus he would make taxes still higher for a very long period, delay prosperity, and generally retard the country's recovery from the costly war in which he served his country with unselfish devotion." Mr. Mellon is advocating a sound financial policy, avers the Springfield *Republican* (Ind.).

Secretary of the Navy Denby, in reply to a telegram of inquiry from THE LITERARY DIGEST, states that he is not in favor of the payment of a bonus to able-bodied ex-service men years after the war has ended. He says: "If it is paid, those who receive it now will in a few years regret it was ever asked for. I honor my comrades too much to think otherwise." Senator

	Single Person		*Head of Family With Two Dependent Children*	
Net Income	*Present Law*	*Proposed Law*	*Pres. Law*	*Prop. Law*
$2,000	40	22.50	....	....
3,000	80	45.00	....	....
4,000	120	67.50	28	15.75
5,000	160	90.00	68	38.25
6,000	240	135.00	128	72.00
7,000	330	180.00	186	99.00
8,000	420	225.00	276	144.00
9,000	510	270.00	366	189.00
10,000	600	315.00	456	234.00
11,000	700	370.00	556	286.50
12,000	800	425.00	656	339.00
13,000	910	490.00	766	399.00
14,000	1,020	555.00	876	459.00
15,000	1,140	630.00	996	526.00
16,000	1,260	705.00	1,116	594.00
17,000	1,390	790.00	1,246	669.00
18,000	1,520	875.00	1,376	744.00
19,000	1,660	970.00	1,516	826.50
20,000	1,800	1,065.00	1,656	909.00
21,000	1,960	1,170.00	1,816	999.00
22,000	2,120	1,275.00	1,976	1,089.00
23,000	2,290	1,390.00	2,146	1,186.50
24,000	2,460	1,505.00	2,316	1,284.00
25,000	2,640	1,630.00	2,496	1,389.00

HOW MELLON WOULD REDUCE INCOME TAXES.

This table, compiled by the New York *Times* from statistics supplied by Treasury Department experts, shows to what extent Federal income taxes on earned incomes up to $25,000 will be reduced if Congress approves Secretary Mellon's tax program.


WE SURELY CAN GIVE A BIT FOR THEM
U.S. TREASURY
BONUS GRAB

THE BOYS GAVE FOR US WITHOUT LIMIT

—Stinson in the Dayton *News*.

AUTUMN SHADOWS DENOTE A HARD WINTER

—Harding in the Brooklyn *Eagle*.

FOR AND AGAINST THE BONUS

William E. Borah wires us that he is "in favor of reducing taxes, and reducing now," and that to add to the tax burden under which the people are struggling would be "a betrayal of public duty." Clarence M. Woolley, of the American Radiator Company, sees in Secretary Mellon's program hope of relief from the "inequalities of present methods of taxation" which "are rapidly diverting essential capital from constructive into unproductive channels."

Turning to the other side of the story, we find the champions of the bonus no less earnest than the champions of tax reduction. Reminding us that during the war "we drafted men's lives, but we did not draft capital and labor," Gen. Clarence R. Edwards, who commanded the Yankee Division overseas, urges us "not to let the veterans believe the country is ungrateful." Every other country, he says, has paid a compensation—"and generally out of money borrowed from us." He thinks that the interest on the British debt will take care of next year's adjusted compensation. And he concludes: "The veteran is told we must not capitalize patriotism. I say no. And we must not penalize it." Secretary Mellon's letter ought to be called "The Profiteer above the Fighter," says ex-Secretary of the Navy Josephus Daniels. In his Raleigh *News and Observer* (Dem.) we read: "Most of the people in receipt of large incomes made more money during the war and since than they have ever made in their lives. The last Congress should not have reduced taxes on any men with big incomes until the soldiers had been paid just compensation." "Taxes saved by dodging an honest debt are not worth saving," says the New York *Daily News*. "In the post-war adjustment of finances, the soldiers' bonus is a preferred claim, a point of national honor," declares the Des Moines *Capital* (Rep.).

"We promptly found the funds to adjust compensation for war contractors—many of whom were unconscionable profiteers—but we have always hypocritically refused to find the funds for the most sacred obligation of all the obligations, which runs to the men who offered their bodies as a bulwark against the enemy," notes the Manchester *Union* (Rep.). A similar view is exprest by the Springfield *Illinois State Register* (Ind.), the Boston *Transcript* (Rep.), the Des Moines *Register* (Rep.), and the Denver *Rocky Mountain News* (Ind.). "There is no more occasion to set soldier compensation over against tax reduction than to set any of the other costs of the war over against tax reduction," says the Des Moines paper; and the Boston *Transcript* is confident that "the people would gladly continue to sustain the present burden in order that justice may be done to those who came to the nation's defense in its need."

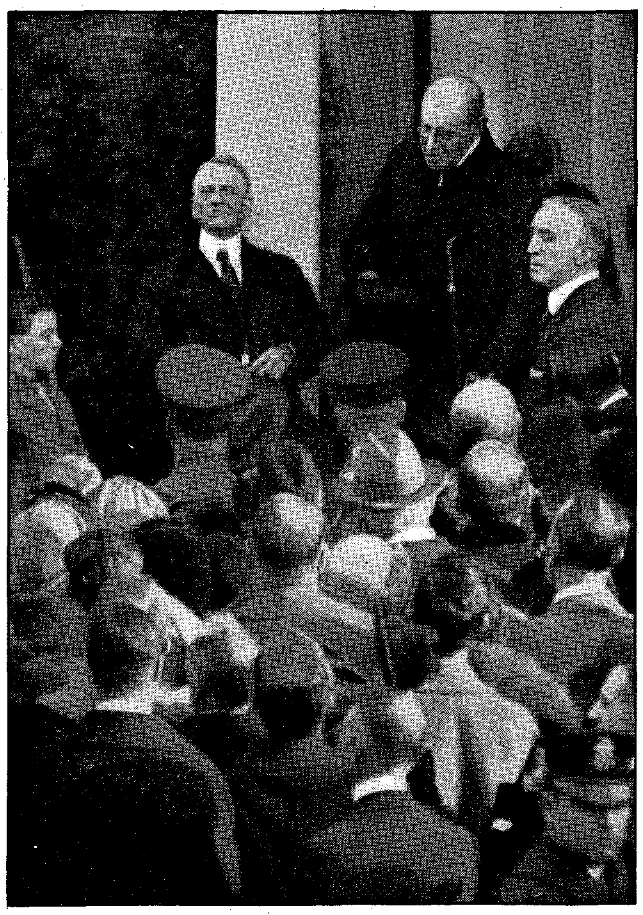
But there are many who believe that it is possible for us to pay a bonus and still enjoy such income-tax reduction as Secretary Mellon suggests. "I think Congress will be able to show Secretary Mellon how we can have both a tax reduction of three hundred million dollars and the bonus," says Senator Arthur Capper. "A soldiers' bonus should be financed by a small sales tax," says the Chicago *Daily News* (Ind.). "Liberalize the Volstead Law and pay the bonus by a tax on light wines and beer," suggests Norman E. Mack, Buffalo *Times* (Dem.). William F. McAdoo, Secretary of the Treasury in President Wilson's Cabinet, wires The Digest that "we can have tax reduction and do justice to the American soldier as well." In the opinion of Secretary Mellon's predecessor:

> "By treating adjusted compensation as a part of the war cost, and funding it through an issue of fifty-year bonds, the interest and sinking-fund charge should not exceed eighty to ninety million dollars per annum. This would not prevent a reduction in taxes.
>
> "The men who served in the trenches got one dollar and ten cents per day; those in the reserves in America got one dollar per day. If the American people believe that it was worth two dollars and thirty-five cents per day to serve in the trenches and two dollars per day to serve in the reserves in America—these being the rates the soldiers are asking as adjusted compensation—then the difference between these rates and what the soldiers have already received should be paid as an act of justice. We gave more than five hundred thousand civil employees of the Government during the war a bonus of two hundred and forty dollars per annum, and this has continued for more than five years. Is it less right to give the men who fought the war equal consideration? We can never afford to say that justice shall not be done because it costs something."

THE WILSON VOICE IN THE CAMPAIGN

"THE NEXT VOICE YOU HEAR will be that of Mr. Woodrow Wilson." Two million radio fans, including President Coolidge in the White House study, set themselves to listen. Here, on the eve of Armistice Day, 1923, were more auditors than the ex-President had ever before addrest; more hearers, according to some newspapers, than had ever before listened in on any human speech. After a long pause there came huskily, jerkily, throatily, uncertainly, "the voice of an aged man." Sharp listeners involuntarily exclaimed: "Is he so ill—so broken?" To those listening at one station under particularly advantageous conditions, we read in the New York *World*, "it seemed that the speaker was being prompted. Another voice faint and undetectable through most receiving sets kept repeating to the President sentences and fragments of sentences."

But the words were clear enough to the politicians in Washington and to editors and statesmen in France, when the war President accused his own country of selfishness, cowardice, and dishonorable isolation; when he accused France and Italy of treaty-breaking. To many the words seemed doubly significant because they "came at an hour when America's efforts to help Europe had collapsed." Coming at such a time, Mr. Wilson's utterance, as the Troy *Times* (Rep.) remarks, "may be accepted not as a speech but as a platform presented for public acceptance or rejection." Both Democrats and Republicans, we read in the Washington correspondence of the Nashville *Tennessean* (Dem.), concede that Woodrow Wilson's radio speech and his brief utterance of the following day, Armistice Day, "have given renewed vitality to the ideals for which he has stood so unswervingly." Now "candidates for the Democratic Presidential nomination who may have entertained the view that to pussyfoot the League issue is the expedient thing, are likely to revise their campaign plans." With the reactions to the Wilson speech beginning to reach the political centers, politicians, according to the New York *Evening Post*, "profess astonishment at the influence the invalid of 'S' Street still wields with the people." Another writer in the same paper is reminded that Mr. Wilson "speaks with a measure of authority as the former head of his party, let alone his leadership in the affairs of the world." Mr. Wilson may keep his hand off candidates, continues Harold Phelps Stokes, the *Post's* Washington correspondent, but he will undoubtedly want a say about the platform, and will insist that it endorse the League of Nations; and "this presents a difficult problem for those party leaders who prefer to stress domestic issues, but who will hesitate to repudiate their great leader."



United News Photograph

"THAT WE SHALL PREVAIL IS AS SURE AS THAT GOD REIGNS"

Ex-President Wilson's challenge to the opponents of his peace policies spoken to a group of admirers on Armistice Day. President Wilson is here seen on the porch of his Washington home. With him are Senator Glass of Virginia (leaning against the post) and Mr. William Bolling, the ex-President's brother-in-law.

Some Washington correspondents of Democratic papers are frankly enthusiastic. "Emerging from his sick-room," we read in a New York *World* dispatch, "the former President again raises the banner of idealism in international affairs and once more seeks to turn the nation's thought in the direction of consolidating in peace the great victory won in war." The country can now see, writes Edward E. Britton in the Raleigh *News and Observer*, "that Mr. Wilson is still on the fighting-line in behalf of the people; that he still holds aloft the banner which would lead this world and its peoples into a better understanding, and thus bring the nations into peace."

But Mr. Carter Field, writing for the Republican New York *Tribune*, fears that the Democratic leaders who want to carry the next election do not like this emergence of the ex-President from his silence on the League issue. For "these men have been desperately afraid, for a long time, of what Wilson might do to the Democratic party in the approaching campaign in the way of injecting issues which the country would not approve, but which might be forced on a Democratic convention by the Wilson zealots by the threat of a schism in the party if they failed."

In his radio address of Saturday evening, November 10, ex-President Wilson declared that the nation's memories of its day of triumph "are forever marred and embittered" by "the shameful fact that we turned our back upon our associates" and "withdrew into a sullen and selfish isolation which is deeply ignoble because manifestly cowardly and dishonorable." We have thus "done a great wrong to civilization," and each year since the war has made more evident the need for our help, "as demoralizing circumstances which we might have controlled have gone from bad to worse." And now, continued the ex-President, "as if to furnish a sort of sinister claim, France and Italy between them have made waste paper of the Treaty of Versailles, and the whole field of international relationship is in perilous confusion." Mr. Wilson added more hopefully:

> "Happily, the present situation in the world of affairs affords us the opportunity to retrieve the past and to render mankind the inestimable service of proving that there is at least one great and powerful nation which can turn away from programs of self-interest and devote itself to practising and establishing the highest ideals of disinterested service and the consistent maintenance of exalted standards of conscience and of right."

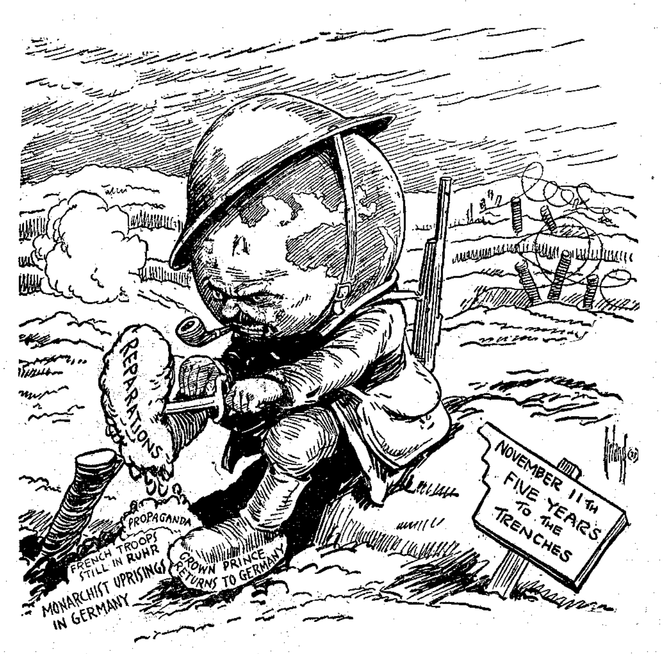
From that large section of the press which supported the League of Nations during the months of controversy after the end of war comes a burst of applause. Woodrow Wilson's message must have heartened "every man who served in the World War and every woman whose heart was in that holy war," we read in the Raleigh *News and Observer*. To the editor of this newspaper, owned by the war-time Secretary of the Navy, the speech "recalled the days of war when Wilson voiced American aims and aspirations and pilloried trimmers and traitors." The North Carolina editor finds in it three characteristic things:

> "1. The same lofty idealism that permeated his conception of America's reason for entering the World War.
>
> "2. The same faith that, in spite of backsliding, America would yet 'devote itself to practising and establishing the highest ideals of interested service.'
>
> "3. The holding up to view the 'sullen and selfish isolation' which was 'deeply ignoble because manifestly cowardly and dishonorable.'"

Similarly, the Richmond *Times-Dispatch* (Dem.) is delighted to find in the dark night of after-war reaction throughout the world, "the idealism of Woodrow Wilson still burning bright in an enfeebled body, a star to them who seek a way to peace." Both this country and Europe, in the opinion of the Philadelphia *Record* (Dem.), are now "beginning to understand the idealism of Woodrow Wilson is the most practical thing in the world." It adds: "Not all the ravings of minds seared with guilt will drown the voice of spiritual leadership to which we turned a deaf ear for thirty pieces of silver, or wipe from the national escutcheon its ineradicable stain." The New York *Evening World* (Dem.) agrees with Mr. Wilson that this country is largely to blame for the unhappy state of the world to-day. As it argues:

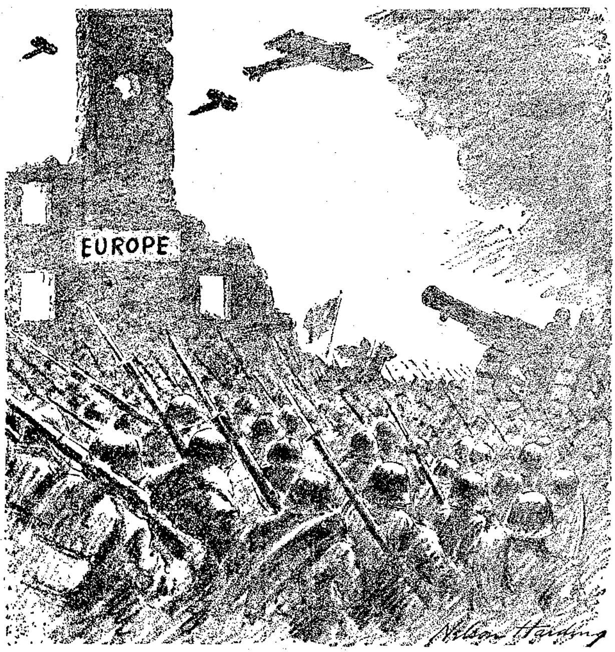
> "If, after the end of the war, the United States had continued to stand with the Allies; if the United States had contributed the powerful, steadying influence it could have contributed to the carrying out of the Treaty of Versailles; if the United States had entered into the proposed alliance with Great Britain to protect France from future German aggression, France would have had no ground or excuse for taking the course she has taken. The chances are a hundred to one there would have been no French invasion of the Ruhr, because the whole German reparations problem would have had an immeasurably better prospect of solution with the United States participating.
>
> "For the trouble France is now making the United States is not blameless.
>
> "If the United States had stuck to the Allies, conditions in Germany would never have reached this pass. For there would have been fewer openings for evasion and postponement of a reparations settlement."

And similar emphatic endorsement of the words of Woodrow Wilson are found in editorial utterances of papers like the New Haven *Journal-Courier* (Ind.), Utica *Press* (Ind.), Albany *Knickerbocker Press* (Rep.), Newark *News* (Ind.), Jersey City *Journal* (Rep.), Pittsburgh *Post* (Dem.), Norfolk *Ledger-Dispatch* (Dem.), Baltimore *Sun* (Dem.), Louisville *Times* (Dem.), Charlotte *Observer* (Dem.), Charleston *News and Courier* (Dem.), Atlanta *Constitution* (Dem.), Birmingham *Age-Herald* (Dem.), Cincinnati *Post* (Ind.), and Milwaukee *Journal* (Ind.).


REPARATIONS
PROPAGANDA
FRENCH TROOPS STILL IN RUHR
CROWN PRINCE RETURNS TO GERMANY
MONARCHIST UPRISINGS IN GERMANY
NOVEMBER 11TH FIVE YEARS TO THE TRENCHES

AND HE'S STILL CLEANING THE MUD FROM HIS BOOTS

—Ireland in the Columbus *Dispatch.*



FIVE YEARS AFTER THE WAR

—Harding in the Brooklyn *Eagle.*

But to a host of anti-League papers, mostly Republican, Mr. Wilson's utterances seem mere scolding, for which, however, he should not be taken to task too severely, because of his physical condition. This sentence, characteristic of Republican opinion, appears in the South Bend *Tribune:* "A sick, broken, old man, he is not responsible for the pathetic appearance he made or the sharp words which betrayed him and revealed to the world his life disappointment and his intolerant rancor toward the Senators—fools he called them—who prevented ratification of his League-of-Nations plan." The Detroit *Free Press* (Ind.) considers Mr. Wilson's words "the unbridled utterances of a deeply disappointed man." Mr. Wilson's "scoldings" are likewise regretted by the Boston *Transcript* (Rep.), Worcester *Telegram* (Ind.), Providence *Journal* (Ind.), Providence *News* (Ind.), Albany *Journal* (Rep.), Buffalo *Express* (Rep.), New York *Tribune* (Rep.), Pittsburgh *Gazette Times* (Rep.), Philadelphia *Inquirer* (Rep.), and Indianapolis *Star* (Rep.). Even the Democratic Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot* hopes Mr. Wilson's pleas do not indicate a desire to reaffirm his old views on the League—"those who admire and those who would like to agree with him will welcome the vigorous assertion of his views, and will hope that he does not throw his new opportunities away by a courageous but foolish insistence on all of his old views."

But with Republicans and Democrats thus at odds over the Wilson utterances, it is interesting to find the Democratic Brooklyn *Eagle* and Louisville *Courier-Journal* convinced by their Armistice Day pronouncements that ex-President Woodrow Wilson and President Calvin Coolidge are, in the words of the Kentucky paper, "not far apart in their conceptions of the future duty of America" in the circumstances. If, as President Coolidge hopes, "we are on the threshold of a new era," and are to cross that threshold, and if, as the President desires, there is to be "peace on earth," then, concludes *The Courier-Journal*, "it is in the power of Calvin Coolidge more than any other man in America—more, indeed, than all other men in America—to bring about those ends."

COLD FACTS OF THE NEAR EAST TRAGEDY

FIFTEEN MILLION WOMEN AND CHILDREN, declares former Governor Henry J. Allen of Kansas, on his return from a survey of conditions in the Near East, have died of starvation and disease in Europe and the Near East as a result of the series of wars which began in 1914. Another million persons, he adds, would have died since the Smyrna disaster a year ago but for the help which America has given. After the victory of the Turks over the Greeks, we are reminded by one foreign newspaper correspondent, Smyrna became a vast sepulcher of ashes, with only the blackened walls of twenty-five thousand homes and the charred bodies of countless victims remaining to tell a story of death and destruction unexampled in modern history. The 200,000 persons of all ages and both sexes who were not put to the sword or drowned were added to the 350,000 already made homeless by the Turks, we are told. In all, a million and a quarter refugees have reached the shores of Greece since the disaster in Asia Minor, declares Brainerd P. Salmon, relief adviser to the Greek Government, and Charles V. Vickrey, General Secretary of the Near East Relief (New York), goes on to explain that:

"AFTER TAKING"

Scene at a Near East Relief station

"Greece, with nearly a million refugees of her own race, has, in spite of her poverty, been the only nation to show compassion by providing at least a temporary home for 100,000 Armenians.

"Official reports show that 1,040,000 refugees, or 28 per cent. increase in the population, has been poured into Greece during a twelve months' period. It is as tho 28,000,000 people of foreign birth, and many of them speaking a foreign language, had, within a year's time, been thrown into the population of the United States.

"The refugee population in Greece includes about 95,000 children, who are in dire need of outside relief, of whom more than 10,000 are full orphans and 40,000 are half orphans. These are in addition to the approximately 50,000 orphans whom the Near East Relief is already supporting in various orphanages.

"The lot of the Turks who are to be expelled from their homes in Greece is scarcely better than that of the Armenians and Greeks who have already been expelled from Turkey. None of them want to go. They lose practically everything of the past and gain little hope for the future.

"There are now comparatively few Armenians left in the interior of Turkey—possibly a total of 50,000, with perhaps another 23,000 Armenians and Greeks huddled in exposed refugee camps on the Black Sea. 200,000 Armenians remain in Constantinople, and 1,300,000, some of them refugees from Turkey, are now in southern Russia.

"The orphaned children of the Near East are descendants of the ancient Christian races. The Assyrians in Persia, for instance, are descendants of the ancient Assyrian race of thirty and forty centuries ago. The Armenians are remnants of the oldest Christian nation. They were at one time the greatest nation in the Near East. The Greeks are descendants of the races among whom Paul ministered nineteen hundred years ago. The Syrians are the orphans of the Christians of Lebanon who were carried away by the famine that, during the war, laid waste that region as contending armies laid waste northern France. Jews and others in our orphanages are likewise the victims of forces over which they had no control. All these children are international wards. They are a part of the awful legacy of the late disastrous World War. They are not only without father, without mother, and without known responsible relatives, but they are without country. Their parents were killed or died of persecution, deportation, exposure and starvation in connection with the various disasters of the late war. These children are practically all under sixteen years of age: 81.6 per cent. are under fourteen years, and 61.6 per cent. are under twelve years of age. All of them are too young to be thrown upon their own resources."

We are told further in an article by Mr. Salmon in the *Greek Review:*

"Hundreds of thousands of refugees are either partly or entirely self-supporting, so the total number of persons in Greece entirely dependent, and for which provision will have to be made during the present winter, is about 600,000.

"The refugee problem is made immeasurably more difficult by the fact that nearly all of the able-bodied men were killed or retained in Asia Minor by the Turks, while the women, old men and children were deported. Such men as have been released are so weakened by their sufferings as to be economically useless until after a long period of recuperation. The approximate percentages of age and sex are shown in the following table:

Males		*Females*	
Under the age of 12	14%	Under the age of 12	14%
Between 12 and 21	8%	Between 12 and 21	13%
Over 21	18%	Over 21	33%

"On October 1, the total number of fatherless refugee children fourteen years old or less was estimated at 200,000. Of these 75,000 were also motherless. These figures do not include orphans under the care of the Near East Relief, nor the fatherless children of Greece itself; only the refugees. The number of orphans is increasing daily, owing to the death of mothers, weakened by exposure and lack of proper nourishment."

Various industries are being taught the orphaned children in an effort to make them self-supporting. Furthermore, maintains the Nashville *Banner*, "we can not, as a nation, abandon these children until they are fitted to support themselves. To do so would be a worse crime than never to have aided them at all." As Senator King of Utah, after a trip of investigation throughout Russia and the Near East, puts it:

"If the American organization in the Near East were to abandon its activities, many thousand children who are now receiving a splendid training would have to be turned back upon the impoverished local Government, and thousands of them would not live through the coming winter.

"The American people, having put their hands to the plow, are compelled in all honor to carry their project through to a successful conclusion.

"America to-day, whether we will or not, occupies a proud position among the nations of the world. In these hours of world-peril and world-distress, ours is the nation destined to lead the distracted peoples of the world. Ours is the guiding hand that must point the way to peace in this day of the world's shadows and darkness. Ours is the duty and privilege of extricating the nations from chaos and enabling them to resume the orderly processes of life. Above all, we must see that these wards of ours, the helpless orphans of the Near East, are not turned out to starve during the coming winter."

THE KLAN'S POLITICAL RÔLE

"THE KLAN IS NOT IN POLITICS," says a spokesman of the order; "it is not a political organization, but Klansmen are in politics, and some Klansmen are mighty good politicians." The final assertion meets with no contradiction from editors who have noted the part played politically by Klansmen in Texas, Oklahoma and Oregon, and who are still discussing the Klan triumphs in municipal elections in Ohio this month. Some twenty-five thousand Klansmen marched in triumph through Youngstown, after the victory there, and in half a dozen smaller Ohio cities where candidates endorsed by the Ku Klux were notably successful. It was "the biggest victory won by the Klan north of the Mason and Dixon line," as one Ohio Klan leader announced. From papers in Ohio cities where the Klan figured largely, we learn that the issue was not everywhere clean-cut, that aspiring candidates not Klansmen were perfectly willing to insure success by accepting Klan endorsement, that the Klan in some cases simply backed the most likely candidate, and that a "yearning for cleaner Government" in part accounted for the success of Klan-endorsed aspirants for office. After the election, we read in the Ohio papers, five Mayors-elect in the Mahoning Valley met at Youngstown at a dinner to lay plans to show what "a Klan government of Mahoning Valley could be like." Ku Kluxism is looming up as an important issue in the State as a result of the last election, writes John T. Bourke in the Cleveland *News Leader*, for Klan leaders are said by politicians to be planning to back candidates for the Legislature, county and State offices, and Congress. Klan leaders in Ohio, says a writer in the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, "have even talked of nominating a candidate for President of the United States if the Klan strength is as much manifest in other States as in Ohio." Ohio, we read in a Columbus dispatch to the New York *Times*, probably leads the States in Klan membership, with about 700,000 Knights.

But in Ohio's capital city the Columbus *Ohio State Journal* is not greatly alarmed over "what is represented as a great Klan victory"—"patience, if she will sit quietly on her throne for a year or two, will witness the disintegration of the Klan as so many organizations founded on like narrow and unneighborly principles, and flourishing for a time, have disintegrated in the not distant past."

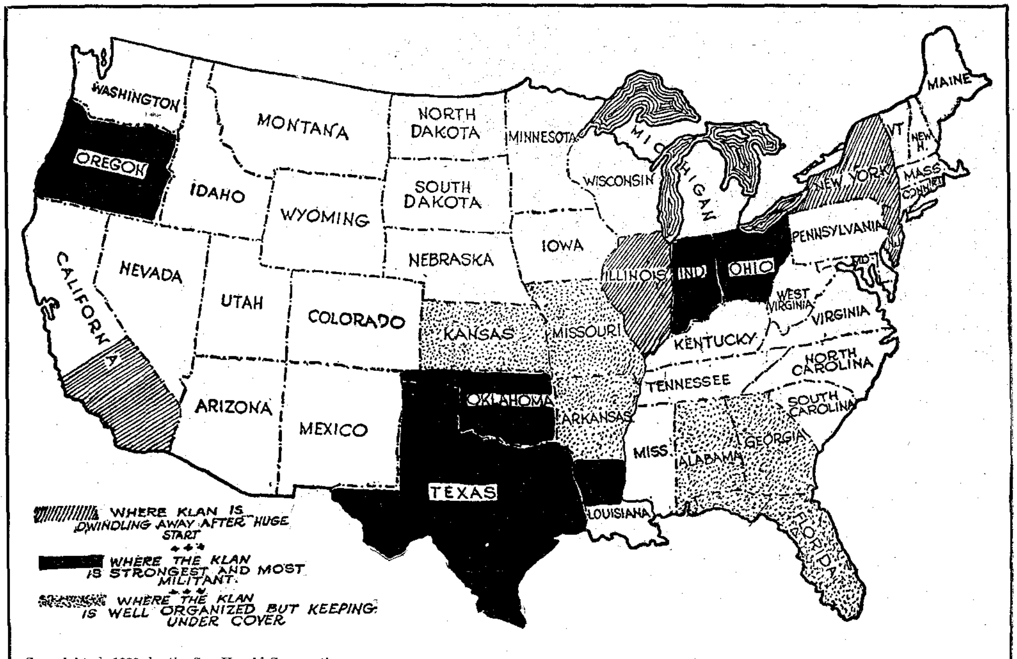
Outside of Ohio the Springfield *Republican* agrees that "sooner or later the American people will box its ears and put it to bed without a mouthful of supper." Yet while the Klan can not endure, says the Boston *Herald*, "nobody knows how high the tide may rise before the recession starts, and there lies the problem of the political leaders for the next year and of high-minded citizens generally."

A country-wide survey conducted by the New York *Herald* "shows conclusively," we read, "that the Ku Klux Klan generally is losing its hold on the popular imagination, but is tightening its hold in isolated rural sections of the South and a few States in the mid-West," while "in thirty-six States the Ku Klux Klan amounts to very little politically or otherwise." Klan strength, according to *The Herald*, is promiscuously scattered throughout the country:

"For instance, it is active in Alabama, Georgia, Louisiana and Texas in the South; but is not an important factor in North Carolina, Tennessee, or South Carolina.

"In Indiana it has assumed proportions that are not duplicated in the surrounding group of States, except Ohio. From the Canadian border to South Carolina the Klan has not met encouragement in any of the Atlantic seaboard States. In Missouri and Kansas it does not figure as prominently as it does in Oklahoma. In only one or two isolated spots between Indiana and Oregon, in fact, does the Klan cut any figure at all.

"It is a negligible factor in Iowa, Minnesota, the Dakotas, Colorado, Utah, Idaho, California and Nevada."



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GEOGRAPHY OF THE KLAN, AS SEEN BY THE NEW YORK *HERALD*

The Invisible Empire, we read on, appears only in widely separated spots in New York State, where it means very little politically. In Illinois it is said to be losing ground after an amazing advance. "The Klan is also losing in Oregon, but is still active in trying to stimulate interest in a general election next year." The Klan is strong in rural Missouri, and "very strong in Indiana," where "the leaders of both political parties are greatly disturbed over the aggressive attitude assumed by its promoters." The Klan strength in Ohio is obvious, altho the *Herald* writer points out that "the Klan has been known to take all the credit in elections where it played very little part, perhaps only as much as secretly endorsing a candidate." "In Alabama, Democratic politicians seeking the nomination for the Senate and State offices next year are secretly bidding for Klan support." The Klan is strong in rural Arkansas, where it is said to have adopted the rather cryptic slogan, "no politics in the Klan, but the Klan in politics." In Texas the Klan is said to be gaining recruits and its leaders claim the control of sixty-five city and town governments, altho some political authorities think its political influence has been overestimated. In Texas, adds this writer, the Klan spirit is aimed chiefly against Catholics. This is also the case in Ohio, according to the Youngstown *Vindicator*, and in Indiana, according to the writer of an illuminating article in the current *Atlantic Monthly.*

Many editorials in the "I-told-you-so" vein appeared in the daily press when the quarrel between the Simmons and the Evans factions in the Klan was given additional publicity by the shooting of William S. Coburn, attorney for the Simmons faction, by Philip E. Fox, publicity man for the Evans faction. But Mr. Fox insists that it was a purely personal incident—"what I did has no connection with the Ku Klux Klan."

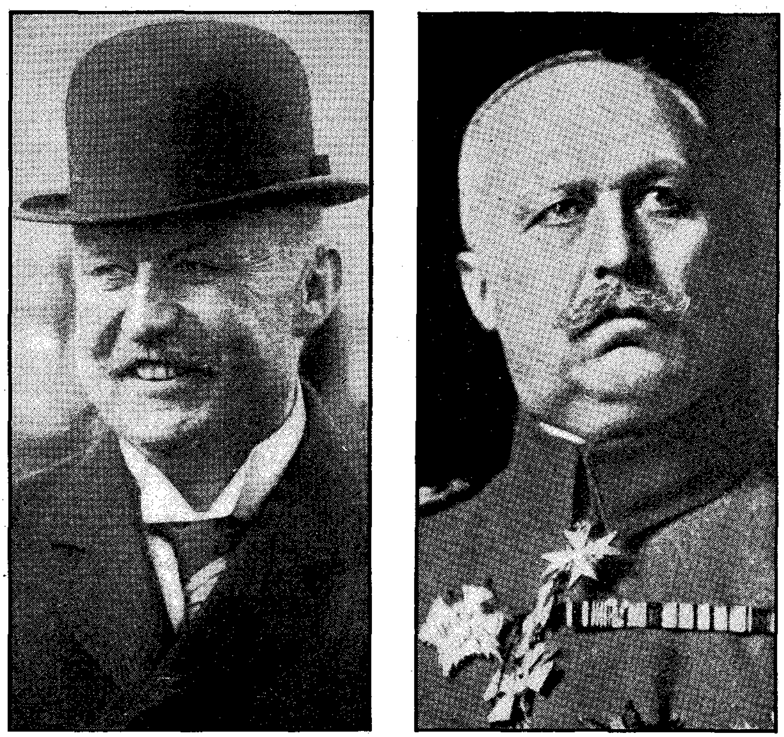
Senator Underwood, the first avowed candidate for the

Springfield, Missouri

Democratic Presidential nomination, is credited with coming out flatly against the Klan in saying in Boston, on Armistice Day:

> "When we are organized to discriminate between citizens, and are trying to raise a hand against the happiness of any citizen of the United States because of his belief, we are tearing down the structure of the American Government, the Constitution of the United States and the bulwark of our happiness."

It was an earlier anti-Klan utterance of the Alabama Senator that brought upon him the opposition of *Colonel Mayfield's Weekly*, an influential Klan organ in Houston, Texas. This Klan editor is willing to give his readers "the exact outturn of the Presidential situation as it will happen next year." "Al-Cohol Smith is a Catholic," and will therefore not get the Democratic nomination. Then, when Henry Ford "gave the Catholic Archbishop a specially built Lincoln, he spiked his chances for the Presidency with it." Next, "Underwood spiked in his boom in Houston when he turned on the Ku Klux Klan," and his speech there "alienated forty electoral votes in Texas and ruined him in his own State." The Klan will probably support Senator Ralston of Indiana, says *Colonel Mayfield's Weekly*, but McAdoo, "who is not a Catholic" and "is not a Klansman," will "get the Democratic nomination." But "he will get beat," and Coolidge will be elected because "the Catholics and Jews of the East who were formerly Democrats will turn Republicans en masse next year, because they will be afraid of a Democrat."



P. and A. photograph

LUDENDORFF THE CIVILIAN

International Newsreel photograph

LUDENDORFF THE GENERAL

WHAT A DIFFERENCE THE UNIFORM MAKES

A statement of the Klan's political aims and purposes appears in *Dawn*, a Chicago organ of the order. It argues that the good effects of the Klan's activities are really becoming manifest: "small-town bootleggers and city 'dive' keepers; 'tricky' justices-of-the-peace, and dishonest Governors; scheming individuals, and gigantic anti-American organizations are feeling the restraining influence wielded by the Knights of the Ku Klux Klan." Of course, there has been opposition and so "in a number of instances it has been necessary for the Klan to go to the polls to put officers on the job who would cooperate by enforcing the law." It is asserted that the Klan has aided in the trend toward law enforcement in Pennsylvania and Illinois, and has stimulated the demand for better government in Oklahoma, Oregon and Indiana.

But in Oregon, where this Klan editor lists his order as an ally of good government, the Portland *Telegram* observes that while "there may be some temporary satisfaction in using an invisible arm to swat some neighbor who has done us a dirty turn or who belongs to a distasteful church denomination," this process will not bring good government and good-will, but will lead inevitably "to disturbances of the peace, to feuds, riots, anarchy." And the Oregon paper is convinced that even the members of the Klan are reaching the same conclusion and that the Klan is, therefore, "losing ground everywhere."

BAVARIA'S BITTER BREW

THE MOST SURPRIZING PART of the Bavarian "beer-hall revolution," to the Cincinnati *Times-Star*, is the ignominy of Ludendorff. "Napoleon had his Waterloo, and Ludendorff his Munich," it remarks, "but what a difference in the final campaigns!" The career of no great general, we are told, ever had a more pathetic end, "for the Fates have given one of the three greatest military figures in the greatest war in all history 'the hook'; he has been 'sunk without trace.'" In failing to overthrow the Berlin Government, the former military dictator of Germany "ends his career in the rôle of a common traitor," declares the Berlin correspondent of the New York *Tribune*, while the neighboring *Times* correspondent agrees that both Ludendorff and Adolf Hitler, actual leader of the Bavarian "putsch," "are down and out and thoroughly discredited, even if they should get light sentences in treason trials."

The movement headed by Hitler and Ludendorff, we are told by the Boston *Transcript*, was frankly an attempt to return to the old order, whose knell was sounded five years ago. Hitler, a former Austrian sign-painter and leader of the Bavarian Fascisti, "was merely the cover behind whom Ludendorff and his monarchist associates organized the 'putsch,'" explains the Utica *Press*.

To the Munich correspondent of the New York *Herald*, "the underlying significance of the whole affair is the sweeping victory of the Rupprecht faction over the Hohenzollern faction." The flat failure of the movement invites the most unsparing ridicule from the American press, which compares the Hitler-Ludendorff forces to "Coxey's Army, which marched upon Washington and was repulsed by keep-off-the-grass signs." One writer even goes so far as to say that "it would have disgraced any South American revolution."

Still another conclusion reached by foreign correspondents is that the German Government is greatly strengthened by the split in the monarchist ranks, whose return to power is farther distant than ever. Even the return of the former German Crown Prince to his Fatherland "is given exaggerated significance," thinks the New York *Times*, altho the Newark *News* thinks this "adds another conflicting element within Germany."

The Bavarian "putsch" was the fourth attempt to overthrow the Berlin Government within the past four years, it is said. Ludendorff's name was linked with the first one. The second was halted last spring just before it was to have materialized. The Rhineland Separatist movement and minor outbursts in Saxony and Hamburg also caused the German Government many anxious moments in that time, but the "putsch" that failed five years to a day after the Armistice was signed—"this flash in the pan"—has such a ridiculous side, we read in the New York *Herald* "that Ludendorff may never live down the laughter." Just what it is all about is thus described by John Bantry in the Boston *Post:*

"It will be remembered that, with the demoralization in Germany at the time of the Armistice, Bavaria, like Hungary, was captured by the Communists. In Bavaria, the Communist rule collapsed in four months. As in Hungary, the extreme radical rule was followed by extreme reaction. It was the monarchist section of the country which was most active in the defeat of the Communists. Bavaria was, however, not ripe for the monarchists' plans.

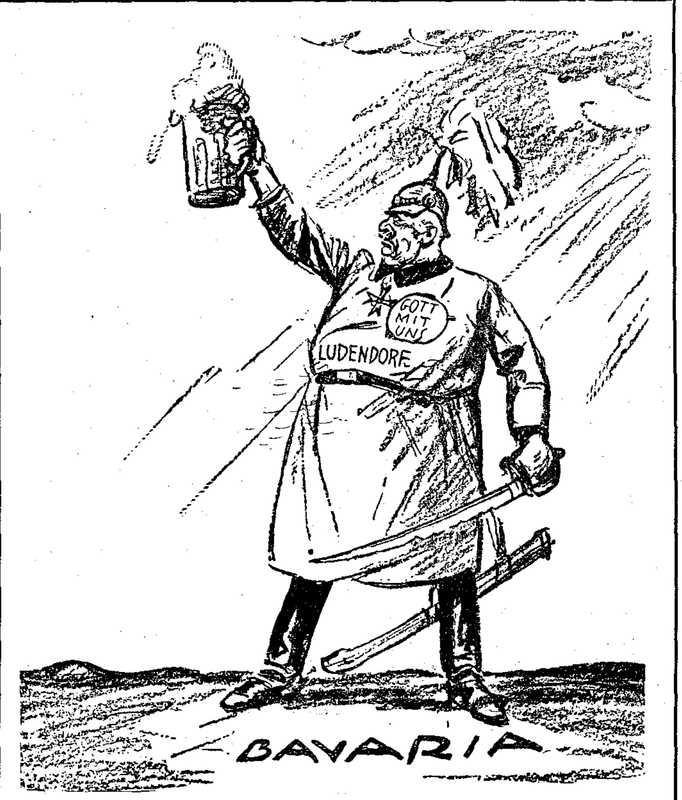
"Within the past year, attracted by the success of Mussolini in Italy, a Fascist movement arose in Bavaria, under the direction of Adolf Hitler, who also believed in the total separati of Bavaria from Prussia. His plan was to place on the th Bavaria Crown Prince Rupprecht, in the hope that o Ger-man States would cut away from Berlin and join a ne onfederation, with Bavaria as the chief State.

"Hitler and his Fascist bands received little uragement from the bulk of the Bavarian population. At the long-awaited opportunity came when the German Government decreed the end of passive resistance to the French in the Ruhr. Hitler and the monarchists loudly roared defiance, and bitterly assailed the Berlin Government for its surrender. For the first time they succeeded in raising a popular issue in Bavaria. The time seemed ripe for the revolt and the consequent casting off of relations with Berlin.

"Before Hitler could act, Berlin sensed the danger. President Ebert ordered detachments of the national troops to Munich. He also called upon the Bavarian ministry to resort to strong measures to prevent the revolt. The ministry complied by appointing Dr. von Kahr as dictator. Von Kahr, however, was no partizan of Berlin. Yet he was just as much opposed to the Hitler movement, because he strongly opposed any separation from Berlin, and also felt that the time was not ripe for the restoration of the monarchy. Therefore the Hitlerites determined to overthrow the dictator and capture the Government. In preparation for the coup, General Ludendorff, who had come from Berlin to Munich to assist Hitler, formally became a citizen of Bavaria.

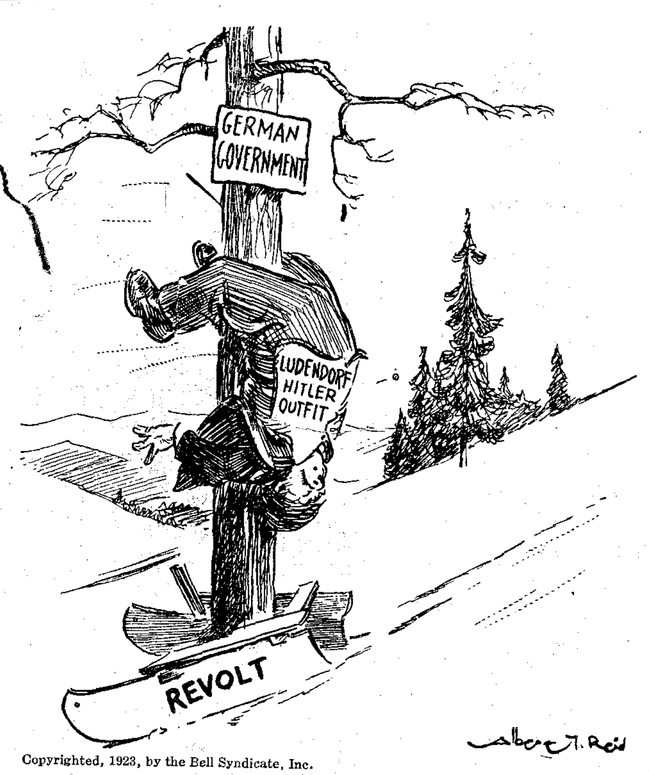
"The Fascists, however, were outnumbered by the national troops, and the coup collapsed. Thus the Government of Bavaria is firmly in power again and the ties with Berlin maintained.

"That so long planned a Monarchist movement could end in so great a fizzle shows that Republican Germany is stronger than suspected."



"DER TAG"—FOR A DAY

—Kirby in the New York *World.*



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WHAM!

—Reid for the Bell Syndicate.

"The ignominious collapse at Munich must leave the German Republic more secure," thinks the New York *Times.* But the intimation that all is not serene is found in a dispatch from that paper's Berlin correspondent, which says:

"The Ludendorff fiasco clears the air and definitely eliminates Hitler and his National Socialist followers as well as Ludendorff. At the same time this coup strengthens the real reactionaries of Bavaria, which is overwhelmingly Catholic and monarchistic, and loyal to Crown Prince Rupprecht, who shrewdly has kept himself in the background. By the bulk of Bavarians Ludendorff and Hitler were considered interlopers. Now that Hitler and Ludendorff are removed, the real show has a chance of starting on clean lines."

For, points out the Baltimore *Sun:*

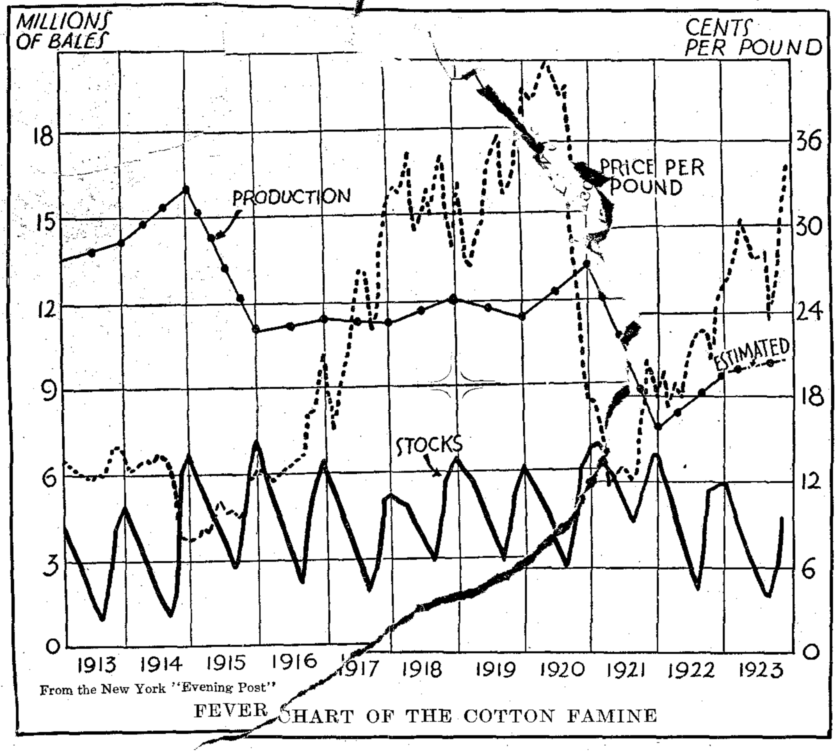
"While neither Hitler nor Ludendorff is of the caliber to unite Germany under reactionary control, there can be little doubt that the majority opinion throughout all sections of the Reich is daily becoming more favorable to the Bavarian ideal, which is for a firm dictatorship in the first place, with a more effective opposition to France to follow."

Ludendorff, altho toppled from his pedestal by recent events, is considered by the Louisville *Courier-Journal* "a more dangerous man at liberty, as he is at present, than the former German Emperor would be," and the Munich correspondent of the New York *Times* foresees "other and far more serious conflicts." "Supporters of imperialism," we are reminded by the Omaha *Bee,* "do not resign themselves readily to the doctrines of a free government," and the Springfield *Union* finds it "difficult to visualize anything except continued disorder manifesting itself in some form or other." Besides, adds the New York *World,* "night and day the ex-Crown Prince will work to regain the throne his father lost." As this paper explains in another editorial:

"The real struggle between the German Republic and the monarchists continues. The outcome of that struggle will be largely determined by the policy of Great Britain and France, and the result of that struggle will affect their security and their reparations. From a royalist Germany they can expect no money and certain war. From a republican Germany they can probably still hope for reasonable reparations and a developing peace."

THE THREATENED COTTON FAMINE

THE WORST COTTON FAMINE since the Civil War, the closing down of hundreds of mills, and a consequent increase in the price of cotton clothing are forecast by cotton experts and newspaper editors as a result of the Department of Agriculture's recent estimate that the present cotton crop will not yield more than 10,248,000 bales of approximately five hundred pounds each. The only two States in the South that have made anything like a good crop, we are told, are Texas and North Carolina, whose crops are respectively 57 per cent. and 70 per cent. of normal. "Even at that," admits a North Carolina newspaper, the Raleigh *News and Observer*, "Texas will furnish nearly half of the entire crop grown in the South." Moreover, points out the Dallas *News*, "the purchasing power of this year's crop is far in excess of any other in the history of Texas." This, however, seems to be the only silver lining so far discovered either by cotton planters or consumers of cotton goods, for, as the Philadelphia *Record* remarks, "with cotton at 32 cents a pound, every woman's housedress is going to cost more, and other countries such as Australia and Mesopotamia are going in for cotton." And if every cotton-growing nation increases its acreage next year, points out the Dayton *Journal*, "the price of cotton will come down, and the American planter will suffer, for land, labor and materials are all high in the United States." At the same time, point out several economists, the cotton-planter, even tho he receives a higher price because of the scarcity of cotton, will benefit little because of the lower ratio of yield to the acre.



From the New York "Evening Post"

FEVER CHART OF THE COTTON FAMINE

When the government estimate was made, early in November, the indications throughout the South were that this year's yield of cotton would be 47.8 per cent. of normal. Last year at this time the crop was reported to be 52.6 per cent. of normal. Besides Texas and North Carolina, Virginia's small crop is estimated to be 88 per cent. of normal; South Carolina, 53 per cent.; Missouri, 49 per cent.; Alabama, 39 per cent.; Mississippi, 36 per cent. and Georgia, 31 per cent. of normal. The average yield per acre is 128.9 pounds.

The chief cause of this state of affairs, it is agreed, is the incursion of the cotton boll-weevil. William O. Scroggs, writing in the New York *Evening Post*, estimates the cost of this pest to the American people at $2.50 per capita "in the higher price of cotton fabrics that will result from its ravages." This voracious insect is also blamed for the migration of tens of thousands of negroes northward, and the consequent abandonment of some 2,000,000 acres of cotton land after it had been seeded early in the season.

Last year, we are told by the Raleigh *News and Observer*, the cotton crop totaled 9,761,817 bales, and the 1921 crop 7,953,641 bales. The world's supply of cotton at the close of the "cotton year," July 31, was but 6,400,000 bales, compared with 9,536,000 bales on July 31, 1922. The average for the past three seasons, says the Boston *News Bureau*, a financial daily, is now but 9,321,000 bales, against 12,300,000 average in the preceding three seasons. During the past two years, we are informed by the treasurer of the National Association of Cotton Manufacturers, the world has consumed about 41,000,000 bales of cotton, and has produced in that time but 33,000,000 bales. In this period the world has drawn on its reserves to the extent of some 8,000,000 bales—almost a full American crop, based on the average of the past few years. When operating on a normal basis, this authority continues, the world's spindles require at least 22,000,000 bales of cotton annually, whereas the world's production this year is not expected to be more than 19,000,000 bales. As the president of the American Cotton Association points out in the New York *Journal of Commerce:*

> "The carryover of American cotton at the end of the 1922-1923 season ended July 31 is estimated to be 3,100,000 bales by the United States Department of Commerce. This represents the smallest carryover in recent years and is dangerously near a critical depletion of stocks available to the world textile industry. The same authority shows a total world consumption of American cotton for the twelve months ended July 31 to be 12,450,000 bales. Of this domestic mills consumed 6,664,710 bales and 5,785,290 bales were consumed abroad.
>
> "It is now generally agreed by leading statisticians and the best cotton authorities that the yield of the 1923 crop will not exceed 10,500,000 bales. Exports are showing a decided increase over exports one year ago for the same period, and domestic consumption will doubtless parallel the consumption of 1922. Assuming that exports of the staple will be equal to those of 1922, which amounted to 6,300,000, and domestic consumption for the same year aggregated 6,600,000 bales, we have the following situation facing supplies and demand:

		Bales
Carryover July 31, 1923		3,100,000
Estimated production 1923 crop		10,500,000
Total available supplies		13,600,000
Estimated domestic consumption	6,600,000	
Estimated exports	6,300,000	
		12,900,000
Estimated carryover July 31, 1924		700,000

> "With the world available stocks of American cotton depleted to 700,000 bales by August 1 next year, it means nothing short of famine comparable to the almost complete exhaustion of supplies in 1865. It would mean the forcible closing down of hundreds of mills and the checking of the textile industry throughout practically every country in the world. The situation is serious and is fraught with great danger to the textile industry and the consumers of cotton fabrics in this country and abroad.
>
> "What the hazards of production in 1924 will be with the whole South infested with the weevil menace, shortage of labor, and continued financial depression, it is difficult now to predict."

As the Montgomery *Advertiser* points out:

> "The big surplus of cotton that was on hand when the war ended has been practically used up. The world may see what the South has sometimes expected, but never seen, a practical cotton famine."

TOPICS IN BRIEF

(An extension of this department appears weekly on the screen as "Fun from the Press")

Too much attention to the pigskin doesn't help the sheepskin.—*Detroit News.*

Civilization is just a slow process of getting rid of our prejudices.—*Macon News.*

National Prohibition will not carry conviction until its violations do.—*Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.*

Poor old Wilhelm. He was knocked out before the world was made safe for dictators.—*Peoria Star.*

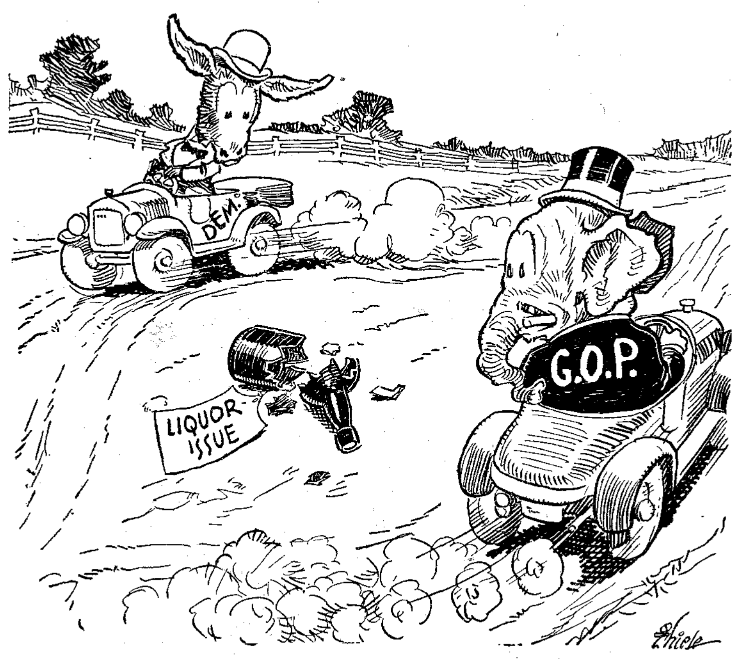
"What's the World Coming To?" shouts an editorial head. The answer is easy: America. — *Tampa Morning Tribune.*

"Jersey Slipping Seaward," say scientists. Can it be possible that the State is trying to get out beyond the twelve-mile limit?—*New York Tribune.*

A Scotch scientist says there never was any Adam or Eve. There is ground for the suspicion that the human race was founded by Cain. — *Washington Post.*

The Chicago professor who tells his pupils not to study or smoke just before retiring is entitled to believe his advice will be heeded in part.—*Detroit News.*

Governor Pinchot says it is absurd for the enforcement of the Prohibition laws to be left to the Treasury Department. Maybe he thinks it might more properly be attended to by the Department of the Interior.—*Southern Lumberman.*



SAFETY FIRST!

—Thiele in the Sioux City *Tribune.*

We hope the nineteenth amendment will be directed against the professional reformers.—*Boston Shoe and Leather Reporter.*

On the other hand, between William Jennings Bryan and the Presidency there always has seemed to be a missing link.—*Detroit News.*

Everlasting peace will come soon after cannon fodder learns to request war lords to chase themselves.—*La Grange (Ga.) Reporter.*

A critic says Americans have lost their nerve. The gentleman ought to notice some of the entries in our beauty contests.—*Spartanburg Herald.*

Having noted all that the prophets say, we have concluded that we are entering upon a severe, mild, dry and wet winter.—*Shoe and Leather Reporter.*

Lloyd George predicts that Russia is getting ready to seize Germany. We can't think of any worse luck to wish either of them.—*Nashville Southern Lumberman.*

We know a number of firms who would jump at the chance to pay M. Poincaré a large salary to manage their collection departments.—*Shoe and Leather Reporter.*

Magnus Johnson thinks the idea of Frank Kellogg in "little black silk pants" uproariously funny. An ambassadorial costume designed by the farm bloc would be worth seeing.—*New York Tribune.*

Bradstreet's says there were only 310 commercial failures in the United States last week; but, as you look around at a lot of young fellows in a lot of offices, you wonder if the figures aren't a little low.—*Chicago American Lumberman.*

"Ford remains silent." Obviously not running, then.—*Chicago Daily Journal.*

That German philosopher who said peace makes men soft, never had seen this kind.—*Baltimore Sun.*

Another earthquake shock is reported from California. What is Hiram saying now?—*New York Evening Post.*

It is reported that several German marks have already been found floating in the Styx.—*Wall Street Journal.*

Before we run out of "weeks," why not have an "honest-week's-work week?"—*Boston Shoe and Leather Reporter.*

Whipping-posts for offending motorists are advocated by a Western district attorney. Why not sentence 'em to thirty days as pedestrians?—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

In arranging that new treaty with Great Britain, Mr. Hughes reasoned soundly that surrounding contraband liquor with more water will reduce its kick.—*Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.*

I. Zangwill, whose remarks sometimes sound as if he were using a comma instead of a period after the initial, strengthens a suspicion already pretty well established that a pleasant novelist is not necessarily a great statesman.—*Washington Star.*

The only serious objection that appears to Secretary Hughes's plan on reparations seems to lie in the fact that the Germans approve it.—*Miami Herald.*

Europe might manage to carry her own burdens if her shoulder wasn't occupied by a chip.—*Birmingham News.*

As a coal man Pinchot is a good prohibitionist, and as a prohibitionist he is a good coal man.—*Shoe and Leather Reporter.*

It is all right to train your son for a white-collar job if you don't spoil him by teaching him to eat heartily.—*Associated Editors.*

The law of supply and demand doesn't always obtain. Look how many reformers we have, and how little reform.—*Bethlehem Globe.*

Without the date-lines, sometimes it would be hard to tell whether a news dispatch were from the Ruhr or Oklahoma.—*San Antonio Express.*

It is stated that since Prohibition there has been more lunacy in the U. S. We can well believe it—judging by the songs they send us.—*London Opinion.*

A man was lured from Buffalo to Chicago and shot, showing you how some of our leading industries are reaching out for business.—*American Lumberman.*

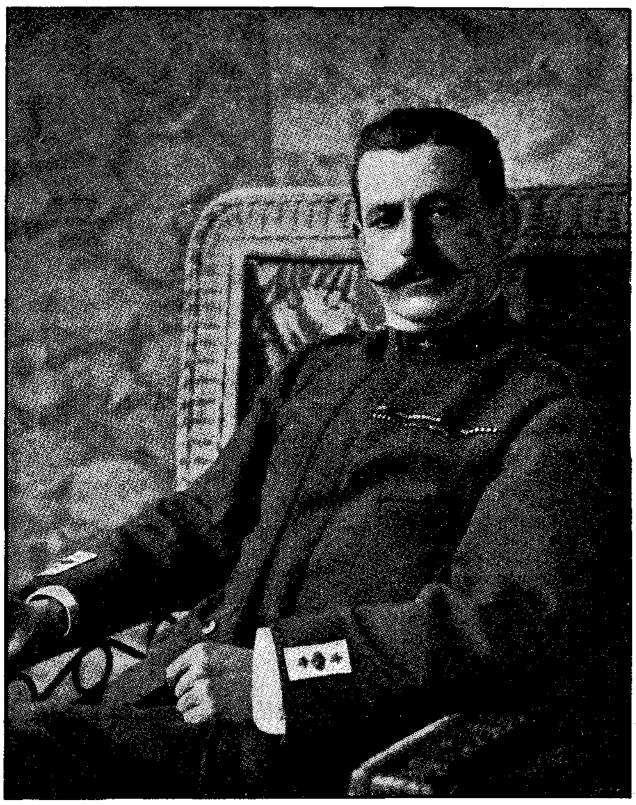
French say the Germans are sending all their good money abroad, and now they've let the ex-Crown Prince return to Germany, which is our idea of all going out and nothing coming in.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

Women campaign workers in Queens County, New York, demanded half of the party campaign fund, indicating that women's demands under enfranchisement have fallen off about 50 per cent.—*Boston Transcript.*

FOREIGN - COMMENT

WHY ITALY HOLDS FIUME

ITALY IS NOT SPARED by some English critics for her appointment of a Military Governor at Fiume, after the Vice-President of the Constituent Assembly there, who had been governing the city since 1922, sent a letter of resignation to the Rome Government. The motive for his resignation, we are told, was "the gravity of the internal situation at Fiume," and these English critics are disturbed because they think the Italian Government is acting "somewhat along Machiavellian lines." On the other hand, certain French journalists are inclined to doubt these insinuations, tho they are not willing to absolve Italy of all blame. Prof. Attilio Depoli, former regent of Fiume, wrote in his letter of resignation that there had been too much delay in the various parleys about Fiume between Italy and Jugo-Slavia in the reaching of a solution of the Fiume problem. Meanwhile we read in his letter that the various groups and factions in the city, by their fighting among themselves, had completely disorganized anything like governmental control, and, therefore, he was resigning his post. The former Vice-President of the Constituent Assembly was sharp in his accusations against the Jugo-Slavs as being responsible for much of the trouble in his domain. The conflict between Italy and Jugo-Slavia over Fiume is one of the most difficult problems of diplomacy, according to a contributor to the Paris *Illustration*, who reminds us that:



From "L'Illustrazione" (Rome)

RUNNING FIUME FOR ITALY

General Gaetano Giardino, appointed Military Governor at Fiume by the Mussolini Government, pending a settlement of the differences over this Adriatic port, which divides Italy and Jugo-Slavia.

"After Trieste was given back to Italy, Fiume remained the only open gate on the Adriatic for the Balkan peoples. This economic reason, as well as the question of ethnical claims, explains the bitterness with which Italy and Jugo-Slavia have disputed possession of the port, about which there was no problem before 1919. It will be recalled that from this time on events followed thus:

"First came Mr. Wilson's immitigable veto on any solution that should give Italy sovereignty over Fiume, then came outbreaks and bloodshed; afterwards the stroke of occupation by Gabriele d'Annunzio at the head of his Arditi troops, on September 12, 1919, and the declaration of a dictatorship by the Italian poet-patriot. Finally on November 12, 1920, the Treaty of Rapallo was signed, and with its fixation of the frontiers of Italy and Jugo-Slavia, it was expected that their long-standing differences were at an end. By the terms of this treaty the Kingdom of Italy and the Kingdom of Serbs, Croats and Slovenes recognized the full liberty and independence of the State of Fiume, and promised to respect both always. The boundaries of Fiume were meticulously drawn, and this State constituted as a separated body."

According to the Rome *Giornale d'Italia* the appointment of General Gaetano Giardino as Military Governor of Fiume is the "logical consequence of the situation created in the unfortunate city by the delay in the negotiations between Italy and Jugo-Slavia," and this daily proceeds:

"Mussolini pointed out to the Belgrade Government long ago the necessity in which Italy would find herself sooner or later, should the negotiations not be carried to a conclusion, to intervene in the most direct way in order to reestablish normality in the city, which was under our protection while waiting to become a free State.

"But the nature of this appointment must not be misinterpreted. It does not interfere at all either with the international situation or with our Adriatic policy, whose purpose is still that of coming to an agreement with the Jugo-Slavs also on the Fiume question. This appointment answers only a local necessity which Italy could not disregard, because Fiume is incapable of providing by herself for her own living.

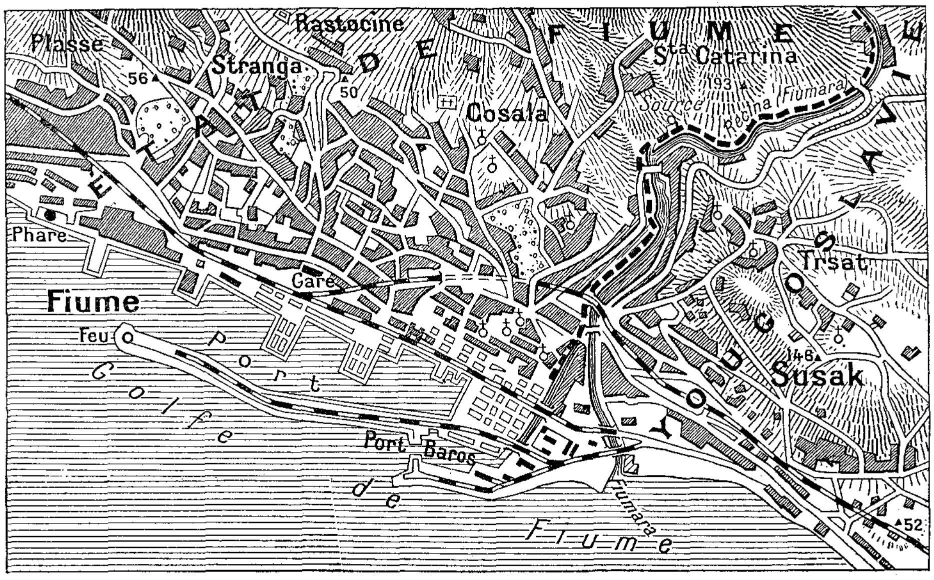
"Consequently, then, no annexation and no action hostile to Jugo-Slavia is intended. The situation of international law is completely unchanged, negotiations will not come to an end, but will develop directly between the Italian and Jugo-Slav Governments, with the ardent wish on our part that this provisional régime, the whole burden of which is on our shoulders, may come to an end as soon as possible. . . Italy's attitude could not be clearer and at the same time more correct. After all, the force of circumstances imposed such a measure. What else could have been done under the unbearable conditions at Fiume? . . . .

"Policy is not made up entirely of logic; it is known to anybody; but when the logic of force links closely together with the force of logic, then the positions of a determined policy are impregnable. Such is the case of the Italian policy in regard to Fiume. . . .

"It being granted that Italy recognized the need of Jugo-Slavia to have a maritime outlet at Fiume, Jugo-Slavia should, on her part, realize that Italy can not be disinterested in the organization and function of the port. A solution based on a common agreement is only possible on condition that the two parties proceed in a spirit of equity and with good sense. The political necessity of good relations between the two neighboring peoples must therefore overwhelm the technical details of the problem."

Another Italian view of the situation is afforded by Professor R. Dalla Volta, Director of the Royal Institute of Social Sciences in Florence. Writing in the Review *Echi e Commenti* (Rome), he tells us that.

"Jugo-Slavia wants Port Baros (now Nazario Sauro) and the Delta, which is formed by the Canale Morto (Dead Canal) and the Eneo. Now the striking fact that impresses every visitor to Fiume is that Port Baros is nothing but an inseparable part of the port of Fiume, a complement of it, or, to say better, an



From L'Illustration (Paris)

WHAT THE TREATY OF RAPALLO MADE OF FIUME

The dotted lines show the boundary between the Free State of Fiume and Jugo-Slavia, as drawn by this agreement of November 12, 1920. The City of Fiume, and Port Baros, and the town of Susak, a spot of sharp contention, also are shown.

integral part of it. The Delta is a small section of ground strictly necessary to the operation of Port Baros. It is, consequently, an indisputable fact that depriving Fiume of the Port Baros would be equivalent to maiming the port of the *Italianissima* city, because it creates an absurd, abnormal and very dangerous condition there."

Prof. Dalla Volta rejects the plan of a Free State of Fiume, and says:

"The Free State of Fiume is a creation that in the present conditions generated by the war and peace does not seem to be either useful or logical. We can easily conceive the summit of a mountain constituted as the free and independent State of a group of shepherds; but it is absurd to imagine that there may be constituted as a State a city which has a port and her own citizens crossing the neighboring States and a traffic of international character, without having at the same time a complicated question to solve, delicate functions to perform, and without possessing the necessary juridical, political and diplomatic organs. Fiume must have the support of a State and be an integral part of a State, and this State can't be any other than Italy."

A contributor to the Paris *Illustration* notes that various economists insinuate that Italy will fight to hold Fiume "in order to protect the feeble prosperity of Trieste," and he thinks there must be something in this assertion because "the gravest experts repeat it," and the London *Times* has echoed it editorially. This informant tells us then that:

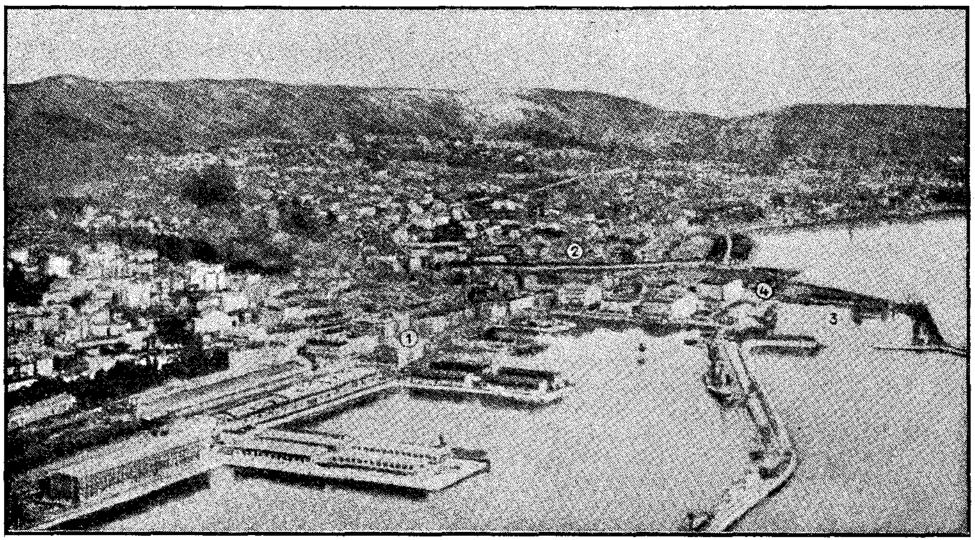
"It is hinted that on many occasions the agitators who landed at Fiume to mess up matters were the agents of Trieste politicians. If this be true, and Fiume were paralyzed so that it could not resume business activities and, in consequence, part of its commerce should be steered to Trieste, that in itself would be an Italian victory."

This French writer is not convinced that the Italians are playing the fine Italian hand of Machiavelli, but he tells us at the same time that in any event the Jugo-Slavs, who are masters of the indispensable railway to Fiume "await the outcome of the imbroglio with the greatest calm," because—

"Their juridical situation is unassailable. They persist in demanding the execution of the Treaty of Rapallo, and first and foremost, which is prejudicial to all discussions, they consider as belonging to them Port Baros and the famous Delta. They count upon the League of Nations to affirm their claims by its solemn verdict.

"Furthermore, it is to be noted that the Jugo-Slavs, if forced to do so, could always find a way to free themselves from foreign interference by exploiting new ports in the Adriatic. If they so wish, the Jugo-Slavs can obtain in America money to build railways to Cattaro or any other point on their shore. Sooner or later they will have a really national port to the south of Fiume, and then Trieste and Fiume, whether the latter be autonomous or Italian, will have to give up thoughts of the trade of Carniola and Croatia.

"The moral of this complicated dispute is that our friends of Italy, whose ambitions at present seem to have no limit, are probably deceiving themselves into thinking that they can make an 'expansion' in the Balkans. The Balkan people are energetic, ambitious, fighting races, thoroughly European and beyond the possibility of subjection. Both Turks and Austrians have cracked their jaws over them. The Italians may expand outside of Europe, and we shall fraternally applaud their success, but in Europe, all places are taken."



From L'Illustration (Paris)

WHAT'S WHAT AT FIUME

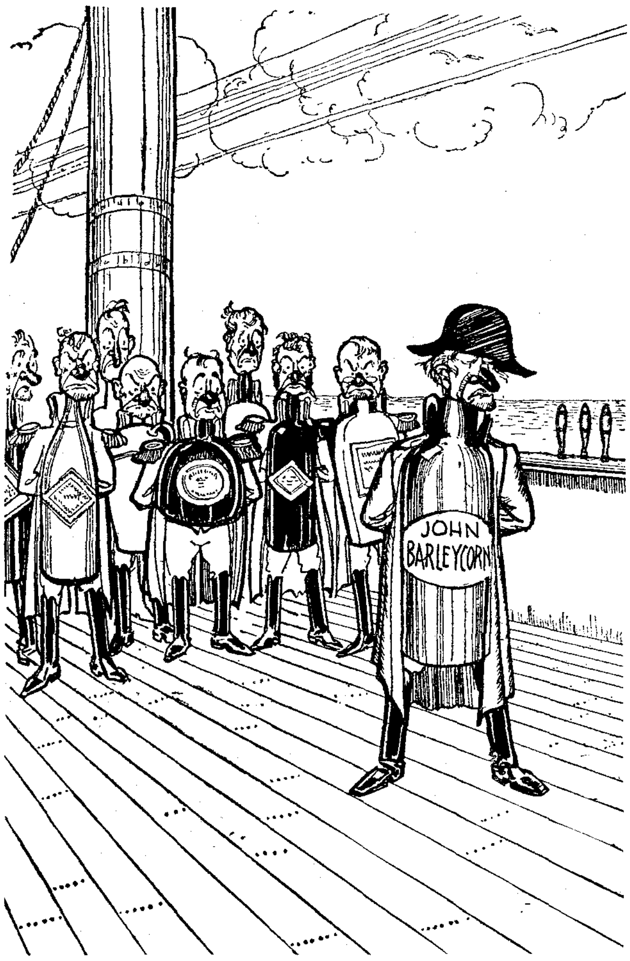
(1) The city which is occupied by the Italians. (2) The important suburb of Susak, which is in Jugo-Slav territory. (3) Port Baros. (4) The Delta between the Dead Canal and the Recina Torrent.

A Fiume correspondent of the Paris *Figaro* quotes its Military Governor, General Giardino, as saying:

"I know nothing of the international questions involved, and care to know nothing. . . . I have created no new administration. My military forces are such as were already here. I have brought with me only two officers. I have reorganized the police. . . . I have proclaimed no state of siege. But I have got everybody back to obedience to the law. No trouble resulted and the fights between parties have ceased. I have prepared the necessary conditions for a resumption of work, that is, I have assured order and liberty. . . . As confidence has been restored, I hope that the numerous industries of this district, which are now dormant, will become active again."

ANOTHER CANADIAN DRINK VOTE

AFTER SEVEN YEARS of prohibition Alberta follows the example set by Manitoba a few months ago, and by British Columbia a couple of years earlier, according to Canadian Press dispatches from Calgary, and decides by a popular referendum of more than 20,000 majority in a total vote of 114,933 to adopt a system of government control and sale of all liquors for beverage and medicinal purposes. Joined with a system of government liquor shops, where residents and guests in possession of permits may buy limited quantities of spirits, these dispatches relate, there will be a plan, not yet drafted into legislation, by which beer may be sold by the glass and bottle in licensed premises. Some newspapers in the wet province of Quebec are convinced by the vote in Alberta that the people there and in Manitoba and British Columbia have come to the conclusion that "the system of prohibition is fundamentally unsound." Thus the Montreal *Gazette* observes:



IS IT TO BE ST. HELENA—OR MERELY ELBA?

JOHN NAPOLEON BARLEYCORN (*to his staff*): "America, messieurs, has given us the frozen mitt; but this cartoon is a bit previous, I hope. We have not yet met our Waterloo."

—*The Bulletin* (Glasgow).

"The Province of Alberta has had prohibition for seven years, or, rather, it has had a prohibitory law. Following in the wake of that law there grew up, as there always does grow up, an illicit traffic in liquors of dubious quality, a traffic which defeated the purpose of the prohibitory law and, at the same time, created a condition which proved to be, in some important respects, more injurious than that which had prevailed previously. The public have been in a position to contrast the results of prohibition in their own Province with the effects of temperance legislation in other Provinces, in the neighboring Province of British Columbia, and in Quebec, and they have drawn their own conclusions. The fact that both Quebec and British Columbia—and latterly Manitoba—are drawing substantial revenues from the sale of liquor by government stores seems also to have had its influence upon public opinion in Alberta, where taxation is high and where the prospect of a largely increased provincial income is correspondingly attractive. The proposals of the Moderation League were stubbornly opposed by the disciples of prohibition, aided by several of the more important newspapers, while the Provincial Government adopted and adhered to an attitude of strict neutrality. The result suggests that no defense of the prohibition system could have succeeded."

But in the dry Province of Ontario, the Kingston *Daily British Whig* remarks that whether the people of Alberta "voted wisely or not, time will tell." It thinks that the tourist traffic, "now assuming large proportions, may have had something to do with the voting," and goes on to say:

"Quebec, where government control has been in operation for some time, has concluded that its method is the right and sensible one, and has pointed to the vast profits that Province has derived from its policy. It has certainly been the Mekka for hundreds of thousands of American tourists each year, and the Province has benefited, financially at least, from their presence. Whether it has benefited in other ways is a question open to discussion. Another element bearing upon the situation in Alberta may have been the drastic clauses in the present prohibition laws and the growth of bootlegging activity. Therein, for the most part, lies the opposition to the law in Ontario. Whatever may have contributed to the defeat of prohibition in Alberta, the issue seems to have been clearly and conclusively decided—for the time at least. In Canada such issues are left to the people; they, and they alone, decide. It is well that it should be so, and that the opinion of the majority should be law."

This Kingston newspaper does not believe that the Province of Ontario is precipitately going to follow the example of Alberta. It tells us that not before the summer or fall of next year will the Provincial Government agree to submit another plebiscite to the people of Ontario, and adds that "such controversial questions should not too frequently be thrown into the public arena." The Toronto *Mail and Empire* assures us that this "partial rehabilitation" of the liquor traffic in British Columbia, Manitoba and Alberta does not mean that the cause of temperance has lost all it was supposed to have gained. According to this journal:

"The latest voting is not for a revival of the bar or of the unrestricted drinking of the days of the bar. What the voters now seek to wipe out is the extremely vicious and very prevalent traffic that goes by the name of 'bootlegging,' a traffic whose 'salesmen' have been recruited from the worst elements of the community. Criminals who before led an extremely precarious existence for want of anything resembling a settled pursuit found occupation and profit in the unlawful business of making swamp whisky and in the smuggling operations by which great supplies of whisky of all kinds were distributed. The smuggling operations were the least infamous of their misdoings. The depraving effect upon the minds of young people, who even in the worst days of the licensed traffic were little exposed to the contaminating influence of thugs and other persons of base life, has steadily grown with the bootleg trade. Desperadoes enlisted in this illicit traffic do not stop at acts of violence. Lives have been taken by the poisoners and by the gunmen engaged in it. Is it to be wondered at that Manitoba, Alberta, and British Columbia have voted to put out of business criminals who have done so much to frustrate the intent of the prohibition law?

"If government sale kills the bootlegging traffic, it will in so far be a real reform. If the business is handled by the Government scrupulously, the cause of temperance will not find in it a formidable obstacle, for public opinion in such matters is on duty, not only on polling day, but all the time."

A scornful view of government control of liquor-selling is taken by the Toronto *Globe*, which says:

"This Province is likely to be spared the degradation of Quebec and British Columbia, where the so-called system of government control is debauching public and private morals and where rum-running and bootlegging are flourishing as never before. The pendulum has swung backward in four of the nine Provinces, but it will swing forward again. Experience of 'government control,' a grotesque misnomer, is giving the prohibitionists everywhere new arguments and equipping them for further battles."

PRESS COMBINATIONS IN ENGLAND

A THIRTY-MILLION-DOLLAR PURCHASE of newspapers in England, which are to be conducted, with a minor exception, under one control, stirs concern in the minds of some editors of the English weekly press, who feel that just at the time when the popular daily newspaper has become "a huge trade catalog" with "trimmings of sensational appeal," the tendency seems to be to reduce the British editorial mind to the standard form of a card index. They wonder what remedy, if any, will be discovered to better the situation. The sale suggesting these reflections is that of the newspapers of Messrs. Edward Hulton and Company of London and Manchester, to the Daily Mail Trust, Ltd., and the purchase price is given at £6,000,000 by the London *Daily Mail,* which tells us further that the papers taken over include:

> "*The Evening Standard,* published in London; *The Daily Sketch,* published in London; *The Sunday Herald,* published in London; *The Daily Dispatch,* published in Manchester; *The Evening Chronicle,* published in Manchester; *The Sunday Chronicle,* published in Manchester; *The Empire News,* published in Manchester.
>
> "All these papers will be under the management of the Daily Mail Trust, Ltd., except *The Evening Standard,* which will be controlled by Lord Beaverbrook. It is proposed to offer to the public in about ten days' times a Debenture issue secured on these properties and on the other assets of the Daily Mail Trust Ltd., which include 800,000 deferred shares of the Associated Newspapers Ltd."

The transfer of these newspapers from one proprietor to another, remarks the London *Spectator,* would not have caused public anxiety, but what has made everybody talk is the fact that "the Hulton papers have passed into the hands of two great, and apparently growing, newspaper pluralists—Lord Rothermere and Lord Beaverbrook." According to the London press, Lord Rothermere is the owner of the London *Daily Mail, The Evening News, The Weekly Dispatch, The Overseas Daily Mail* and *The Continental Daily Mail,* which is published in Paris. He is also the owner of the Daily Mirror Company and of *The Sunday Pictorial.* It is noted further that he is the owner of all weekly and monthly publications issued by the Amalgamated Press. Lord Beaverbrook is listed as the owner of *The Sunday Express* and *The Daily Express.* According to the London correspondent of a New York financial journal, Lord Beaverbrook owns 51 per cent. of the London *Evening Standard,* while Lord Rothermere owns 49 per cent. It appears to the London *Spectator* a subject of regret that "the area of free competition in newspapers should thus be so greatly reduced and the power of the syndicated press apparently be so greatly increased," and this weekly adds:

LORD BEAVERBROOK

Who with Lord Rothermere as a "newspaper pluralist" is regarded by some in England as a menace to the "power of the press."

> "Instinctively — and this is a very good sign and probably points to the ultimate remedy—the mass of newspaper readers dislike the idea of their daily ration of news passing under the control of one or two men. They like competition, because they know it secures them that freedom of choice which they desire. The reader likes to feel he can, if he so desires, go elsewhere. But we are approaching the point when to go elsewhere means finding the same newspaper under an *alias!*"

LORD ROTHERMERE

Brother of the late Lord Northcliffe, who is hailed as greater than Northcliffe in the world of newspaper proprietorship.

Passing from consideration of the necessity of advertisements in great newspapers which *The Spectator* believes has lessened the importance of the English reader, it declares that there is "a still stronger influence at work to deprive the reader of his influence over what he reads." This is the fact that newspapers in England are "more and more passing into the hands of millionaires—or of men at least who are so rich, either from the multitude and importance of their journalistic ventures or from their great outside interests, that their preoccupation is not to sell their papers, but to influence public opinion in a particular way—be that way political, financial or social." We read then:

> "Croesus has found out that power, that unstable, illusory, and yet all-compelling quality, is to be found quite as much in paper as in gold, or iron, or brass, or oil. He buys newspapers, and will run them even at a loss, because either they give him power directly, or else they give it indirectly through the politicians or the business men who will exchange influence in the things they control—*i.e.,* seats in Parliament, Peerages, Honors, and Policies, advertisements, materials of production or financial facilities—against the influence wielded by the proprietors of newspapers.
>
> "Again, it is not too much to say that the up-to-date millionaire feels almost as much 'out of it' if he controls no newspaper as he would feel if he were without a Rolls-Royce, or a collection of the latest 'fancy' in pictures, china, drawings, or furniture. Press influence is, in fact, a precious luxury to the millionaire. Press reactions are very quick, and the man who wants to make a new or old play boom, to increase the vogue of a painter to whom he has taken a fancy, to 'bring on' a young politician whom he wishes to patronize, or to 'down' a statesman who has repelled his advances in the matter of a peerage or a pet political scheme, is pleased to watch the effect of a paragraph or two thrown by his order into the human ant-heap. If he has anything of the mischief-maker in him, he finds it amusing to watch the insects scurrying about in disordered perturbation! In former times the newspaper proprietor, even if his paper was a source of great wealth, did not like to offend readers by such freakishness. That consideration does not deter the man, half of whose wealth comes from elsewhere, and who at any rate feels that as long as his advertisement contracts are going up and enabling him to pay large sums for clever people to tickle the popular palate, the loss of even 10,000 serious readers need not worry him."

The Spectator thinks that the remedy for this condition will come partly "through the good type of rich men, of whom, tho it is not a popular view just now, we venture to say there are plenty." As an example of this type of rich man, it cites the case of Major Astor, the chief and controlling proprietor of the London *Times,* who has "adopted means" through which this newspaper "will be insured against falling into the hands of any

DRURY COLLEGE LIBRARY
Springfield, Missouri

combination such as those which now dominate a large part of the newspaper world." *The Spectator* tells us that Major Astor "meets syndication by stabilization," and that through his method *The Times* will remain the independent paper it now is—the newspaper which makes it its supreme business to "sell its readers not only the news, and the whole news, but also sincere comment on that news." We read then:

> "There are other developments, which will mitigate the evils of syndication. It may turn out, for example, that broadcasting will act as a corrective of a real press monopoly if this should ever be attempted. Again, we may be on the edge of some revolutionary development in the matter of newspaper production.
>
> "An historian of the Roman Empire, when he had described the inertia caused by the monopoly of power enjoyed by the later Roman Emperors, and had dwelt upon the tideless and stormless sea that lapped the footstool of the throne of the Cæsars, went on to predict how this monopoly would end. All the time the man who was to overthrow the placid tyrant was 'creeping round the base of the Alps' with the fatal dagger in his girdle.
>
> "So there may be at this very moment in London some eager young man with a mechanical invention in his pocket which will free the press and its readers from the dread shadow of a universal syndication."

A London correspondent of the New York *Wall Street Journal* writes as follows:

> "The inside story of this Hulton transaction has not been told in the daily press. The fact is that Lord Beaverbrook obtained an option on the Hulton papers a year ago. Nothing was done to complete the purchase until a couple of months ago, when Sir William Berry crashed into the scene and offered $25,000,000 for the Hulton papers. Beaverbrook held fast to his option and called in Rothermere, who promptly paid $30,000,000. Beaverbrook, as his share, obtains control of *The Evening Standard*, which was the leading Hulton paper in London.
>
> "The struggle for possession was between Rothermere and Sir William Berry, who already controls *The Financial Times*, *The Daily Graphic*, *The Sunday Times*, *The Bystander*, *Cassell's*, and several other smaller businesses.
>
> "Lord Rothermere has now, in a single year, obtained twice as much power in the newspaper world as was possest by his brilliant brother—Lord Northcliffe. He is no longer a London publisher. He now extends his influence to every corner of England and Wales.
>
> "He is fifty-five years old—a small, quiet, self-complete man. For more than thirty years he was Northcliffe's partner and closest companion. It is generally known that most of Northcliffe's financial success was due to Rothermere.
>
> "He is the exact opposite of his brother in many ways. He is more practical—more of a business builder. He has no flair for publicity. He will not be so likely to startle England with stunts, as Northcliffe did. He is not a public speaker. He has been a member of the House of Lords for years; but he has never taken any part in the debates.
>
> "Rothermere's abilities are in the line of organization and management. He would have made a good railway president, for instance, or a successful manufacturer. He is not an idealist in any sense. He believes in 'the god of things as they are.' He asks of every suggestion—'Will it pay?'"

This London correspondent goes on to say that Lord Beaverbrook, who has now become an associate of Lord Rothermere, like him is "largely an unknown man to the English public," and he relates that Beaverbrook—

> came to England from Toronto ten years ago. He was then Max Aitken, a broker and company promoter. After the war he bought *The Daily Express*, and he has done well with it. He is only forty-four and has vast ambitions. He now owns 51 per cent. of *The Evening Standard*. Rothermere holds 49 per cent. He has also *The Sunday Express*.
>
> "As to Sir Edward Hulton, who now retires from journalism, it is known that he was obliged to sell out because of persistent ill-health. He has not been well for four years. His main hobby is horse-racing; and it is likely that when he recovers his health, he will enter public life. He is a self-made man, in the prime of life, and not likely to remain idle."

SPANISH THREATS OF A TRADE WAR

UNCLE SAM IS WILLING, but Spain is not keen to renew the agreement by which the two countries enjoy in each other's markets the special advantages granted to the "most favored nation," say some Spanish editors. On the other hand, there are those who indicate very clearly that it would be foolish for Spain to incur the antagonism of the world's rich uncle, because it is quite possible she may have to call upon him for a loan. The protectionist press in Spain oppose renewal of the agreement that expired on November 5, on the ground that Spain has nothing to gain, because since Prohibition came she has practically nothing to export to the United States. But Spain's imports from America, it appears, are increasing yearly.

According to a supplement to *Commerce Reports* of the United States Department of Commerce, our exports to Spain for the fiscal year 1922–1923 amounted to $62,095,000, while our imports from Spain for the same period amounted to $32,816,000, which shows a trade balance in our favor of $29,279,000. Incidentally we learn from this supplement that Spain is not listed by the Department among the leading countries in the foreign trade of the United States, arranged in order of the total trade in 1922 to 1923. These leading customers of ours are ranked according to the volume of business in the following order: United Kingdom, Canada, Japan, Cuba, Germany, France, China, Italy, Mexico, Argentina. Among the Spanish press we find the Barcelona *America-Hispana* saying:

> "We are aware that the United States favors a continuance of the former trade agreement, but we strongly oppose it. None of our mineral or agricultural products has a market in that country, and, what is more, the Eighteenth Amendment has barred the admission of our chief export, which is wine. On the other hand, the United States is sending us increasing quantities of foodstuffs, manufactures, machinery and raw material.
>
> "As matters stand the United States Government can either apply the general tariff to Spanish goods, or surcharge it up to 50 per cent., or forbid all imports from Spain. Any other arrangement or agreement will have to be submitted to Congress, whereas in Spain the Government is empowered to do much more. It can grant the United States the minimum tariff advantages allowed to the most favored nation, and besides it can grant special reductions on specified American products."

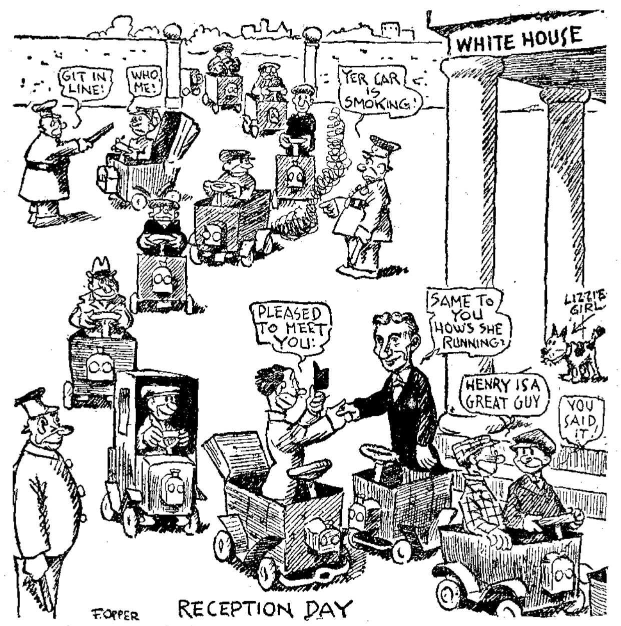
The Madrid *Imparcial* calmly avers that, "considering the matter even at the extreme, we are satisfied that the United States would lose more than we if it used undue pressure against our exports because of our unwillingness to renew the former agreement." "We have no wish to see the United States adopt a harsh procedure," this daily goes on to say, "but at the same time we are opposed utterly to a renewal of the former agreement," and it expresses its conviction that "imports from the United States should be taxed according to the general tariff, without any of the advantages granted to other nations, for so long as the trade balance of America is so unfavorable to Spain." This Madrid newspaper advocates, moreover, that special favor should be shown to imports from Latin America, "whose markets mean much more to Spanish manufacturers than does the United States market." In this way it believes Spain would be able to overcome much competition in Latin America. Meanwhile it admits that Spain's Military Directorate is facing a financial crisis, and there are rumors of a foreign loan in which American capital is interested. If this be true, adds the *Imparcial*, "Spain can not afford to alienate the sympathy of the American investor. Europe is too poor to lend Spain anything, and if there is a loan it will be offered in the United States."

Altho Spain's Military Directorate is credited with effecting a great immediate economy by the suppression of high posts, including those of all the Ministers, undersecretaries and others, and some fifty provincial Governors, a Madrid correspondent of the Manchester *Guardian* advises us that the total annual saving achieved does not exceed £110,000.

SCIENCE - AND - INVENTION

HENRY FORD'S PLAN TO "BURN COAL TWICE"

THE ASSERTION THAT HENRY FORD will show us how to "burn coal twice," means simply, the experts tell us, that he is backing one of the low-temperature carbonization processes, resulting not in coke as we know it, but in something more nearly akin to anthracite. In other words, instead of fully carbonizing soft coal with great heat he would partially carbonize it with a gentler heat, recovering the usual "coal-tar products," it is claimed, in greater quantity, and yet leaving some of the "life" in the fuel. Of course neither Mr. Ford nor anybody else can "burn coal twice" so as to get twice as much energy out of it as God put into it. Enthusiasts are claiming great things for processes of this sort. For instance, Harold A. Littledale says in *The Evening Post* (New York) that Henry Ford's dream "to burn coal twice" has come true. He goes on:


GIT IN LINE!
WHO ME!
YER CAR IS SMOKING!
WHITE HOUSE
PLEASED TO MEET YOU!
SAME TO YOU HOW'S SHE RUNNING?
LIZZIE'S GIRL
HENRY IS A GREAT GUY
YOU SAID IT!
OPPER
RECEPTION DAY

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IF HENRY IS ELECTED

—Opper in the New York *American*.

"By a new process he is going to burn it twice and get cheap gas, cheap gasoline, cheap fuel oil, cheap fertilizer, and cheap coke.

"The gas will be suitable for illumination, the gasoline for automobiles, the fuel oil for engines, the fertilizer for farms, and the coke for furnaces.

"Where he is making 8,500 cars a day now he will be able to make 15,000. Instead of an expensive coal he will be able to use a cheap coal. And the coke that will result from the first burning will be of such a character that he will be able to make his own steel.

"Finally such a revolutionary thing is this new process that power plants all over the country must come to it, Ford engineers say, and as gasoline is derived from this method of distillation at a cost of only six cents a gallon, an inexhaustible source of cheap gasoline will be established.

"More than a million dollars has been spent by Ford already in assisting experimental work. His money has been in it. His technical staff has been in it. And at last his dream to burn coal twice has become a reality. He is now spending $5,000,000 to establish the process in his River Rouge plant at Detroit.

"As far back as 1694 men were talking of the hidden properties in coal and seeking some method of releasing them. The beginnings of accomplishment were in 1854 when the first high temperature by-product recovery plant was built in France. Since then, particularly in recent years, there has been experimentation in low-temperature distillation, as being a more efficient method, but altho as much as $100,000,000 was spent, a satisfactory process was not perfected.

"Analyzing these failures, Emil Piron, a chemist, and V. Z. Caracristi, a consulting engineer, who are associated in business at 43 Broad Street, evolved a method that Ford undertook to back."

Mr. Caracristi is then quoted as saying:

"Coal is broadly graded according to volatile and ash content and physical structure. Its commercial value is established by such gradation.

"When subjected to heat coal distills and its volatile content is given off in gaseous form. When cooled, these gases condense into liquid form of varying value. The two methods of distillation are known as high and low temperature distillation—the line of division being around 1,300 degrees Fahrenheit. At high temperatures only certain grades of coal resolve themselves into coke of a structure suitable for domestic use and metallurgical purposes. At low temperatures, however, we can take high volatile coal and not only get a greater quantity of by-products, but by mixing we can make coke that is suitable for both domestic use and metallurgical purposes. The value of our process, commercially, becomes even greater by reason of the fact that costs of overhead and operation are lower.

"In the modern high-temperature oven the coal is treated by the walls of the oven being heated. This, however, entails considerable waste as the gases, driven in to the cold masses of coal, condense and the structure of the resulting coke is only partly satisfactory.

"Our method differs in that we 'fry' the coal in a continuous 'frying-pan' that travels through an inclosed chamber that is heated at the bottom only. This permits absolute control of the temperature of the 'frying-pans,' insuring true low temperatures throughout with true low-temperature results.

"The gases arising from coal through low-temperature distillation are primary in character and their products closely resemble petroleum. The character of these products, however, changes as the heat is increased, and we get benzol. This is an excellent gasoline substitute suited for use in automobiles."

Says the Pittsburgh *Post*, editorially:

"Dream-like as it may seem, there is the fact that Ford's dreams of a business nature generally turn out to be practical. It is emphasized that for centuries men have been talking of the hidden properties in coal, and that a vast sum has been expended in experimentation to release them. Some of these experiments have been in low-temperature distillation. In the latest experiments the highest chemical skill is backed by a vast fortune and business genius.

"The convenience and saving that such a process would mean to the people will surely cause a universal wish that it may succeed."

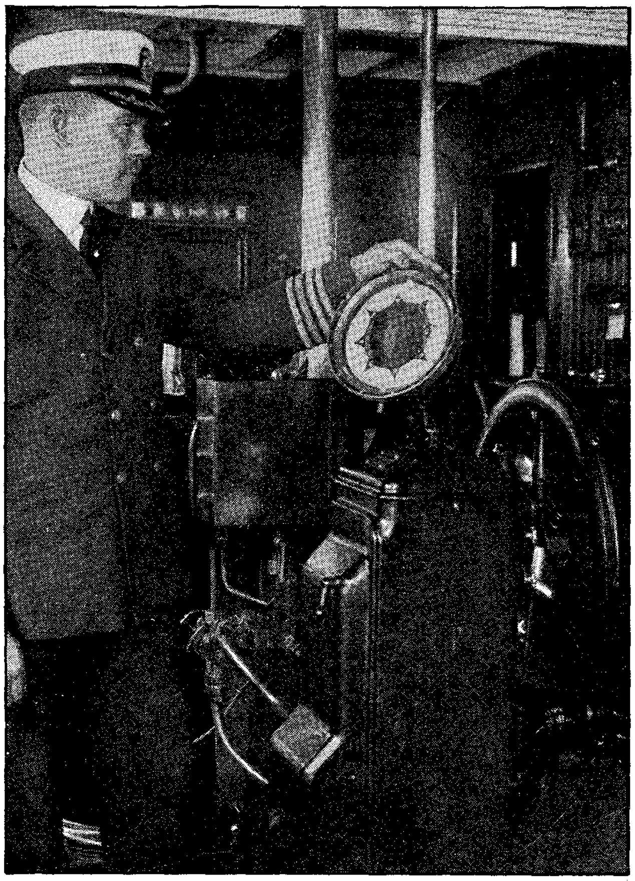
The politicians will be interested most of all, asserts the Charleston *News and Courier*. It says:

"If Ford has worked this miracle, the fact is another and powerful argument for keeping him out of politics so that he can go on working miracles. But there is a possibility that many of his most ardent admirers won't see it that way. It is at least possible that in devoting his time to the problem of learning how to burn coal twice, Henry has found a new and highly effective way of promoting his Presidential boom. What chance would Mr. Coolidge have in 1924 against the man who gave the people gasoline at 6 or 7 or 8 cents a gallon?"

In Allan L. Benson's book, "The New Henry Ford" (Funk & Wagnalls Co.), occur a paragraph or two that throw some light on Ford's line of thought. Mr. Benson tells us that Mr. Ford said to him:

"No coal should be brought up out of the ground. It is the wrong way to do. The proper way is to burn it under ground, leave the coke where it is and extract the things we want from the smoke. Coal smoke contains 205 chemical ingredients. We burn about 1,700 tons of coal a day at the tractor plant at the Rouge. We take out of the smoke from this coal five of its chemical ingredients—benzol, ammonia, tar and two other things that I can not recall just at the moment. From each ton of coal we get about two and a half gallons of benzol which is worth enough to pay the freight on the coal from West Virginia to Detroit.

"We are experimenting all the while to find a way to burn the coal underground, draw off the gas, extract what we want from the smoke and end coal-mining, so far as we are concerned. I have been told that there is a coal-mine in Maryland that has been burning from a period preceding the Civil War. If that is so, I should like to see the mine. I believe there must be a way to burn coal underground."



THE SPERRY GYRO-PILOT

As installed in the *President Adams*. Standing by this mechanical helmsman is the ship's commander, Capt. M. L. Pittman.

But the technical papers are not so keen. While not decrying the low-temperature method, they still regard it as experimental. Says *Chemical and Metallurgical Engineering* (New York), in an editorial:

"There have been all sorts of comment on Mr. Ford's support of the Piron-Caracristi low-temperature carbonization process. Some of the newspapers would have us believe that Mr. Ford is now taking steps to double the energy available from a pound of coal, for does he not clearly announce that he proposes to 'burn coal twice'? Other more technical comment is somewhat skeptical as to the possibilities of achievement; altho some equally distinguished technologists are altogether eulogistic of the 'flivver' manufacturer.

"The facts of the situation clearly demand a word of commendation and approval for this research, tho they do not justify that undue optimism which is so characteristic of some of the daily press statements. We need just such large financial support for the researches of low-temperature carbonization as Mr. Ford is in a position to give. Low-temperature carbonization and the utilization of semi-coke is far from that stage at which it can command general financial backing. Any one going into this work must stand ready to lose thousands, if not millions, before he can begin to profit financially from his investigations and investments. It is particularly fortunate, therefore, that a man of large means who is accustomed to ride his hobbies hard should be willing to go in at this time.

"The process Mr. Ford is investigating is one in which the finely crusht coal is carbonized by heating on the surface of a molten lead bath. This process promises very high efficiency in heat transfer from the heating medium to the coal, but the mechanical engineering problems are tremendously complicated. And there will remain, too, a question of the market value of the products, for as yet no one has clearly demonstrated just what low-temperature tars and oils are really worth in quantity."

QUICKER THAN THE STEERSMAN'S BRAIN

THE ACCOMPANYING PICTURE shows the Sperry gyro-pilot installed on the steamship *President Adams* of the United States Lines. She is the seventh vessel and the first Atlantic passenger carrier to be equipped with this apparatus. The gyro-pilot, we are told in *The Nautical Gazette* (New York), was invented as a supplement to the gyroscope. It says:

"The last-named device was a long step along the road to economy, owing to its indicating instantaneously to the helmsman, the ship's yaw or periodic departure from the course. While it enabled the helmsman to improve his steering in a marked degree, an appreciable time was required for the human eye and brain to note the yaw and another instant for the hand to apply the corrective helm. In other words, the compass indication was more perfect and instantaneous in its action than the human ability to follow it.

"A remedy for this condition suggested itself in the form of a contact maker actuated by the gyro-compass, which would cause the rudder to respond instantly to slight variations of the ship from the course with the resultant elimination of the human link in the chain. The development of this idea was started by Mr. Sperry as far back as 1912. This basic idea for ship-control was sidetracked during the war, due to the pressure of supplying equipment already developed. The actual work on the gyro-pilot has been in process for the last two and a half years, and in the last 17 months gyro-pilots on five ships have efficiently steered approximately 140,000 miles.

"The Sperry gyro-pilot was on display at the London Marine Exhibition, which terminated on September 21, and one will be also on exhibition at the New York Marine Show in November, while several other gyro-pilots are now being installed on various types of ships belonging to several ship-operating companies."

FATE OF THE BIG BERTHAS—There were no less than seven "Big Berthas," but none now remains, we are told by the Frankfort *General Anzeiger*. *Le Matin* (Paris) quotes the following passages, with reservations, as a purely German version of the facts. We read:

"The long-range guns that bombarded Paris in 1918 were built in the Krupp works. Seven guns of this type were made, in all. When the German Army began its movement of retreat in the summer of 1918, three of these pieces were in service at the front, while the others were still in the Krupp factory. As there was no more chance of bombarding Paris, two of them were completely taken apart; some of the parts served to build other cannon, while the rest was melted up. Two other guns had been so used up that they could be no longer employed for long-range work and were finally broken up at the works. On the signature of the Armistice there were in existence only three long-range guns, which had been placed since the beginning of the German retreat. It is therefore not at all strange that, despite the precipitate retreat of the Germans, the cannon in question were not discovered. Foreseeing the occupation of the Ruhr, these three guns were completely destroyed in the course of the year 1919; their remains were broken up or used for building industrial or other machinery. All the statements made in divers places, according to which four long-range cannon still exist in one form or another, are absolutely without foundation."

PICKING UP MACMILLAN BY RADIO

ABILITY TO COMMUNICATE at regular intervals with the most northerly situated radio station, that of the MacMillan Arctic Expedition at Refuge Harbor, eleven degrees from the North Pole, has brought the name of Jack Barnsley from the obscurity of Prince Rupert, British Columbia, before the entire world. Not only have expectant millions been satisfied as to the safety of Donald B. MacMillan and his crew aboard the little schooner *Bowdoin* through his station, but the explorers have been kept in constant touch with their own families through this single amateur radio link. Says a press bulletin issued by the American Radio Relay League (Hartford, Conn.):

"Altho other amateurs have succeeded in picking up disjointed messages from wireless North Pole, and an amateur, Lawrence Mott of Catalina Island off the West coast, recently copied the *Bowdoin's* radio, Barnsley's station has been for many weeks the only satisfactory communicating medium. His station is peculiarly well placed for North Pole reception, being situated at the western terminus of the Canadian National Railways, 500 miles north of Vancouver and 100 miles south of Ketchikan, Alaska.

"It may be considered strange that more northerly amateurs in Alaska have not been as successful as Barnsley, but the explanation probably lies in the fact that the latter's radio equipment is of the finest and as good in its construction as some of the best transoceanic amateur stations in the United States.

"When Barnsley became a student of the radio game in 1910, there were very few amateurs, and text-books on the subject were as scarce as certain varieties of vacuum tubes were a year ago. In those days one could not install a radio station by the simple method of calling on the nearest dealer and carrying a package home; instead the amateur, after reading up on the subject, used any stray parts that were at hand.

"His first radio apparatus was a queerly constructed homemade affair that would be the laughing-stock of the most uninitiated of present-day radio fans. He was highly delighted over the good fortune that brought him a Bell telephone receiver, a dry battery, a couple of carbons and a 'hat-pin,' and no one was more surprized than himself when the set showed a capacity for reception. He made his coil from some stray wire, headphones from the single receiver, a detector from the carbons, and the steel needle, sharpened to a fine point, for the movable part.

"A few years later and Barnsley was working for the Marconi Company as a wireless operator on coastwise steamers, finally on board the *Empress of Russia*, when he visited Japan, China, and Manila. A recuiting sign for the 'Royal Air Force' attracted his attention in 1917, and there followed a 'hitch' as instructor in the Army.

"Since he recently reestablished communication with the Arctic vessel, he has received scores of messages from members of MacMillan's crew and sent them on to relatives in the States by means of the traffic system of the American Radio Relay League, of which he is a member. He uses an improved type of regenerative receiver with two-step audio amplifier.

"An antenna cage of the inverted L type, sixty-three feet high, consisting of six wires, hangs over his Prince Rupert radio shack. Since only three amperes are obtained in the antenna, the transmitter is not unusual, altho efforts are now being made to increase its efficiency for communication with the North Pole station. It uses two 50-watt tubes in a full wave rectification circuit with 1,500 volts of alternating current on the plate.

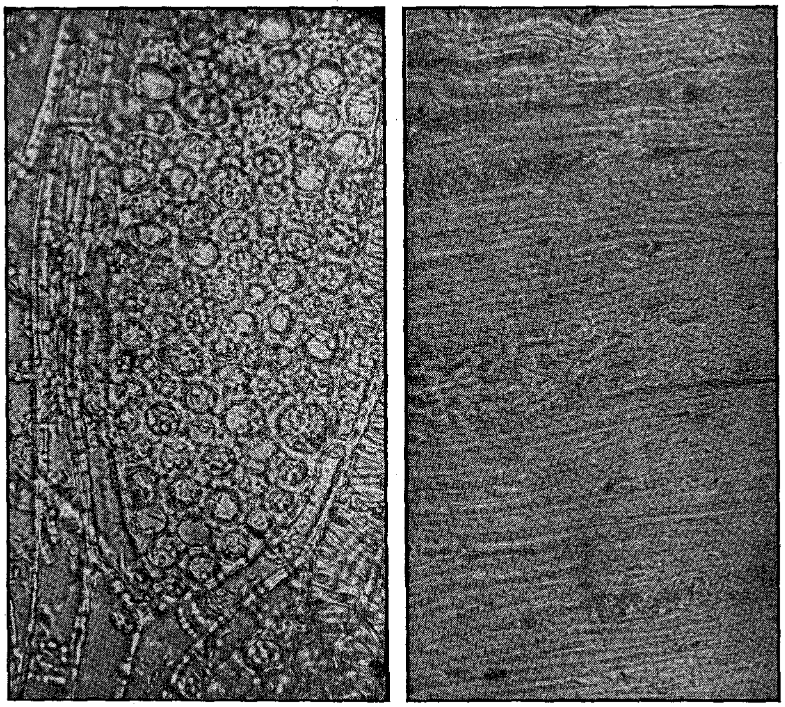
"When Sir Henry Thornton, president of the Canadian National Railways at Vancouver, B. C., made his first visit to the Pacific coast, he received a radio message of welcome from the Mayor of Prince Rupert through Barnsley's amateur station. Barnsley has participated in several official Canadian radio tests.

"He is working Mix of WNP on a regular schedule, and handles messages to and from the *Bowdoin* almost daily, or at such times when atmospheric conditions do not materially interfere. He also handles practically all amateur radio traffic between Alaska and the States."

SQUEEZING SOFT WOOD INTO HARD WOOD

PRESSURE AND HIGH TEMPERATURE will transform ordinary soft wood into a very good imitation of hard wood, we are told in *The Scientific American* (New York). This process, which has been recently developed in Holland into an industry, may bring about enormous alterations in the cultivation of hard woods, we are told. Whole trunks of trees are processed in this way at once, says the paper named above:

"When one looks at a piece of wood in cross-section, one finds all kinds of fibers and bundles of fibers enclosing cavities. These cavities are essential for the life of the plant, for they see to the transfer of water and food, as well as to the storage of reserve material. When the plant is dead, however, and the wood is going to be used, then these cavities are an unfavorable circumstance, because they lower the value of the wood. It is then just the quantity of fibers which governs the value. The more cavities there are, with regard to the number of fibers, the softer and more easily split is the wood. It is also a well-known fact that the natural hard woods are characterized by a very small quantity of cavities, compared with the number of fibers. From this it follows directly that as soon as one succeeds in diminishing the amount of cavities in a defined kind of wood, this wood must have better—or harder—properties. Altho this idea is self-evident, it has only recently been realized in a technical way.



By courtesy of "The Scientific American" (New York)

BEFORE AND AFTER SQUEEZING

Cross-section of a piece of elm, showing (left) the wood in its natural state, with large cells, and (right) compress to make it lignostone, with hardwood characteristics.

"When a piece of wood is subjected to a uniform high pressure, along with a high temperature, the above-mentioned cavities are prest in and the piece decreases largely in volume. The necessary pressure of about 300 atmospheres must, of course, be applied equally on all sides; and this is best accomplished by using a liquid as the pressure medium. Water is unsuitable, however, for it penetrates into the wood, and thereby the pressing effect is lost. A satisfactory medium has been found in asphalt, which only just penetrates into the wood, and then forms such a hard layer that further penetration is impossible.

"A whole tree-trunk at one time is placed in an autoclave, dipt under the asphalt, and then subjected at a temperature of 100 deg. C. to a pressure of approximately 300 atmospheres for five hours. The trunk shrinks to about half its original size and greatly increases in hardness. One has to be very attentive and take care that the wood has a definite moisture content, because otherwise cracking takes place. If it is dried too much, the prest wood begins to swell, as soon as it is brought in contact with moisture. Also, at the high pressure some chemical decomposition reaction takes place, which appears to be necessary for the success of the pressing. With insufficient care a formation of caramel can occur, which causes a darkening in the color.

"When the wood is prest, the outer layer, into which the asphalt has penetrated can be sawn off, and then one can cut it up into whatever pieces of lumber are desired. These pieces possess a very beautiful marking, since the layers, already present in the wood, are now much closer together. It takes a magnificent shining polish. Up to the present, lignostone, as the product is called, has been chiefly fashioned into golf-clubs, loom-bobbins, walking-sticks, and luxury articles, but especially in the domain of inlaid work does it promise a good future.

"It is easy to understand that the natural hard woods in the future may experience a strong competition from lignostone."

RADIO-BEACONS FOR AIRPLANES

CROSS-COUNTRY FLIGHTS will in future be guided from field to field by direction signals given out from fixt radio stations. The flyer who receives these will know at once his exact location with reference to the next station, and will govern himself accordingly. The necessity that all apparatus should be in a fixt location on the ground has made it necessary to devise an entirely different signal system from that in use in ocean-navigation. This new radio navigational development for aiding flyers along the Army model airways is not yet ready for use, we are told by *The Radio World* (New York), but work on the first radio beacon at Wilbur Wright Field at Fairfield, Ohio, will be undertaken shortly by the Army. Says this paper:

"The new aerial radio beacon is the result of experiments conducted at the radio laboratory of the Signal Corps under the direction of Capt. W. H. Murphy, of the Army, during the past several months. A model directional radio-transmitter was tried out at the laboratory and found operative and later used in practical tests at McCook Field, Dayton, Ohio, up to distances of about 40 miles. Experiments with both single and crossed loops were employed, the best results being obtained with the latter.

"The apparatus to be installed at the first station will be a five-kilowatt transmitter which will send out successive signals of a distinct type every five seconds, separated directionally by 30 degrees. That is, taking the station as a center and the exact north bearing as 0 or 360 degrees, a significant code signal, such as two dashes, is transmitted. This signal would only be audible at maximum strength for each dash on the line directly north or south of the station. Rotating clock-wise or toward the right, the station would follow the initial signal by transmitting every five seconds another distinctive signal of two dots, each successive signal indicating an angular distance of 30 degrees. An aviator, equipped with a standard radio-receiving set, on picking up the station, would wait for the initial two-dash signal; then, with watch in hand, he would count the succession of signals until a pair of dots was received at equal intensity. By counting the number of elapsed seconds from the initial or north signal to the maximum signal, the flyer will know his compass-bearing in degrees from the beacon, or its reciprocal. For example, if he hears the two-dash north signal and four successive signals when the maximum is reached, he knows twenty seconds have elapsed, and that consequently, reckoning 30 degrees to each signal or each five-second period, his bearing is 120 degrees from the station or approximately southeast by east on the old compass card. If, at the end of fifteen seconds, the third signal is the maximum and each dot is of equal intensity, he knows he is directly east of the station; similarly, the sixth, after 30 seconds, would place him south.

"The double coils used in sending are fixt, but the effect of the rotating signal is obtained by varying the current strength in each coil by means of a rotating coupler in the station. After a complete rotation, 360 or zero degrees is again reached and the double-dash signal is again emitted."

With the new station in operation, we are assured air service and signal corps experts expect that pilots within a range of approximately 200 miles can be served with a directional signal. When each air field is so equipped, it will be possible for flyers to travel from field to field in bad fog or at night with increased safety. To quote further:

"Fixt ground beacons of this type are favored against the development of special direction-finding equipment on aircraft, in order to keep all special equipment on the ground, and use only standard radio equipment for communication and navigation on aircraft, saving space and weight. The system is different from lighthouse radio beacons in that succeeding equal-strength signals rotate at the rate of one revolution per minute, whereas the lighthouse sends them in all directions at once.

"The only drawback is that the direction or its reciprocal may be used, but as the pilot is usually approaching, there is little likelihood of his being north and thinking he is south or vice versa.

"One useful adaptation for this radio beacon signal is its use by naval airplane carriers or battle-ships carrying airplanes for calling and 'guiding home' their seaplanes after long reconnaissances or when lost in fog or darkness. Planes often operate far out of sight of their mother ships, and their compasses sometimes get out of order, in which event a guiding radio call on the rotating principle from their ship would be of great aid, especially when a plane was low in gas and not in a position to conduct a long search for its floating base."

IN PRAISE OF COFFEE

AFTER THREE YEARS OF RESEARCH at a cost of $40,000, Prof. Samuel C. Prescott of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology has come to the conclusion that coffee as a beverage is not injurious, but, on the contrary, that it aids both mental and physical activity. Speaking before the National Coffee Roasters' Association in Boston, says the Boston *Transcript*, in a report of the meeting, he declared that coffee is fatigue-relieving, and both increases the power to do muscular work and the power of concentration necessary for mental effort. Professor Prescott is head of the department of biology and public health at the Institute and, it seems, has had direct supervision of the special study started by the coffee men to learn the truth about their product. During continuous experimentation, an entire laboratory has been devoted to the purposes of research. Professor Prescott is reported as saying:

"After weighing the evidence, a dispassionate evaluation of the data so comprehensively surveyed has led to no conclusions that coffee is an injurious beverage for the great mass of human beings, but, on the contrary, that the history of human experience, as well as the results of scientific experimentation, point to the fact that coffee is a beverage which, properly prepared and rightly used, gives comfort and inspiration, augments mental and physical activities, and may be regarded as the servant rather than the destroyer of civilization.

"Coffee, if properly prepared, has a remarkable stimulating and fatigue-relieving effect, due to the action of caffein, which acts on the central nervous system. It promotes heart action mildly, increases the power to do muscular work, and increases the power of concentration of mental effort, and therefore is an aid to sustained brain-work. It has no depressive after-effect. It is not habit-forming, and does not require continually increasing quantities to give satisfactory stimulation. The action of caffein might be likened for purpose of visualization to lubrication of machines, altho the analogy is not perfect."

This is high praise, comments *The Transcript*, on its editorial page, and adds that it corresponds with the prevailing judgment of Americans, who habitually consume rather more coffee than any other people in the world. It goes on:

"This scientific praise of coffee will perhaps arouse the propagandist activities of the partizans of tea. If coffee is beneficent, what about that other comfort of the harassed human race, the Cathayan cup which cheers but not inebriates? Can not all that the professor has said for coffee be also said for tea? There is, of course, the tannin in tea, which is by some held to be deleterious. But there is also the caffein which is in coffee. It all comes down to Professor Prescott's preliminary phrase 'properly prepared and rightly used.' Even coffee can be abused; there may be too much of a good thing. A wholesome limit must be placed upon coffee as well as tea. It is the merit of both of these substances, used as a beverage, that they do not readily lend themselves to abuse nor ordinarily produce dangerous reactions. They are of solid benefit to the human race."

Photographs used by courtesy of "Factory" (Chicago)

"I NEVER ONCE GOT THE GREASE OFF MY HANDS . . . THE TENDENCY IS TO CHANGE TO A JOB THAT IS CLEAN"

WHY WOMEN CHANGE JOBS

SOLUTIONS OF THE PROBLEMS of labor "turnover"—why workers leave their jobs—are generally sought by employers themselves, or by trained investigators. A constructive article on this subject by a woman who was herself a factory worker for several years is contributed to *Factory* (Chicago). The writer adds to her experience and conclusions those of four women friends—also workers—employed in a glove factory, a fountain-pen plant, a telephone exchange, and an automobile factory. We read:

"The first question we strive to answer is, 'Why have we five women changed jobs?'—for we all have changed at least three times in the last couple of years.

"One woman had to lay off because of the illness of her husband, and never cared to go back—her relations with the factory were automatically severed when she drew her last pay-check.

"Another had worked nearly six months screwing little screws into a hole in a large piece of metal. She had no idea what the piece of metal was for, so one day when she saw a sign 'Girls Wanted' on a laundry, it occurred to her that there she'd at least understand what she was working on, so she gave notice and changed jobs.

"One woman took a job adjusting the little needles on shock-breakers. This is delicate work which takes infinite patience in the beginning. She kept the job a week, and then quit because she couldn't stand that continual trying and so seldom having success—just a few days with a competent instructor would have kept her in the factory.

"I worked for a number of months gaging a hole in a piece of round, hot, greasy metal at the rate of 70 a minute. I stood up all day. I ate lunch in the half-hour provided, at my bench, with the grime of four hours' work on my hands and face. Later I was promoted to a reamer, which scared me at first, then became interesting, and finally became a slow working piece of mechanism that kept down the number of pieces it was possible and reasonable for me to turn out in a day's time. During the time I worked there I never once got the grease off my hands and I never once, during my time there, was encouraged by a foreman.

"A half-dozen women worked at the bench opposite me—they lasted two weeks at the longest, and I stuck, hoping finally to find out what it was all about. I never found out. The tendency after an experience like that is to change to a job that you can understand and that is clean. I went from there into domestic service.

"From these examples we deduce a few of the clearest reasons for a high rate of turnover.

"First, too hard work. Second, unpleasant working conditions. Third, failure to understand the process. Fourth, failure to make friends in the workroom.

"There are other external causes of turnover, such as distance to factory, seasonal fluctuations in demand for the product, lay-offs, and other irregularities, but the most potent ones are the four above mentioned, which exist because of the fundamental relations between the work and the worker.

"Wage alone can not satisfy labor. There must be some stimulus to a worker's individual intellect if he is to be counted upon to stay with the plant.

"And when we talk over what we think might remedy the high rate of turnover among women in many factories, we face the fact that labor won't stand patronage, and that no worker wants charity. We would suggest that improvement of working conditions be undertaken by some practical woman who has, herself, worked in the department for not less than six months.

"Such improvements may consist in lengthening by 15 minutes the noon-hour and improving the facilities for washing so that no women need eat with greasy hands. They may also plan for some system of 15-minute reliefs, such as are given in the telephone exchanges. During this relief a woman should not be compelled to retire to the restroom if she does not wish to—she should be allowed to watch any of the other processes going on in the factory, if she has an interest in some line of work other than her own.

"Lastly I should like to discuss the so-called 'flying squadron' plan. By this plan girls are placed in a group which is allowed to work for a given time at each separate process that takes place in the factory. This costs a good deal in the beginning, but when eight or ten girls have learned all the jobs, there is always a trained worker who is willing to instruct a newcomer and to save the factory the costs resulting from the slowing down of production when a skilled worker leaves.

"The 'flying squadron' also binds together the women that are on it in the same way as being in the same class at college does, so that it has the advantage of making it possible to tie the workers to the factory by human bonds.

"Above all we want no sudden or radical changes that will seem superficial to the more or less phlegmatic types that come to factory work. We feel that changes should be made one at a time and allowed to become firmly established before others are tried."

LETTERS - AND - ART

LITERATURE DRAMA MUSIC FINE-ARTS EDUCATION CULTURE

ROMANCE COMES TO OUR STAGE

ROMANCE HAS RETURNED TO OUR STAGE with a vengeance. With "The Swan," "Scaramouche" and "Cazanova" already in full flower, Walter Hampden brings back "Cyrano de Bergerac," and memories of other days with Rostand's play do not dim the hues of a new dawn. There is little but praise for the revival, and yet critical comment does not satisfy. Mr. Metcalfe of *The Wall Street Journal*, for instance, who complains that his critical brethren, having exhausted their stock of adjectives on Duse, seem not to have enough left "to bestow on the vastly more significant accomplishment of Mr. Walter Hampden in his production of 'Cyrano de Bergerac,'" —in the sense, he qualifies, of its being "an achievement of great promise for the betterment of the American stage." Honors are shared by Mr. Hampden with the translator of the new version, Mr. Brian Hooker, for as spoken, not only by Mr. Hampden, but also by the members of the company, "the lines conveyed perfectly the music and picturesqueness of the French poet's original." If there are many to remember Mr. Mansfield in "Cyrano," they may be interested in Mr. Metcalfe's assertion that "no comparison is possible owing to Mr. Hampden's infinitely better equipment in physique, voice and temperament." Mr. Metcalfe goes one step further:

"He makes us believe in the possibility of 'Cyrano,' which Mr. Mansfield never did, nor Coquelin either. The whole suggestion of grotesqueness is in the text, and in the present impersonation the artist makes us forget it in his emphasis on the real romance of the character, on its poetry, its virility, its humor and its pathos. As intended, the interest centers almost exclusively in the title character to which the others are so thoroughly subordinated, but one can not escape the new note of gaiety and the lightness of touch which Miss Carroll McComas gives to *Roxane*, adding much to the true comedy spirit which pervades most of the scenes of this rendering of the play. To give credit due for other valuable acting in the well-chosen cast would take too much space from the utilitarian uses of these columns.

"This records the triumphant production of a great poetical comedy by an American company, headed by an American actor-manager, and it means apparently the establishment in New York of that long-prayed-for institution, a repertory theater conducted on the very highest lines.

"It is no amateur or visionary effort, for Mr. Hampden's long and practical experience equip him for the position he had achieved. All that he needs now is the public support which will not fail him in the present production which, it is promised, will be followed by others of equal merit. And Mr. Hampden deserves special admiration for his pluck in venturing where so many have failed."

Mr. Woollcott's enthusiasm for the player is only matched by his joy over the text. In *The Herald* this:

"The revival owes much to the live and often exhilarating translation by Brian Hooker. Perversely the eye goes first to the more difficult feats required of Mr. Hooker, those tricky and conceitful flights of rimed speech which are *Cyrano's* own portion. Especially does one turn straight to the duellist's ballade in the first act, which in Mr. Hooker's version must plod along thus:

Lightly I toss my hat away,
  Languidly over my arm let fall
The cloak that covers my bright array—
  Then out swords, and to work withal!
A Launcelot, in his Lady's hall. . . .
A Spartacus, at the Hippodrome! . . .
  I dally awhile with you, dear jackal,
Then, as I end the refrain, thrust home.

Where shall I skewer my peacock? . . .Nay,
  Better for you to have shunned this brawl!—
Here in your heart, through your ribbons gay?
—In the belly, under your silken shawl?
  Hark how the steel rings, musical!
Mark how my point floats, light as the foam,
  Ready to drive you back to the wall,
Then, as I end the refrain, thrust home!

Ho, for a rime! . . . You are white as whey—
  You break, you cower, you cringe, you . . . crawl!
Tac!—and I parry your last essay:
  So may the turn of a hand forestall
  Life with its honey, death with its gall;
So may the turn of my fancy roam
  Free, for a time, till the rimes recall,
Then, as I end the refrain, thrust home!

REFRAIN

Prince! Pray God, that is Lord of all,
  Pardon your soul, for your time has come!
Beat—pass—fling you aslant, asprawl—
  Then, as I end the refrain—thrust home!

"Such *tours de force* of the French text as that one can not be reproduced in English without loss. But most of the play can be. Mr. Hooker has proved it."

Mr. Woollcott advises the stranger in New York who has time for only three plays to include "this glamourous heroic comedy" in his list. The review for *The World* was written by Laurence Stallings, and brought a suggestion that Mr. Broun after his encounter with Duse became wary of another European classic; but we learn that it was the grippe and not the play which incapacitated him. Mr. Stallings finds the Hampden performance worthy to rank as one of the great ones of its day:

"It is easy to use superlatives. One who saw the piece at the National last night might use them all with justice. Mr. Hampden was the image of Rostand's poetizing swashbuckler. He had the romantic ardor, the impetuous grace and the gallant's fire of that unfortunate and heroic gargoyle.

"And, above all, Mr. Hampden had the nose. He had rooted to his face no mere pretense of a prosboscis—something which might be turned so that the actor's face could be found in a favorable profile at tenderly amorous moments—it was a terrific and pestiferous beak, a shield against love, a beacon of affection and a spur upon pride. He gloried in this nose, realizing that in it lay all of the comedy and most of the tragedy of the ages. There has been a steady chorus of complaint this season against actors who, cast for rascally and courageous buckos, have at many moments suddenly become converts to the Christian Endeavor Society. One should attend the performance at the National if for no other reason than to observe sweetness and light being trampled to earth with matchless consistency. See Mr. Hampden—his nose knows.

"The piece is mounted beautifully and is presented with a great deal of shrewdness, especially in handling the large globs of players that Rostand insisted on standing about near the wings at critical moments.

"'Cyrano' offers the utmost difficulties in direction, and yet last night there were no offenses against the smooth-running flow of magical verbiage and splendid tricks of the piece. The settings are done with massive effect, the five scenes being grouped rather skilfully about three units employing balconies and steps. The costumes are good throughout, with *Cyrano's* a triumph of comic relief.

"Miss Carroll McComas as *Roxane* will be remembered particularly for her work in the balcony scene. Rostand was not generous to this leading lady, and it seemed that Miss McComas had determined to be as eloquent with gestures as was her Lazarus of a cavalier with his words. Charles Francis as *Chris-*

tian, the fair-haired boy, whose face launched a thousand of *Cyrano's* quips, might have been coached into excessive grace and studied prettiness, but Cecil Yapp as the prosaic pastry cook was excellent. Brian Hooker's translation was perfect, except for a rime or two.

"What a pleasure it is, in attending the theater, to be too young to recall the days when Mansfield played *Cyrano* or, for that matter, when Booth played *Hamlet*. One is not hampered by a loyalty to things not comparable to the present. It may be that Mansfield was a better *Cyrano* than was Mr. Hampden last night. But one is happy to have this Herculean unfortunate of Rostand's play now made concrete by Walter Hampden's playing, with no other image shadowing the madness, the magic and the drollery of the text. His flanconnade of riming in the first act, when at the end of the ballade he spit his adversary with a period's emphasis, his impromptu introduction of the Gascony Cadets, his heart-breaking clowning under the balcony—all stand out as the embodiment of romance and the glamour of the sword."

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"ROSTAND'S POETIZING SWASHBUCKLER"

Walter Hampden, wearing the "terrific and pestiferous beak," fights and recites the duel: "Beat—pass—fling you aslant—asprawl—then as I end the refrain—thrust home."

A final word about the play itself from Mr. Towse of the New York *Evening Post:*

"Altho 'Cyrano de Bergerac,' in actual representation, at any rate, is comparatively unknown to the youngest generation of playgoers, it is so familiar to those of riper years and to most intelligent readers of poetry and drama that no attempt at full or brief synopsis will be made here. Anything of the sort, indeed, would be utterly misleading and unsatisfactory in the case of a work so episodical and so entirely dependent upon the variety of scene and incident, the quality of the dialog, the illustration of character, and the poignancy of the moral enforced by the pervading spirit. It is a creation—for all that it has a foundation in the facts and legends concerning the real Cyrano—of indisputable genius; a masterful combination of poetic romance, high and broad comedy, melodrama and spiritual tragedy, spiced with humor, wit, biting satire, and an occasional touch of admirable burlesque. Apart from its flights of imaginative eloquence, it is distinguished in the original by a peculiar verbal felicity. Authoritative critics have found as much to admire in its literary dexterity as in its dramatic fancy and humorous and pathetic appeal. It is one of the gems of modern dramatic literature.

"On more than one account it offers difficulties to the English translator of an almost insurmountable nature. It was written with the view of giving full scope to the declamatory powers of that magnificent comedian, Constant Coquelin, and nobody who heard him will forget the impressive use he made of his metrical opportunities. Here at least he had a manifest advantage over all English-speaking competitors. In the different English versions used in this city, by Richard Mansfield, Charles Richman, and others, the literary dainties of Rostand were not much in evidence. The translation, if fairly literal, was, as a rule, eminently prosaic, and gave but a blurred reflection of the original."

A SPANISH VIEW OF EDUCATION IN THE PHILIPPINES

FROM A SPANISH STANDPOINT the system of education pursued in the Philippine Islands leaves something to be desired. The Government there is charged with making an effort to evolve overnight little Americans of to-day out of a people whose life and ideals are much nearer those of the sixteenth century than of the twentieth. Señor Dom Manuel M. Sauras in the October *Razon y Fé* (Madrid) laments the passing of the elder system as more suited to the needs of the Islands and their Latin temperament. New customs have gained a foothold, he tells us, since the Philippines passed into our possession, and the private life of the small brown citizens is as different from the old as is their political freedom. But the change, he avers, has been most radical in the field of education. The charge he makes is not over-flattering to the American system of rule:

"Under the Spanish rule education and good breeding went hand in hand. Now the children are only instructed. Their bodies are better cared for, but their hearts and souls are neglected.

"The primary schools scattered very thickly over the Islands are under young girls or boys from eighteen to twenty-two years old. These teachers have to live separated from their families in cheap boarding-houses, or board in the homes of the district. If the district is entirely one of Moros or of uncivilized natives, the poor teachers are practically the only ones in the place who can read or write, and the only ones who have any notion how to behave.

"The old way of teaching the children their ABC's by recitation in common or singly has given way to treating the pupils with the indifference shown to adults who are able to follow an outlined course of study.

"Gymnastics are prescribed during the morning recess. English is the chief object, and its spelling, which gives a great deal of trouble. The method used is the objective one, beginning with the more familiar household animals, the furniture and the barnyard. After English, arithmetic is taught very well, gradually and practically and thoroughly. In the afternoon industrial classes train the children in basketry and weaving, and there is kindergarten manual training for the younger ones. Both boys and girls join in the games which train their bodies, for hours and hours in the open air, so they can cope later on with the athletes of other countries, as the Philippine team did this year with Japan.

"This undue time devoted to athletics has been severely criticized by the Filipinos themselves, and the Philippine Chamber of Commerce complained in its organ that the Government had no funds to send delegates to trade or scientific congresses, and yet wasted sixty thousand pesos to send the athletic team to Japan.

"In the secondary schools the methods of instruction are about the same. In some of them the pupils have small gardens, which they plant and look after. The Government intended these gardens as a preparation for the pupils who might leave school early and return to farms or to work on the great plantations. But it happens more often that the children who go to these classes get accustomed to a better grade of living than the farmers or plantation hands, and seldom return to plow or hoe after their jaunt with Minerva. Some foreign plantation overseers say that it is impossible to make the boys work after they have been to grammar schools."

The horror that greeted the first bloomers or the first waltz in Virginia is nothing to the feeling invoked in Señor Sauras's breast by the American coeducational plan:

"These grammar schools have another disadvantage, in the facility of intercourse possible between pupils and teachers of the opposite sex. The defenders of the system declare that the children learn to treat each other with the proper respect and stimulate each other by the worthy rivalry of their studies. But added to these imaginary gains, there are many moral dangers. The freedom and opportunity to meet each other in games at picnics, and in going to and from schools is too great.

"There are some fathers and mothers who are willing to contribute to the lunch or to the railway expenses for the picnics, provided their children are excused from the promiscuity of these excursions."

As to the curricula:

"In the high schools, besides English and mathematics, some history, physics, chemistry and sociology are taught. It is a baccalaureate course of an inferior grade. Philosophy, rhetoric and Latin are missing, but the high school is only preparatory to college or to medicine or law. Every province has a high school, which is sometimes the only normal school. Sport is pursued by the lads with the same passion as in the lower grades, and some of their parents complain that hard muscles and skill in wrestling are more esteemed than real talent and application. Besides, many think that one does not go to school to play but to study.

"Another bad habit of the Board of Education is the changing of text-books every year for no apparent reason except additional expense to the Philippines and profit to the American publishers.

"The private schools have to follow the same general plan traced by the Government. In nearly all the private schools which are taught by monks or nuns there are classes for religious instruction, but as in the public schools much stress is laid on English, sport and physical training. Much of the old literary training has been discarded, together with the debating societies of such grateful and vigorous effect on the minds of the elder generation. Most of the better private schools are incorporated and recognized by the Government, which sends inspectors and keeps them up to a certain standard. If the directors rebel at the Government's change of curriculum, the school loses its right to grant diplomas. The examinations are all written and sent to a board of teachers, who do not know the pupils, and are returned with a card saying whether the pupil has passed or failed.

"The Government has spent on schools 129,066,556.48 pesos since 1911, and one-third of the revenues go to the teachers, who number 25,000. There are 7,634 public schools, and yet there are petitions for more high schools and primary classes from Ilo-Ilo, San Joaquin, and even from Manila. At San Joaquin about a thousand pupils had to go to the private Catholic school, which had obtained the license for secondary instruction. Every one wants to go to school and become a clerk or teacher. The father passes his day in the fields earning his bread by the sweat of his brow, while the son goes in gay sweater, sport shoes, silk tie and socks, laden with new books. The girl leaves her mother to scrub or bake while she daintily picks her way to the schoolhouse to win her one chance out of a hundred to earn her living and flimsy finery by teaching.

"In my province of Zamboanga there are more than eight hundred girl students. And there are only six girls with government posts from Zamboanga! Most of them marry after they finish school, and some before, and the worst is that they have not learned to keep house or to preserve fruit nor to cook, tho they spent hours in domestic science classes and industrial courses to make household necessities and to make sweets from the native fruits."

AN AMERICAN BOOK IN BRITISH COURTS

AMERICA, NOT CONTENT with her own censorship problems, appears to be creating them for others. The British courts are dealing with the prosecution of Mr. Parker Evans, editor of *The Sporting Times*, charged with publishing "obscene print." The obscenity is taken from Sherwood Anderson's novel, "Many Marriages," and was merely employed to illustrate the point the critic was making. Something further and deeper than Mr. Anderson's offense is undertaken here, we are told, and a whole array of literary talent is standing up for him and Mr. Evans to protect their literary freedom against a resurgence of Puritanism. This force which we are so often charged with monopolizing has recently put a ban on the novels of Thomas Hardy and George Eliot, and even Dickens's "Oliver Twist," the latter because "youthful criminals were treated in too favorable a light." George Moore, Bertrand Russell, J. C. Squire, Edmund Gosse, Middleton Murry and, possibly, H. G. Wells, are to appear for the defendant, says Mrs. Cecil Chesterton in the New York *Tribune*, because if the suit is successful, it "will enable Scotland Yard to ban any work, howsoever important, of which a policeman does not approve." Mrs. Chesterton thus recites the case:

"On August 11 *The Sporting Times* published an article on Sherwood Anderson's 'Many Marriages,' by Louis J. McQuilland, a well-known literary critic. It should be noticed that 'Many Marriages' can be bought at any bookstall or bookshop in the country, and that the police never have objected to such sale or questioned the intention of the book in any way. It is, as the reading public knows, a considered analysis of a certain attitude toward sex and marriage. *John Webster*, a manufacturer of washing-machines, is thirty-seven before he has any particular care except to sell these in increasing quantities. Sherwood Anderson shows the man's gradual growth of consciousness, spiritual and physical. The author's methods may be questioned from the point of effectiveness, and it might be contended that he does not prove his case. But that he is actuated by a sincere and genuinely artistic conviction can not be doubted. It is patent to every unprejudiced reader.

"The writer of the article in *The Sporting Times*, while admitting the sincerity of the author, suggests that he is overoccupied with things of the flesh. In brief: 'Sherwood Anderson makes too much pother about simple nudity.' This is a considered opinion, and Mr. McQuilland, as in honesty bound, gives extracts from the novel to bear out his point. These extracts are typical of the texture of the story as a whole. The prosecution make no suggestion that they have been chosen for a specific implication of obscenity. It is important to note that the police make no complaint of any part of the criticism. The prosecution is directed against the extracts from the book."

It is further pointed out that *The Times Literary Supplement, The Spectator, The Outlook*, and *The New Statesman*, have reviewed "Many Marriages," and have published extracts similar to those in *The Sporting Times*. And—

"It will follow, therefore, that if the defendant is found guilty of publishing 'obscene print,' actions against these other papers must ensue, with the result that literary criticism in this country will be hopelessly gagged. The next step will be the suppression of the book itself and the establishment of a censorship which knows no parallel in the civilized world.

"This is obviously the objective of the police. Had action been taken against the publishers and those concerned with the distribution of 'Many Marriages,' the case must have been laughed out of court. Sherwood Anderson has a recognized standing in this country as among the most brilliant of the realistic school of fiction. His 'Triumph of the Egg' is admittedly one of the finest stories in the English language. The same thing would have happened had the initial prosecution been directed toward a serious literary periodical—*The Mercury, The Nation* or *The Saturday Review*, etc. *The Sporting Times*, however, is another story. The police hoped that the reputation of this particular journal for flippant jocularity would stop all questions.

"The authorities undoubtedly thought that the defendant would be quietly committed for trial to appear in due course at the Old Bailey. They never suspected that the action would arouse such a storm."

RESPECTABLIZING JAZZ

IN A MUSIC-HALL we expect jazz; musical comedy and "review" use it as their stock in trade: but we have been accustomed to something else in concert and recital. Miss Eva Gautier, in a recent appearance, made an innovation by singing "Alexander's Ragtime Band" along with the work of some of the most recherché composers among the moderns, and Deems Taylor suggests that it may "turn out to have been a historic event." Mr. Taylor writes music as well as criticism, and he is well along with the modern trend; but he furnishes us a column and a half in the New York *World* defending the right of jazz to hold up its head in such company as Miss Gautier dragged it into, and to take its place as the true American rhythm. Not going so far as to "magnify the importance of jazz," he asks, "Why shouldn't occasional jazz numbers be placed on programs of serious music?"

> "It is folk-music if ever any music was, and I don't see why the mere fact that its composers are alive should bar it from respectable society. If a singer can put a negro spiritual like 'Didn't It Rain,' on a Carnegie Hall program without being mobbed by the pundits, if Mr. Lauri-Volpi can sing an Italian jazz tune like 'Donna e Mobile' at the Metropolitan and be solemnly appraised by the critics, why shouldn't some one sing 'Carolina in the Morning,' music that is just as sincere, just as good, and just as profound as the other two? Miss Gautier did a brave thing when she sang jazz the other night, and a thing that was worth doing. She and Gilbert Seldes of *The Dial*, who has long been a passionate champion of jazz, and who wrote the program notes for her jazz group, deserve two small niches in the hall of American musical missionaries."

EVA GAUTIER

Who "made history" by elevating jazz to the dignity of a recital number.

None of the other critics displays his enthusiasm. Some of them point out that we have enough of it elsewhere than in a recital program, and that in its proper setting on Broadway it is sung better. But Mr. Taylor defends the thing as it happened, first giving his readers the picture:

> "It was an event not without humor. On the one flank the acrid dissonances and murky introspection of Bela Bartok; on the other, the Byronic romanticism of Schoenberg's early 'Gurre-lieder'; and in between, unashamedly contemporary, six examples of genuine, home-brewed American jazz. Let us list the songs, for it may be that they may just possibly be the beginning of an epoch.
>
> "First came the father of all modern jazz—'Waitin' for the Robert E. Lee' possibly excepted—Irving Berlin's 'Alexander's Ragtime Band.' Next, 'The Siren's Song,' by Jerome Kern, with words by P. G. Wodehouse, from the musical play, 'Leave It to Jane.' Then Walter Donaldson's 'Carolina in the Morning,' words by Gus Kahn; George Gershwin's 'I'll Build a Stairway to Paradise,' from George White's 'Scandals,' the words by B. G. De Sylva and Arthur Francis. Then came another written by Gershwin in collaboration with William M. Daly, 'Innocent Ingenue Baby,' from the musical comedy 'Our Nell'; the words were by Brian Hooker, whose translation of 'Cyrano de Bergerac,' by the way, was half-way through its opening performance at the National Theater even as Miss Gautier sang the song. Last came Gershwin's famous 'Swanee,' with words by Irving Ceasar. For an encore Miss Gautier sang another Gershwin landmark, 'Do It Again,' made famous by Irene Bordoni."

Mr. Taylor's argument is undoubtedly helped out by the behavior of the audience under the offering, which he analyzes with considerable detail:

> "Now it was extremely interesting, first of all, to see what that music did to the audience. It was not an average audience, for Miss Gautier makes little appeal to the listener who lacks sophistication and artistic curiosity. It was what might be called a 'brilliant' house, made up, for the most part, of people who not only cared for music, but who knew something about it, with a fair sprinkling of poseurs, highbrows, and intensely class-conscious cognoscenti. They heard Bartok and Hindemith with what may fairly be described as interest without much emotion; this was new music, and they were curious to hear it and desirous of understanding it. The Bartok folk-song transcriptions stirred them a little—something strange, and a little sinister, but perhaps significant. After Hindemith's 'Auf der Treffe Sitzen Meine Ohrchen' they laughed a little and applauded encouragingly. 'Durch de die Abendlichen Gaerten' left them, like the Elephant's Child, 'a little warm, but not at all excited.'
>
> "A pause. The singer reappeared, followed by a tall, black-haired young man who was far from possessing the icy aplomb of those to whom playing on the platform of Aeolian is an old story. He bore under his arm a small bundle of sheet music with lurid red and black and yellow covers. The audience began to exhibit signs of relaxation. This promised to be amusing.
>
> "And then Eva Gautier sang 'Alexander's Ragtime Band.' She said it 'straight,' of course, with none of the conversational lapses and vocal tricks and general air of confiding in the audience by which a professional musical-comedy or cabaret performer puts over a jazz number. She just sang it, as seriously and skilfully as she had sung Bartok's 'Harom oeszi Koennycsepp,' while young Mr. Gershwin began to do mysterious and fascinating rhythmic and contrapuntal stunts with the accompaniment. And when she had finished she faced a new audience. These people were amused, yes; they laughed gleefully as they applauded. But they were excited, somehow, too. Here was music they didn't have to think about, or intellectualize over, or take solemnly. They didn't have to do anything about it, in fact, except listen to it—which was easy—and enjoy it—which was unavoidable. And apparently it said something to them, touched some hidden spring that evoked a response as genuine as it was a little shamefaced.
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> "It was not alone the Americans who had fun out of it. I watched one distinguished European whose musical sophistication is proverbial. 'Alexander's Ragtime Band' disturbed him ever so slightly; he looked a little bored and a little puzzled. At 'The Siren's Song' he looked approval of its delicate, almost pensive rhythms and charming melodic line, but was still obviously a little doubtful. But 'Carolina in the Morning' did something rather drastic to him. Even as his face exprest incredulity and a faint disapproval his shoulders began to—well, 'shimmy' is too vulgar a word to apply to a foreign visitor. Let us say, rather, that the music had acted as an irritant upon his nerve-centers, causing a reflex undulatory movement of both clavicles. At all events, by the time 'Swanee' arrived he was having as shamelessly good a time as anybody.
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> "It is risky to generalize, and I can not be entirely sure that the jazz music did evoke the peculiarly personal response from the audience that I think it did. I know that it evoked it from me. I hear a good deal of jazz, and of course oceans of 'good' music, but I had never before heard a concert singer take jazz in her stride, as it were, placing it beside other contemporary music without comment or apology. And I must say, that jazz group touched something that the other music didn't. It had nothing to do with art, perhaps; it was a more purely human reaction."

FROM PLATO TO CHRIST

COMPELLED TO BELIEF IN GOD by the evidences of goodness, truth and beauty, and of the things which are felt rather than seen, a spiritual inheritor of Plato finds that Christianity is the keystone to the arch begun by the Greek philosopher, and "completes what the long travail of the human spirit, during many centuries of free and unfettered thought, had discovered about the nature of the world in which we live, the laws of God, and the whole duty of man." Dean W. R. Inge, of St. Paul's Cathedral, has traveled the length of the road from Greek philosophy to the Cross. Certain vital sentences in his "Confessio Fidei," taken at random, strike the eye as markers on the Dean's progress from Plato to Christ. In looking at the relation of science to religion, he says, "Science tells us what is true; philosophy and religion spread over the cheerless scene the light that never was on sea or land." Of the compulsion to faith he writes: "At the core of our personality is a spark lighted at the altar of God in heaven—a something too holy ever to consent to evil, an inner light which can illuminate our whole being." Mystic experience proves what the hand can not touch and only the inner eye can see—that "the God revealed to us in prayer and meditation is both immanent and transcendent. He is within us and yet far above us."

Dean Inge, regarded as one of the keenest minds in the Church of England, is of the camp of the liberals; perhaps, he thinks, he will be classified as belonging to the right wing of theological liberalism, for he does not travel the whole distance with the most modern of the modernists. He prefers, he writes in his preface to the second series of his "Outspoken Essays" (Longmans, Green and Company), to call himself "a Christian Platonist, and to claim a humble place in the long chain of Christian thinkers whose philosophy is based on the Platonic tradition." His confession of faith, appearing in the essays, is also a narrative of how he climbed the long road behind the non-Christian guides to the point whence they could conduct him no further, and then followed the footsteps of Augustine until he reached the sanctuary opened to him by the revelation of Christ. To him, then,

> "The Incarnation and the Cross are the central doctrines of Christianity. The Divine Logos, through Whom the worlds were made and Who sustains them in being, is not exhausted in His creation, but remains transcendent as well as immanent in it. . . . Neither natural law nor the beauty of the world suffices to manifest or call forth the love which binds together man and his Creator. Nor would any display of almighty power for our sakes evoke it. So far as I can see, nothing but a personal Incarnation, and the self-sacrifice of the Incarnate, could either adequately reveal the love of God for man, or call forth the love of man to God. No doubt the Incarnation is also a revelation of universal spiritual law. The 'whole process of Christ' is and was meant to be a dramatic representation of the normal progress of the soul. So St. Paul felt it to be. As Christ died and rose again, so we, as members of His mystical body, are to die to our old selves, and to rise again clothed with 'the new man, which after God is created in righteousness and true holiness.' This being the law of redemption, it might be supposed that the revelation could be made to the human spirit as a discovery, and that a personal, objective Incarnation was unnecessary. But it does not seem to me that any diffused, impersonal revelation could take the place of the Word made flesh and tabernacling among us. Such a revelation would merely mark a new stage in the growth of racial experience, a fuller understanding of life and its meaning; it would not give us an assurance that God is Love, nor would it reveal the supreme law of gain through pain, of victory through defeat—the offense and the glory of the Cross. We needed a demonstration that in spiritual creation, as in physical creation, birth comes through travail pangs. The Cross, as I understand it, is not so much an atonement for the past as the opening of a gate into the future. Plato had already divined that 'we can not get rid of evil without suffering'; but vicarious suffering—the suffering of the sinless for the sinful—remained a stumbling-block for the non-Christian world; and it is only in this doctrine that the sting of the world's sorrow and injustice is really drawn. Redemption means admission to redemptive work; and our redemptive work is accomplished not only by what we do: we are also called to 'fill up, on our part, what was lacking in the afflictions of Christ, for His body's sake.'"

That the Incarnation took the form of a human life lived under ordinary conditions causes no difficulty to Dean Inge. A perfect human character, with human limitations, he thinks, is the only possible form of an Incarnation for the benefit of mankind. Nothing could have been gained if Christ had been invested with the trappings of earthly power, and still less, in the Dean's opinion, "ought we demand that He should break through the fixt laws of nature, which He Himself ordained, and in accordance with which He orders the course of the world." The controversy about the divinity of Christ, we are told, has been habitually conducted on wrong lines. We assume that we know the attributes of God, and we collect them from any sources rather than from the revelation of God in Christ. We maintain that, in spite of His voluntary humiliation, Christ possest all the attributes of unlimited power over the universe:

> "But surely Christ came to earth to reveal to us, not that He was like God, but that God was like Himself. The question which we ought to ask is, 'Since Christ is God, what may we infer about the nature of God?' I am not assuming that such sayings as 'I and my Father are one' are certainly historical. It is enough that He spoke and acted as one fully possest by the Spirit of God the Father. To believe in the Divinity of Christ is to believe that in the human Jesus dwelt all the fulness of the Godhead under bodily conditions. And if, as we know, this meant the Cross, the inference is that, as the author of the Epistle to Diognetus says, 'force is not an attribute of God.'
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> "Traditional Christianity has insisted that this revelation was accompanied by certain unique miracles at the beginning and end of our Lord's earthly career, and by a series of manifestations of superhuman power during its course which, as was believed till lately, were by no means unique, since many miracles of the same kind have been reported of others who never claimed Divine powers. Those who believe, as we do, that Christ was a Divine and unique Being, will certainly not be guilty of the presumption of denying that the circumstances of His birth into the world and of His withdrawal in bodily presence from it may well have been also unique. But we have, I think, the right to maintain that the question as to the historicity of the miracles in the Gospels and Creeds is a scientific and not a religious question. Those who think otherwise can hardly have asked themselves what these miracles, supposing them to be fully established, actually prove. A dramatic vindication of God's omnipotence in the world of phenomena was precisely what the contemporaries of Christ desired to see, and it was precisely what He did *not* come to earth to provide. 'A wicked and adulterous generation seeketh after a sign. Verily I say unto you, there shall no sign be given to this generation.' The question of miracles seems to be part of the question as to the power of mind over matter, on which the last word has certainly not been said. It is a scientific question and not a religious question, and it has no bearing on the Divinity of Christ."

Turning his attention to the current of conflict within the Church, Dean Inge says that the true religion for each of us is the most spiritual view of reality that we are able to realize and live by. "The forms are not and can not be the same for all; and accusations of infidelity on the one side, and of obscurantism on the other, are out of place." Yet some conflict can not be avoided if we would preserve our intellectual honesty. No scientific discovery is without its religious and moral influences. "The new knowledge imposes upon us new duties; and these new duties are systematically ignored by the churches, which even manifest an active antipathy to them." Discussing some of the problems confronting the Church the Dean finds that—

> "The worst enemies of Christianity are Christians. A religion will never be destroyed by worldliness, sensuality, or malicious wickedness. The world, the flesh, and the devil are the natural enemies of the Church, which thrives on the struggle against them. But when traditional orthodoxy provokes the moral indignation of the enlightened conscience, and when it outrages our sense of truth and honesty by demanding our assent to scientific errors which were exploded centuries ago, then indeed the Church is in danger, and its well-disciplined battalions will not save it from disaster.
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> "If ever a church alienates from itself not only the best intellect but the best conscience of the nation, so that these forces no longer exert any pressure upon its action, the descent to Avernus is easy and the return very difficult. Its rulers are led by the real or supposed necessity of representing and conciliating a less and less respectable clientèle, and the public ceases to look for wisdom or guidance from the official spokesmen of the Church. If our leaders were wise in their generation, they would make a great effort to check the progressive alienation of vigorous and independent thought from Christianity. They would have the courage to disregard the prejudices of the churchgoing public, and would appeal to the conscience and intelligence of a wider circle. The combination of reactionary theology with crude revolutionary politics, which now seems to be in favor, will win them no respect. The Labor movement can provide its own hired advocates; the business of the clergy is to preach the Gospel and to speak the truth. It is certain that Christ never meant to strew intellectual difficulties of the kind with which we are familiar in the path of His disciples. He never required us to outrage our scientific conscience as a condition of obeying Him. He bade us to take up our cross and follow Him; but the burdens, heavy and grievous to be borne, which our traditionalists bind on the shoulders of men and women, are not only no part of the burden of the cross, they are a sore hindrance to many who wish to take it up.
>
> "Organized Christianity is at present under a cloud. The churches have but little influence, and if they had more they would not know what to do with it. But the rationalistic assumption that the Christian religion is played out is quite out of date and betrays a complete absence of the historical sense. Religious institutions are by far the toughest and most long-lived of all human associations. Nothing could destroy the Christian churches except the complete decay and submergence of the white race, a most improbable contingency. Ages of belief and of unbelief follow each other, and perhaps both are wrongly named. And if the churches seem fairly secure, much more so is the revelation of which they are the guardians. With the added experience of nearly two thousand years, the modern man can repeat the words of St. Paul, that 'other foundation can no man lay save that which is laid,' that is to say, 'Christ the same yesterday, to-day, and forever.'"

THANKSGIVING

By Violet Alleyn Storey

As we have gathered in rich harvest from Thy fields,
As we have taken lovely fruits from bending trees,
So gather Thou, O God, Thanksgiving from our hearts,
So take Thou gratitude from those on bended knees.

We sowed Thy ground with humble seeds, but Thou hast sown
Our minds with wisdom and our hearts with faith and love;
And if, from such a source, our harvest was so fair,
Oh, how much fairer should Thy harvest be above!

We've seen our tiny seeds yield flower and fruit and grain—
A myriad of blossoms in each garden bed;
Frail petals formed into the apple, pear, and plum;
And sun-filled wheat from which we'll bake our winter's bread.

So mayst Thou see Thy seeds have borne Thee beauty, too—
Delightful songs and poems, pictures like glad flowers;
And kindly thoughts become great deeds, like ripened fruit;
And thankfulness to give Thee cheer in quiet hours.

As we have gathered in rich harvest from Thy fields,
As we have taken lovely fruits from bending trees,
So gather Thou, O God, Thanksgiving from our hearts;
So take Thou gratitude from those on bended knees!

—*Good Housekeeping* (*New York*).

THE PRESIDENT'S "SHINING EXAMPLE"

THO SOME CYNICS SUGGESTED that it was unnecessary to mention the incident, a metropolitan daily of wide circulation "played up" the announcement that President Coolidge had joined the Congregational Church by transferring the "story" of a famous horse-race from the front page to the sporting page, to make room for the Washington item. "The children of this world," comments *The Congregationalist*, "are still in some respects wiser in their generation than the children of light." This journal believes that the President's action is all the more significant because it was deliberate, and is sure that he did not take the step without careful consideration of all that it implies. There are, of course, good men outside the Church, but, none the less, continues *The Congregationalist*, "if the Church means what it ought to mean, it is no obscure event, or any passing experience, when the Chief Executive of a great nation publicly affirms his entrance into the body of Christ."

Among the facts concerning President Coolidge's career and habits carefully assembled at the time of his taking office there was, we are told, no mention of his being a church member. Tho not before officially connected with any denomination, the President attended, in Northampton, Massachusetts, his home town, and in Washington, the church of which his wife was an active member. Recently his name was added to the roll of the First Congregational Church of Washington, and he was elected honorary moderator of the National Council of the Congregationalist Churches. Without assuming intimate knowledge of the President's motives, the New York *Christian Advocate* ventures to suggest that the example set by President Harding could not have been without its effect on the Vice-President. When Mr. Coolidge succeeded to the White House, one of his first concerns, we are told, was his relation to the Church, and his pastor was one of the first men with whom he sought an interview. His subsequent actions "revealed his resolution to cast in his lot with the church people, and like his predecessor, from the highest earthly seat to reach up to the heavenliest." In this the Methodist journal perceives a lesson, and suggests:

> "What Mr. Coolidge has done, all magistrates should do. More than this. What the head of the nation has done, the head of every family should do. There are in America to-day tens of thousands of men, executives of municipalities, managers of businesses, foremen in shops, fathers of families, who have drifted along religiously, content with a nominal connection with the Church, satisfied possibly to have all their spiritual possessions listed in their wives' names. Let them, like Mr. Coolidge, take a leaf from Mr. Harding's experience and link their lives up with the churches. They will find their hands strengthened in all their work by this fellowship. They will, if they avail themselves of the spiritual resources which the churches possess (tho they do not monopolize), be

refreshed in heart and mind in their struggle to realize their best ideals.

"The life and death of Mr. Harding have made many men rethink the problem of their own religious responsibilities and duties. Perhaps it had its weight with the new President. Whatever his reason, the fact that the most conspicuous and influential citizen of the Republic has soberly and in mature life decided to cast in his lot with the Church is an argument that ought to be prest home to the attention of the thousands of moral men who have but a dull sense of what a church relationship might mean in their lives and to the causes which they would like to see victorious in the community and in the nation.

"The succession to the Presidency brought Calvin Coolidge to his Decision Day. There are many pew-holders past fifty who have never had their Decision Day. Why not now?

"The father of Calvin Coolidge is a church supporter, but not a church member. This has its significance in his son's attitude. You other fathers, who believe in the church but do not join it, can you blame your sons if they follow your example?"

Every Christian in America will rejoice to hear that the Chief Magistrate of the United States has decisively allied himself with the Church, remarks *The Methodist Recorder*. By his act, continues this organ of the Methodist Protestant Church,

"President Coolidge becomes a shining example to all the rulers of the earth; and, inasmuch as evangelical Christianity is at this high moment the hope of our civilization, as well as the way of life to the souls of men, the moral forces of America, of every creed, will find a source of encouragement and inspiration in this public confession of faith by the chosen ruler of the greatest of living nations. . . . Our American Presidents have been Christians; and their faith was lifelong in profession and experience. Metternich said of Napoleon that his religion was a matter of 'enlightened policy.' The religion of our American Presidents has been a genuine expression of the well-grounded Christian faith of the common people, from whose humble altars these great leaders went forth to the service of their country."

ICE-CAKES THAT CHILL OUR MELTING-POT

FELLOWSHIP IS AN ART demanding service and sacrifice which has not been well practised by America toward the stranger within her gates—the immigrant. The melting-pot of which we have boasted has not melted. We have not labored well in the experiment station which, it seems, God established in America for the solution of the interracial problems of the world. The fault lies in our social attitude toward the immigrant, and in some of our methods of foisting so-called Americanization schemes upon people who often have as much to give as they wish to take. This is the charge of one who is described as a "true prophet whose voice sounded with no uncertain note the call to social righteousness"—the late Bishop Charles D. Williams, of the diocese of Michigan. In "The Gospel of Fellowship" (Fleming H. Revell Company), Bishop Williams says of the immigrants that, living in separate colonies, often isolated and insulated by their continued use of their native tongues and the observance of their racial customs, "they stand out like insoluble and unassimilable lumps of irreducible metal in our 'melting-pot.'" Such colonies are frequently sources of social peril. The police say they breed criminals. They are hothouses for the cultivation of wild and radical programs, assert some of our conservative citizens. It is alleged, too, that they lower the American standard of living. But consider their case:

"Here are millions of strangers in a strange land, in the solitude of the crowds, torn up by the roots from their native soil, stript of the age-long traditions and customs that surrounded them from birth, having lost their old social conventions and standards and found no new ones; church, community, often family and home gone, for many of them are single men. Is it any wonder that they often lose their moorings and are driven by gusts of passion and carried by the new ideas of strange life about them to moral shipwreck?

"Then consider his experience. Frequently he is mercilessly exploited by our industrial system, eagerly seeking cheap foreign labor. He is a mere tool to be used, perhaps to be used up, in its process and then thrown carelessly into the scrap-heap. No one cares for his soul, his personality. Even his own countrymen who have come here before him and learned something of the language and customs of the strange land frequently use their superior knowledge to prey upon him most ruthlessly. We all know what padrones do to their own people. If an immigrant has a family and sends his children to the public schools, these children are often socially ostracized by native-born American children, or children one degree removed from foreign birth. The finger of contempt is pointed at them. They are called 'dagoes' and 'hunkies.'

"By and by, perhaps, the home itself begins to break up. The children acquire a smattering of our language and customs, particularly the 'smarty' Americanisms of the streets, and they turn with contempt on the father and mother who persist in their queer foreign ways. And so the process goes on. Is it to be wondered at that life grows confused, loses its stability and its victims are driven to recklessness or else to an ingrowing association with those they still understand, their own people?"

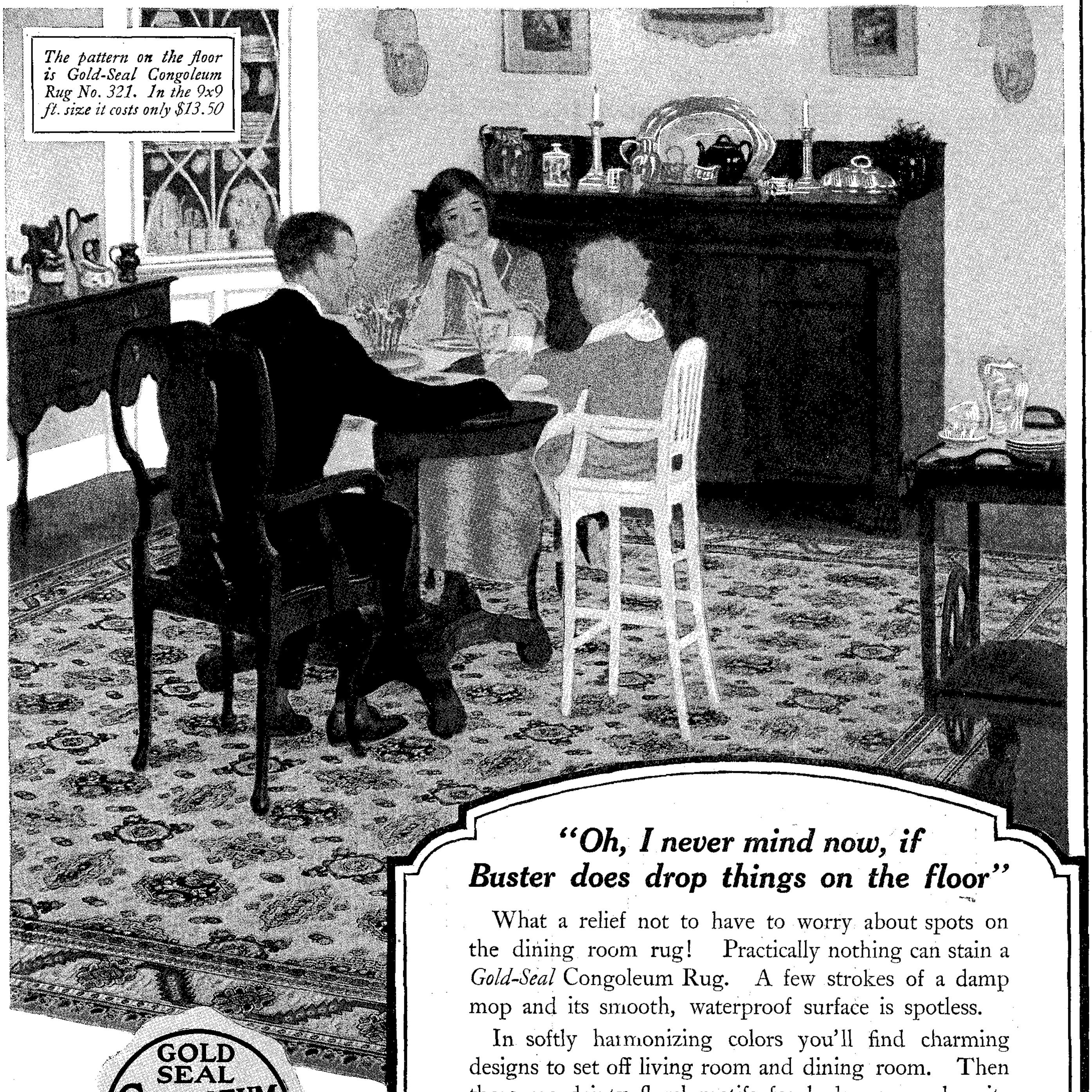
What is the remedy? Not that ordinary process of Americanization which is "frequently superficial and futile, and worse than that, often insulting and degrading to the self-respect of the foreigner and his rightful race-consciousness and pride." Frequently it consists "just in giving a smattering of the English language and teaching the foreigner to wave the flag, sing 'The Star Spangled Banner,' and repeat, parrot-like, certain shibboleths of conventional, patriotic cant. Or else, as is commonly the case, the Americanizer assumes without question that America has all to give to, and nothing to receive from, the stranger within her gates." The foreigner is to be uplifted, in other words, and we are to do all the uplifting. There is no spiritual fellowship in this, no sharing of gifts or service. In such case, asks the Bishop,

"Is it not high time that we, conceited, self-contained, arrogant Americans, should recognize that these strangers that flock to our gates come, many of them, bearing precious gifts, gifts often that we sadly lack and deeply need? I speak not now of the physical contributions of their labor to our industrial production and material wealth, tho where would America be to-day, economically, if it were not for the enormous contributions of so-called foreign labor? But I speak of intellectual, literary, artistic contributions, moral and spiritual values. Often the humblest and commonest of them have gifts in them, gifts in which America is characteristically poverty-stricken. Such recognition would do much to strengthen the foreigner's personal, family and racial self-respect, and upon that foundation rests in large degree the stability of life, homes and personal character.

"Upon our social settlements, our Young Men's Christian Associations and Young Women's Christian Associations, above all, upon our churches, rest largely this great responsibility and task of fostering and developing the spirit of mutual understanding and fellowship, of sharing our best among the many racial varieties of our polyglot America. Voluntary groups can do much in this direction. Particularly can our colleges and universities render large service, especially those situated in large cities or centers where the race problem centers and presses.

"Such groups can watch legislation and secure protection for the weak, helpless and ignorant against the oppression of our ruthless industrial system and also the social contempt of our somewhat arrogant Americanism and too conscious white or Anglo-Saxon superiority. Above all, they can act as ganglia, nerve centers of fellowship, in the sympathetic system of our divided body political and social.

"Yes, America is, as I have said, in the Providence of God, the laboratory and experimental station for the solution of that paramount problem of the near future, interracial relations. And if we can develop here a true and real interracial fellowship, the problems of interracial and international harmony and unity throughout the world ought to be easier of solution. The American of the future may cease to be the exclusive type of one race inheritance (he has long ago ceased to be exclusively Anglo-Saxon) and combine in himself the best inheritances of many races. He may become the representative of a united and common humanity, a son of man. At any rate, we shall have taken a long step toward that day of consummation when 'the kings of the earth and their peoples shall bring their wealth,' the best each nation and race have to offer, into the city of God, the celestial civilization, the Kingdom of Heaven on earth, toward which the prophets and seers and, above all, the Christ have ever hoped."



The pattern on the floor is Gold-Seal Congoleum Rug No. 321. In the 9x9 ft. size it costs only $13.50

"Oh, I never mind now, if Buster does drop things on the floor"

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CURRENT ▾ POETRY

Unsolicited contributions to this department cannot be returned.

THE Sphere (London) prints a poem that might be taken as a pendant to Mr. Kipling's recent Rectorial address:

COURAGE

By G. M. Hort

I

My tribesmen gladly yield me power,
I could be chief of all my clan. . . .
A timorous folk, who still must cower
Beneath the wrath of god or man!
The wizard's curse, the foeman's threat,
The thunder's peal, the night-wolf's cry—
Before these things with fear they sweat,
And, but for me, of fear would die.

II

In all their terrors I was bred,
All—all!—their fears I share and own,
And have, besides, one further dread
That they have never shared or known;
Weak as the rest, I should appear,
More weak than all, myself I see,
But, since I am *afraid of fear*,
I have a name for bravery.

The spirit of surrender is exprest with dignity and pathos in these lines in the London *Spectator:*

THE CHEST

By Humbert Wolfe

One day, leaning over the chest
In the musk-scented dark of my mind,
My fingers, trembling, at last
Will learn there's no treasure to find.
When the god who moves in the dusk
Has emptied the secret cache,
And even the scent of the musk
Has quietly faded, I'll wish
Not for the day when lanterns,
I had not kindled, lit
A secret life, that the sun turns
To stone with white dust on it,
Nor for the whispered token
That opened a hidden door
On a moor where gorse and bracken
Bloomed, and there was no moor.
I shall not wish nor wonder
When cold, serene, august
The daylight lays my slender
Victories in the dust.
For though I shall be blind then
And nothing for me will happen,
Others of my own kind then
Will be throwing my windows open
On stranger lights than my lights
To tunes I left unspoken,
And watch through lovelier twilights
Stars, that I knew not, beckon.

There is a fine courage displayed here in verses clipt from the Miami *Post*. If some special event is commemorated, the hero is well remembered:

LOST IN THE GULF

October, 1923

By Stephen Cochran Singleton

Grieve not for us, who in the Spanish Main
Have sailed from port, no more to come again
In sight of long, low beaches, where the trees
Toss waving branches on the fragrant breeze.

Not down some squalid, dingy city street
Did we fare forth, in tryst with Death to meet,
But on a sea of heaving jasper wide,
We sheeted home the sails that swelled with pride.

Not ours to lie upon a narrow bed;
At last in slow procession to be led
Unto a gloomy niche; there to be borne
While all around us stand the friends who mourn.

We watched the gathering cohorts of the gale;
Laughed our defiance as we trimmed our sail;
Thrilled as the white-maned racers of the sea
Leaped and fell back, and left us plunging, free.

Then came the moment when we knew defeat;
The crashing mast, the water 'round our feet,
Told that the storm had won. No shame was ours,
No feebleness, vanquished by Nature's powers.

All life and strength one moment, and then deep
We plunged into the ranks of those who vigil keep
Beneath the heaving waves and, in the twilight gray,
Stand watch, and watch until God's Judgment Day.

Clean lies the sand beneath us; clean the tide
Bears us, still rovers, on our journeys wide.
Grieve not for us, who on the Spanish Main
Have sailed from port, no more to come again.

The Radio World prints these lines to a great scientist whose fame merits for them a wide public.

GONE!

Died October 26, 1923

CHARLES P. STEINMETZ

By Roland Burke Hennessy

Gone—though his work, still fresh in mind,
Gives hope to faltering mankind.
Weak as a reed that's blown by gales,
Yet swift as a thought all set with sails.
Nature decreed him short and bent,
Yet beauty of mind on him she spent.
Some might have cursed what fate had done—
He only smiled, with his face to the sun.

Feeble the flesh of that gnarled form,
Grappling the problem of lull or storm.
To him all science, no accidents.
He tore the truth from the elements.
Ever and ever for facts he strove,
Hurled bolts of truth with the hand of Jove.
Gone—brave little man! He heard the call.
Gone—to the One who can tell him All.

If Wordsworth were alive to-day we feel he would approve this poem in *The Nation* (New York), tho we do not recall that he was ever moved by the same theme.

A BIRTH

By James Rorty

After the rain, the morning breathed a soft
Annunciation. When I glanced aloft
I saw the sky dreamed blue, while on the sea
The foam caps shook in bright impersonal glee.

A gallant day, I thought. I said as much
To Gertie, munching mustard tops and such
Beside the fence. For Gertie, too, has heard,
I thought, the mild omnipotent Word
That moves in majesty above the fields,
Where everything that grows attends and yields
The praise of life rejoicing ere it pass:
The psalming insects, the obeisant grass.

If Gertie heard, I saw no sign. She stared
Across a field of ripened oats, where fared
That fecund Wind whose casual will again
Compelled the genuflections of the grain,
Then sought the sea, and combed the horizon's verge
That frothed beneath its vast indifferent urge.

An hour later when I passed again,
She stared unmoved, in her clear eyes no stain
Of fear or worship. By her shrunken side
A something stirred: her calf, new-born, that tried
Fumbling and tottering to suck, and feebly mooed,
Scenting, no doubt, the storm the Wind had brewed.

Here's a gay reply to the over-inquisitive. *Poetry* (Chicago, November) gives it forth:

ANSWER

By Scudder Middleton

You ask me of her—where she is,
What she does, how she lives.
I answer in a voice that gives
The hint I do not care;
Venturing she is in Samosair
Stringing beads, or plaiting hair,
Or catching gold in little sieves:
"Someone told me she was there—
That, I heard, is how she lives."
And you wonder, so I see,
How a man can be
So coldly diffident, when he
It was who stormed and took
That dagger-breasted valkyrie.

Well, the high Valhalla keeps
That record in a banded chest;
And there's a record, too,
Where a crimson fountain leaps
And falls within my breast.
Though by chance you guessed what's true,
Reading right my knotted hand,
How little you would understand!
My answer's good enough for you.

Similar reflections to the following have appeared in verse in this land; *Punch* (London) shows us the strain running in British minds:

IS IT PEACE?

(An ex-soldier soliloquizes.)

When Kaiser William lost his head
And tried to smash the blinkin' earth,
"I s'pose it's up to me," I said,
"To show the blighter what he's worth."
I had no taste for soldierin' ways,
In fact I wanted nothin' more
Than livin' peaceful all my days,
But up I got and went to war;
And four long beastly years I stuck
Of blood and sweat and wounds and muck.

I never had, through all that spell,
One thought of glory or of pride;
I hated all of it like hell,
And often wished I could have died
(Like better men); but all the same
Somehow inside o' me I knew
'Twould be an everlastin' shame
If England didn't see it through;
That Englishmen were bound to fight
The brute idea that Might is Right.

And when we'd done the job, sez I,
"We've won a better state o' things.
No more will men be forced to die
For whims of Kaisers and of Kings;
Nations won't squabble all the while;
This war has made 'em understand;
They'll plod along in sober style,
With Peace and Reason hand-in-hand."
A dam bad prophet, dreamin' dreams,
My breath was wasted, so it seems.

I'm sickened, lookin' round to-day;
The world seems pretty well as mad,
Swords rattlin' in the same old way
And mailed fists shakin' just as bad;
It makes a feller half inclined
To envy those that sleep out there,
Who never guessed the rotten kind
O' disappointments we've to bear.
With hopes still bright they took their call;
Were *they* the happiest, after all?

Rachmaninoff composing at his Steinway

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Prices: Upright, $875 and up; Grand, $1425 and up; plus freight

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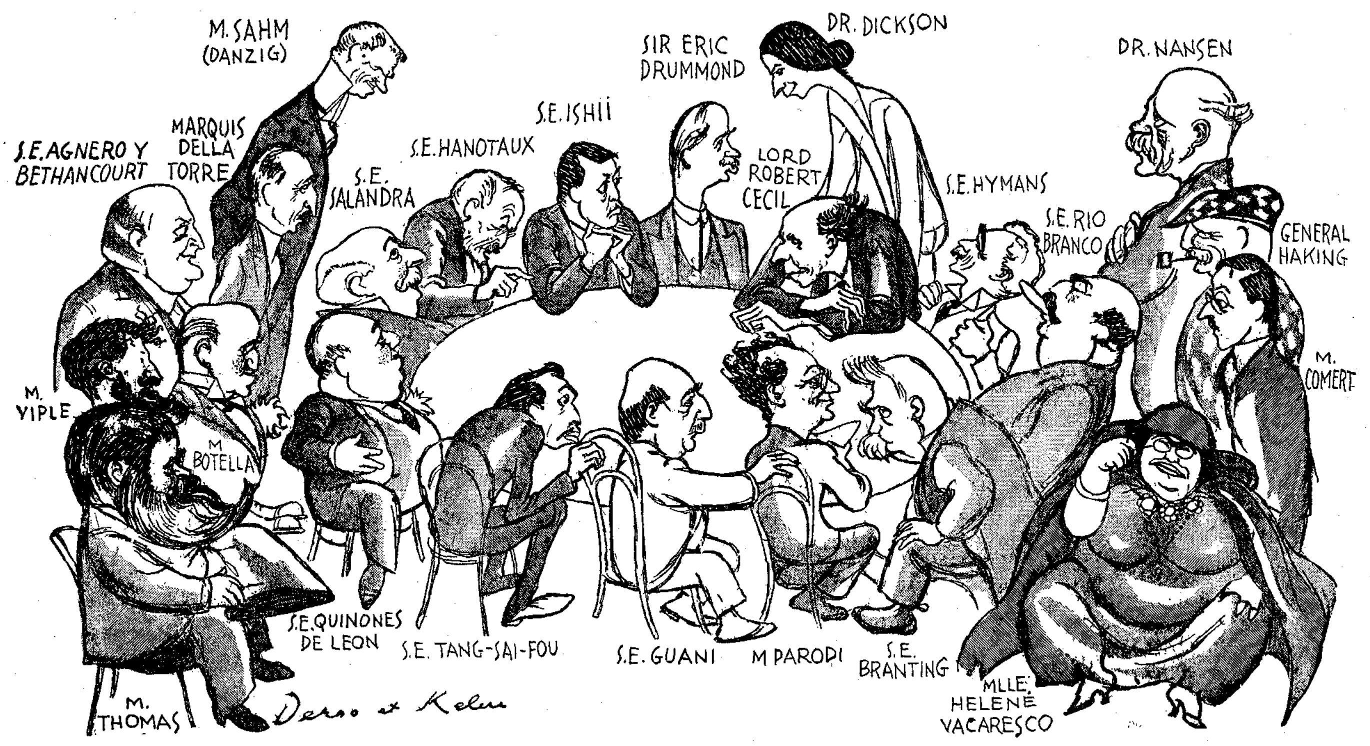


Courtesy of the New York "World," Editorial Department

"A CURIOUS ARRAY OF STATESMEN, CYNICS, MILLIONAIRES, SILENT ORIENTALS, AND ASTUTE LADIES"

"The most august tribunal in the world," according to recent report, has fallen upon evil days of inaction and uncertainty. "Yes, We Have No Decisions To-day," is suggested as the motto of the Council of Ten.

QUEER FISH IN THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS POOL

THE HIGH IDEALS that went into the planting of the League of Nations, admit even the League's most valiant upholders, have fallen upon stony ground and unfriendly days. This makes it hard for the diplomats who try to run the League, and, conversely, hard to get good diplomats. It is an amazing and motley gathering, this Assembly of the League of Nations, report two more or less sympathetic newspaper observers, writing respectively for the pro-League New York *World* and *Evening Post.* Even the ten men who make up the Council of the League, and are really the only delegates that matter very much, appear to be "the victims of circumstance." Mr. Wilson, recalls the *World's* correspondent, had intended that "they should emerge as an all-puissant tribunal, sitting beneath a brotherhood-of-man coat-of-arms, inscribed 'Fiat Justicia Should the Heavens Fall.'" The Council was to be a modern manifestation of might and right, dispensing wisdom and charity, healing wounds and hindering war. Things worked out differently, however, and these ten men are not "men like gods," nor are the three hundred assorted world citizens behind them. Far from it, goes on the *World* writer, Ferdinand Tuohy, who dates his observations at Geneva, for "They are not on Delphi, but very much in an earthly slough. They are not omnipotent, but have to rely upon a thoroughly unreliable and sketchy moral force." The League appears to Mr. Tuohy much as:

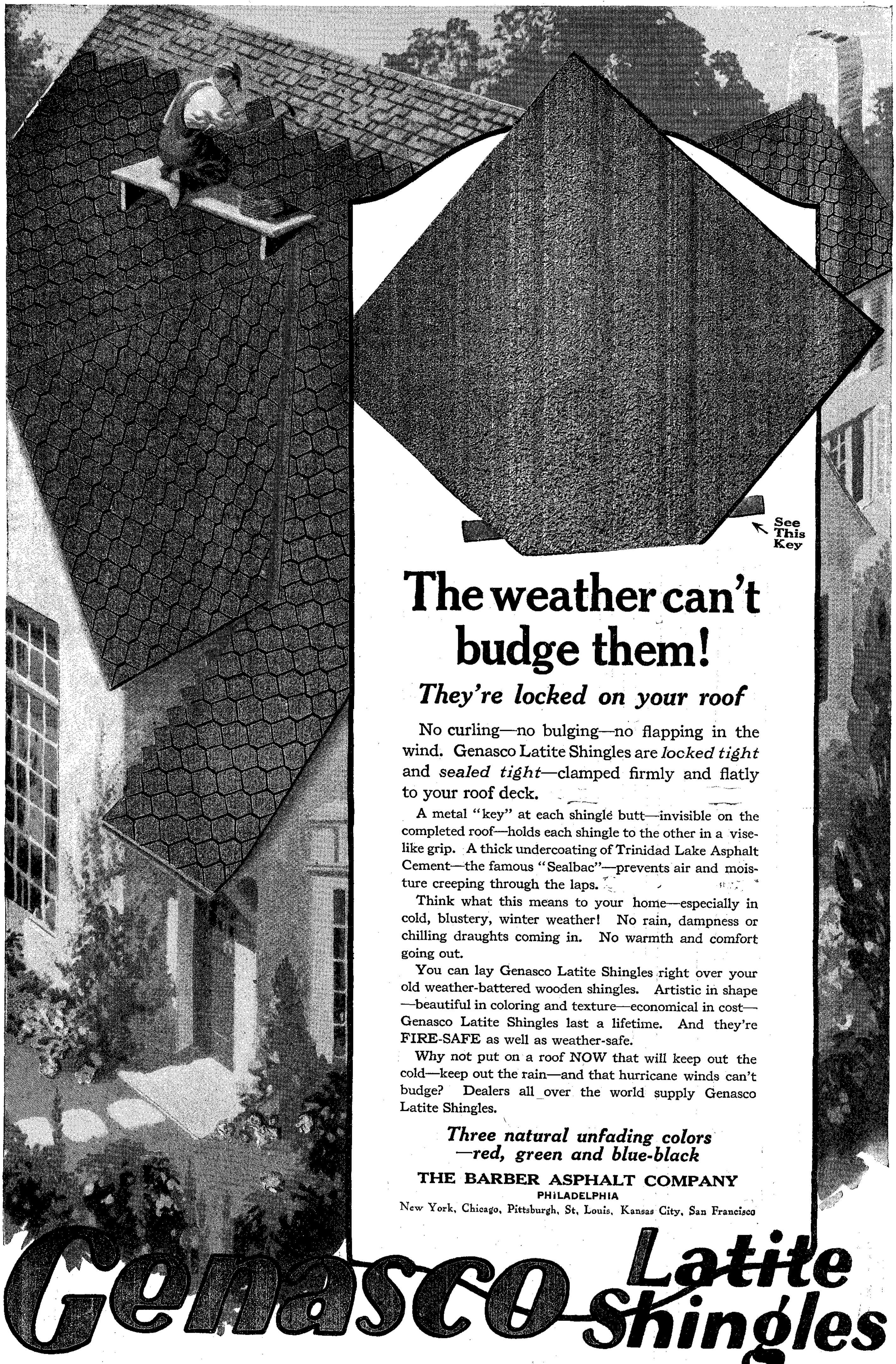
> A crippled youngster seeking to keep toddling along with one leg amputated—the absence of the United States—and the other limb in very bad shape—rigid French opposition—seeking to keep toddling in the most chaotic and depressing conditions imaginable, and with more than a suggestion that several of its component parts, or Council members, are deliberately putting obstacles in the way, acting on the orders of their respective Governments.

But this last observation is politics, admits Mr. Tuohy, and he is interested "merely in introducing the men who control the League's destiny." He suggests that they might have a little song, planned on the order of the various college songs popular throughout the world, and that this "Song of the Council" might fittingly run:

Yes, we'll have no decisions,
We'll have no decisions to-day—
Our League of Nations
Exists on foundations
Of dodging, debates and delay,
So with Europe dissolving,
We all sit resolving
That, yes, we'll have no decisions,
We'll have no decisions to-day!

The drawing reproduced at the top of this page, suggests Mr. Tuohy, is a great help in learning to know the men who run the League. The drawing was made by two young Roumanian artists, continues the *World* correspondent, and—

> They have made a truly wonderful job of their work—so much so in fact that at the instance of the distinguished representative of their own country, seated apparently on air on the extreme right, Mademoiselle Vacaresco (who knows more about the inside of harems than Haroun al Raschid, the Sultan and the Sheik combined) saw fit to take diplomatic action aimed at the suppression of the cartoon. In this she was successful for some days, until the newspaper men at Geneva got together and forwarded an ultimatum on behalf of their craft, and which was immediately bowed to by the remaining powers that be.
>
> We shall begin with President Baron Ishii, Japanese Ambassador in Paris. Ishii is President by virtue of this august position circulating alphabetically from year to year among the four permanent members of the Council, namely the representatives of Britain, France, Italy and Japan (the United States being the fifth permanent member and having a locker and chair waiting for its representative). Ishii is a very modest and retiring little man with a perpetually frightened look as if repeating to himself: "Heavens, what am I doing here, presiding over these white geniuses?" His voice is inaudible, his French unintelligible and



The weather can't budge them!

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> his English no less, a slight drawback in a Chairman. Otherwise the little Japanese is a favorite at Geneva and sets a measure of ascetic living which more than one of his conferees hardly attempts to conform to.
>
> On Ishii's right we have Gabriel Hanotaux, spokesman of Poincaré, and probably saying in the above picture: "*Oui, mais nous ne devons pas prendre de décision aujourd'hui car je desire recevoir d'autres instructions de mon Gouvernement.*" Hanotaux, who was Foreign Minister a generation ago, is the doyen of the Council, is one of the Forty Immortals of the French Academy, and looks, talks and acts like a sturdy old farmer, wizened and bronzed. He never smiles, and even when making perfectly friendly and normal remarks, gesticulates wildly and appears perpetually in the worst of tempers. His job here this year, when he supplanted the ailing Leon Bourgeois, was clear-cut—to mark time, to see that nothing advanced anywhere, excepting in the secondary humanitarian field—and particularly, by silence and proscrastination, to withhold the support of his country from an otherwise circular movement around Mussolini. After work, Hanotaux is no social mixer, preferring to stay in his hotel writing and reading, especially religious works (he contributed considerably to the canonization of Joan of Arc).

Next we have Salandra, war Prime Minister of Italy, whom the *World* correspondent refers to as "the world's record holder in slippery diplomacy." Mr. Tuohy comments further that:

> His countryman Machiavelli would have gloated these days over Salandra, leaning back, fat and bronzed, and rolling his eyes and rubbing his hands the while he was telling his colleagues where they got off. Salandra would come to the Council table exchanging laughing nothings along his path, and then proceed to read a document defying absolutely the body in which he sat. It was high comedy, these men, all save one leaning impassively back, puffing away at cigars and cigarets, while one of their number was busily engaged before them in betraying the Covenant which was the *raison d'être* for their being there, and betraying it with a recurrent little laugh and rolling twinkle, as much as to say, "Go on, you poor fish, you are no use, anyhow, and what's more, you know it."
>
> Next, to the right, we have a Spaniard, Quinones de Leon, Ambassador in Paris, and millionaire. De Leon does not cut much of a figure; in fact, his one public act was to read aloud the suggestions drawn up by the Council for the aid of the Conference of Ambassadors, about to send its order to Hellas. As an entertainer, however, de Leon is supreme, and many of the most brilliant League parties have been staged at his hotel. Incidentally, one of the drawbacks to clear thinking during Assembly month at Geneva must be the round of parties staged night after night. After all, here were delegates from three-quarters of the earth, meeting once in the year, and most of them coming from places compared with which Calvinistic Geneva appeared as a second Paris. Now it would be Siam, now Chile, now an Indian Prince giving a banquet and ball (one noticed, en passant, that the war-stricken European countries did not do anything like so much entertaining as the South American and Eastern states). Nor are the fair lacking in Geneva these days, altho I hesitate to add that there is no intention of painting Geneva in jazz colors. However, whoever picked the 150-odd ladies of the Secretariat had an eye for line and beauty, with the result that they were constantly in demand.

To return to the Council table, however, continues Mr. Tuohy:

> Leaning over listening to Branting and looking like the wrath of God is H. E. Tang, otherwise "the Chink." We all felt sorry for the Chink. He was never heard to open his mouth from the beginning of September to the end, and one formed the impression that he knew it would be useless if he did, that his accent would surpass occidental understanding. And there was this, too, that was sad about Tang. We all knew, and doubtless he knew, too, that his days were numbered on the Council, that his chair was already marked "to let," with Poland and Portugal and Czecho-Slovakia reaching out for it. Poor Tang. Even in the one commission where his country was vitally concerned—namely, that dealing with the suppression of the opium trade—China, as far as one could gather, was not allowed to say a syllable. It gave one a mental jolt to think that this man Tang represented more human beings at the Council table than all the rest of his colleagues combined.
>
> And so across the Pacific to Uruguay, represented by Excellency Guani. One may ask why Uruguay is given a place at such an exclusive board as this. The reason is that here Uruguay represents the small States of South America, but whether it is of much use small States being represented at all in view of what has happened to Greece is open to question. Like the gentleman on his left, Guani belongs to the silent brigade, only opening his lips once, when, with infinite caution, he begged to go on record in favor of the Council's competency. His neighbor, Parodi, is the interpreter, and a good one, too.

In fact, says Mr. Tuohy, the rapidity with which League interpreters transmit what speakers have said is a *tour de force*. He continues with a tribute, part of it left-handed, to the translating corps:

> Some one will talk rapidly for half an hour in bastard French, whereupon without a moment's delay, up will get an interpreter and recite (not read) in English what has been said. One or two of the younger interpreters have even learned to orate with gesture when translating speeches, and usually improve considerably upon the original. These mind-readers even go further. For instance, once, after a very long and tiring session, the Chairman remarked that "it might be advisable, etc., if clauses 2, 3 and 4 were left to a subsequent date, when the commission could give the time demanded." . . . Whereupon our interpreter popped up and said: "The Chairman says that if we don't adjourn now we'll all be late for lunch." But perhaps the most remarkable interpreter of all is an English woman, who recites hour after hour without a solitary note and in a wailing monotone, the most intricate addresses.
>
> The gentleman leaning painfully forward is Branting, Sweden's Socialist, a Hindenburg of a man with the mildest high-pitched voice imaginable. Branting is at once a source of strength and peril to the League. He stands absolutely by the Covenant in all its intricacies, and if the League had really the moral support of the world, Branting would perhaps be a towering protagonist. In the recent Italo-Greek crisis, he never ceased campaigning for stern measures with Mussolini. It was he who nearly persuaded Cecil to threaten Italy with an economic blockade, even to the extent of hinting that the British fleet would be at the disposal of the League. Unfortunately Branting did not appreciate that if England put into force this blockade, she would have lost one of her principal export markets which would have, in turn, been probably captured by the United States. Wheels within wheels! The argument against Branting is this: "It's all very well for you to want to have the League exercise force, but you live away up north and would be the last country involved in any such move or sanction," which brings us to the peril that Branting is in the thoroughly unidealistic atmosphere in which the League is at present floundering. Branting is a rough-hewn soul, simple, straightforward and honest, but maneuvering and conciliation outside the pact is not his strong point. He is an apostle arrived before his time, and one effect of his influence is a distinct tendency for the European member States of the League to split into two camps—the Nordic and the Latin-Slav. This is one of the most important impressions that one carries away from the Assembly this year. If we leave out the eighteen South American States and the Eastern countries, the remaining two dozen nations were lined up pretty well in opposite camps. Thus the British Dominions, Scandinavia and the Baltic countries thought one way politically, and the Latin and Slav countries to the south roughly another way.
>
> Next to Branting is a very odd figure, Rio Branco of Brazil. No one has ever heard Branco speak anywhere, either in the lobby, the Assembly or in the Council-room. The artist has caught him in his eternal attitude behind a huge cigar. Branco is Ambassador at Berne. He was left a vast fortune at an early age, which he proceeded to run through, until he was stopt by a premature breakdown some five years ago. He still likes to sit on the edge of gay life, and seldom misses an evening at the Kursaal, invariably sitting alone opposite a bottle of champagne and beholding the "*petites femmes*" of Geneva, temporarily imported, tripping round the floor. Never can such a varied and cosmopolitan collection of humanity have assembled on a dancing-floor as in this Kursaal, and all swaying to the Song of the Council.
>
> The perky little fellow next to Branco, and apparently engaged in seeking optical reciprocity from the tall, Madonna-like secretary, Dr. Dickson, is the Belgian Paul Hymans, the most popular and ablest of the circle.

Hymans is a journalist and was Foreign Minister in the dark days of the war. "An excellent linguist," as the *World* writer describes him, "always charming and accessible and possessing by a long way the best general outlook on the League, its shortcomings and possibilities, Hyman is thoroughly against reaction, yet understands that to risk all in trying to fight it at this stage from Geneva would be lunacy. Mr. Tuohy reports:

> He told me as much, pointing out that everywhere reactionaries were coming to the surface as the result of the war—Mussolini, Poincaré, Kemal, Lenin, Primo de Rivera—England alone of the bigger countries having escaped her dictator.
>
> And now we come to Savonarola Cecil, crouching over, Atlas-like, beneath the astounding burden of running the League which

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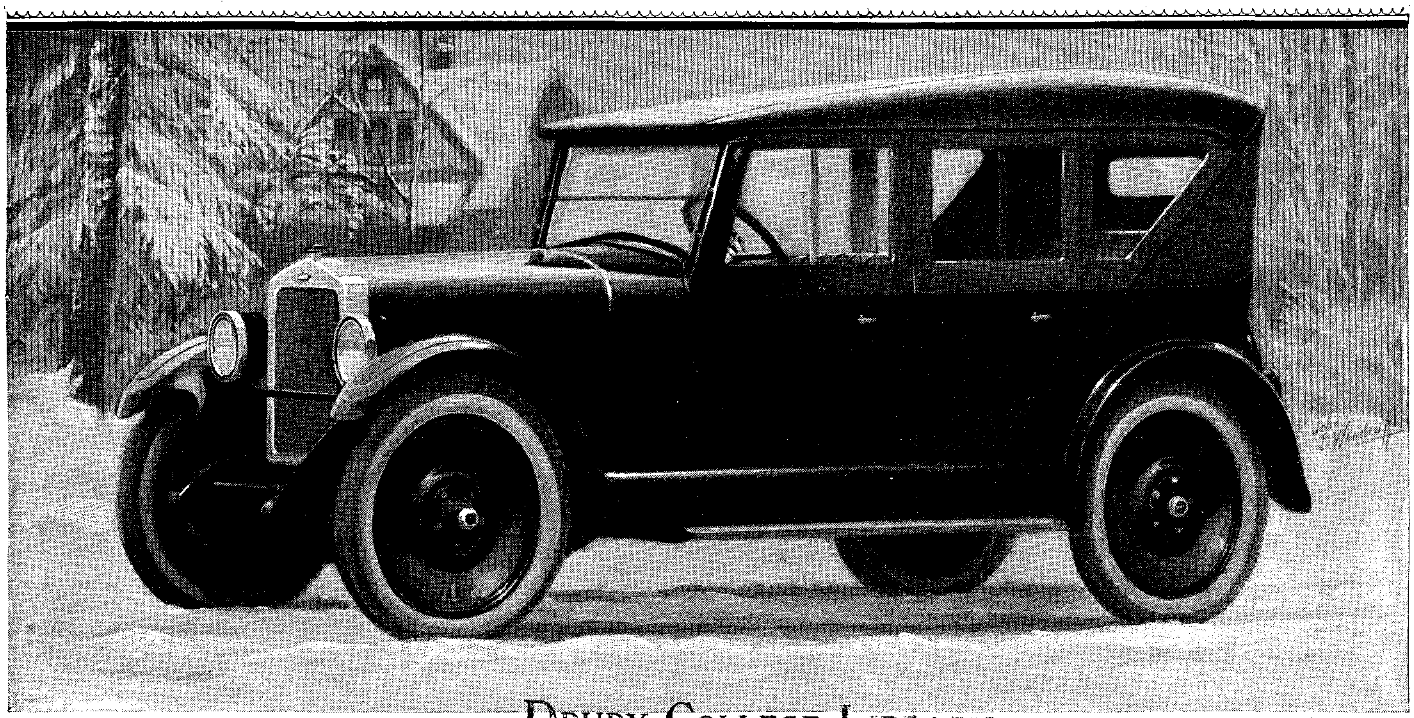

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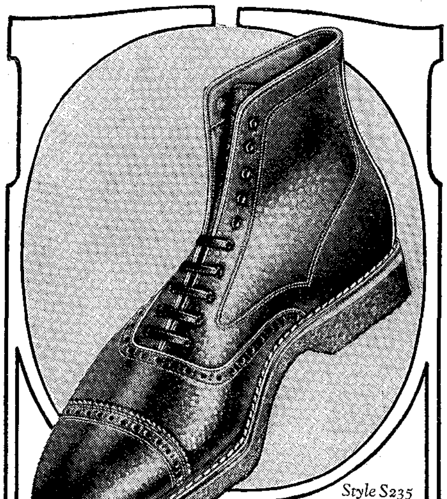

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

> he took upon his shoulder this year. Lord Robert Cecil is not the kind of man for the League of Nations. He is too much of an emotional zealot bearing a fiery cross. With him the League can do no wrong. It is a pity to have to say this since Cecil is engaged in giving his health for his ideal, just as surely as President Wilson did, but it is the general impression in Geneva, just the same, that he will not long figure in the League as the chief English delegate. He has become too great an individual power, too much of a Sir Galahad, for a "parliament of persuasion and house of compromise" such as the League has become. Walk into any commission, attend any meeting of the Assembly or of the Council and you will hear the words "Lord Robert Cecil" on the lips of speakers as frequently as all other names combined. It would seem as tho nothing were done without the Englishman's hand being in it, and this has naturally intensified the charge (which already existed with six English votes in the Assembly) that the League has become far too anglicized. This English atmosphere is naturally increased by the fact of the personnel of the Secretariat being largely drawn from England. Another cardinal drawback to Cecil, with all his brilliance and noble self-sacrifice and application, is that for the first time probably at any European council table we have an Englishman infinitely more at the mercy of his feelings than the Latins and Slavs confronting them. Cecil shows every passing reaction in a constant, fidgeting nervousness, with a twitching of the face and swift flushes of the cheeks, and corresponding pallor.
>
> The last at the table is Sir Eric Drummond, Secretary-General and future Earl of Perth. Drummond is a canny Scot, who has got a job at $40,000 a year, in which he has made good by keeping right out of the trouble zone—his self-effacement, in fact, is a by-word. He smiles and giggles charmingly all the time, and is apparently a very happy man fishing in the lovely Lake Geneva.
>
> Of the others in the picture, I have already referred to Mademoiselle Vacaresco. Above her is de Comert, the little Frenchman in charge of publicity, and above him General Haking, late of the Danzig control, and above him again that great granite figure, Dr. Nansen, of Polar and refugee fame. I confess I was disappointed in him as a pillar of the League. Much of the refugee work in Russia and the East, I learned, was due to the splendid organization of a Colonel Proctor, while Nansen himself is terribly long-winded when speech-making, and a great big child of the emotions in his general political attitude. He is an unsubtle Cecil, charged with all the latter's ardor for this, to him, glorious experiment in human affairs, but heavy and undiplomatic. The League might make many wars with Nansen at the helm, while all the time striving in the opposite direction. Beyond M. Albert Thomas, the French head of the Labor Bureau, which spends as much as the rest of the League put together, the remaining gentlemen standing round are of small importance.

At any rate, the delegates, especially those of the lesser order who go to make up the body of the Assembly, are beautifully drest, writes Constance Drexel to the New York *Evening Post.* "The Chesterfields of the world," the greater and lesser diplomats and aristocrats, from Europe, Asia and Latin-America, gather there in all their glory. One of the most glorious members, notable alike for his clothes, his enthusiasm for the League, and his dinners, is Maharajah Jam Saheb of Nawanagar. By the end of a month, she reports:

> All the delegations had been his guests. He is unmarried, but some of his nieces and nephews were with him, and altogether there was a party of twenty-seven people, what with servants, secretaries and English governesses.
>
> The Maharajah naturally was one of the most picturesque and romantic figures at the Assembly. Possest of great wealth, he reigns supreme in his province, which is about 500 miles north of Bombay, on the coast. He has become stout, so it is rather hard to believe that in his university days he was one of the best cricketers in England. He gave all his dinners at the Hotel de la Paix, where a small restaurant was reserved for him, but he always had some of his own native servants in attendance, drest in the Oriental livery of his palace at home. Their tunics were of bright green with lots of gold, and they wore brilliant red and gold scarfs wound round and round their heads, with flowing ends. His Highness himself always wears European clothes, but in the evening his pearl studs are incomparably beautiful. He also has gorgeous rubies, sapphires, and emeralds, in waistcoat buttons and cuff-links, wearing one stone an evening.

Another lively and picturesque representative was Prince Habib Lotfallah, one of the eight princes of the Kingdom of Arabia, and Minister in Rome. Miss Drexel reports that:

> Prince Lotfallah was a prominent figure socially, at the same time giving the impression that he was bound to be one of the most dominating figures in the Near East. He is only about forty, tall and good-looking, more European than Oriental, tho one could close one's eyes and see him as a desert sheik on a white Arabian horse.

Many of the men were excellent dancers, says Miss Drexel, and, with their breasts covered with decorations, they furnished sights, at the various parties and functions, capable of making any feminine heart quiver. But as statesmen and makers of the new world, objects Mr. Tuohy, only one of them, the Belgian Hymans, is of the joint character and capability desired. But, of course, the correspondent goes on, nearly all of them are "merely the puppets of their respective Governments," and he concludes:

> However, it all comes back to this—that until world opinion registers more in favor of the League, its leaders must perforce remain timid pioneers before a scoffing multitude which seems to have nothing to suggest in the way of an alternative to this lone growth of four years of slaughter and which, if disbanded, would mean that we would go back to where we were in 1914, only far worse. Poor League of Nations, launched so gloriously four short years ago, and now out alone and buffeted on the ocean, going who knows whither?

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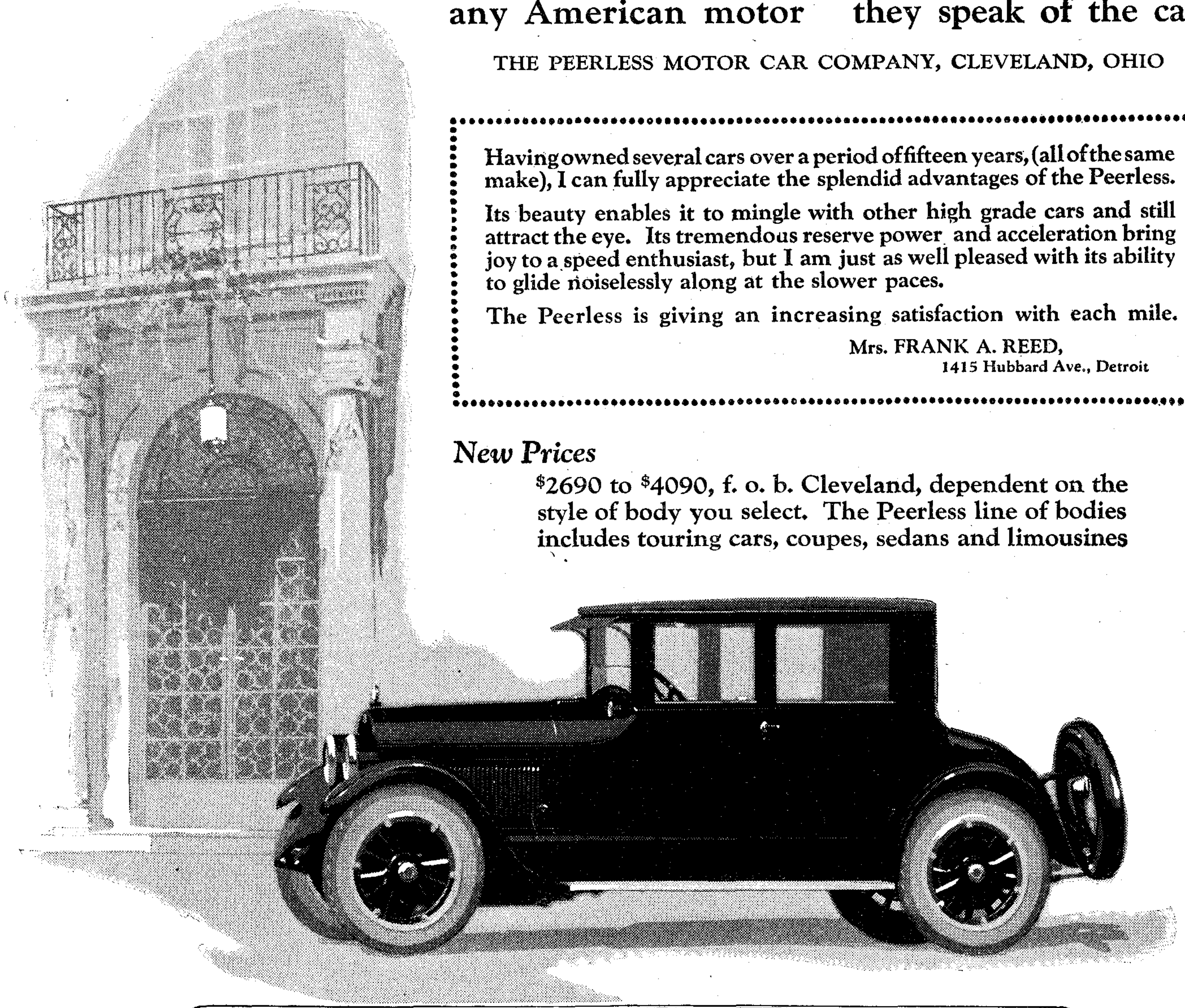

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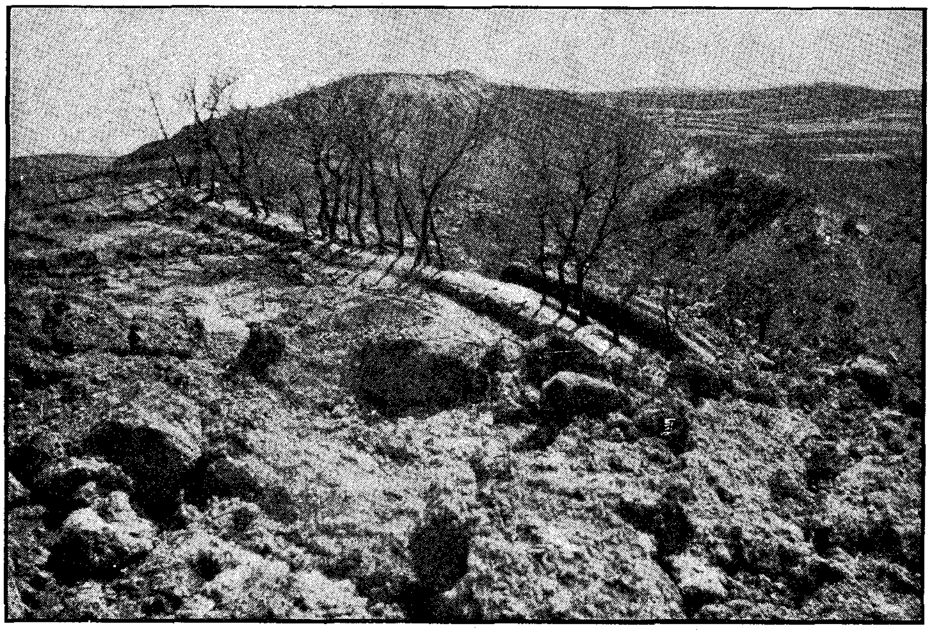
"WHERE THE MOUNTAINS WALKED," IN CHINA

MOUNTAIN-RANGES THAT MOVED a mile in one stupendous heave, burying villages, lakes and rivers as they passed; landslides that eddied like waterfalls; huge cracks in the earth that swallowed houses and camel-trains; a death-list of nearly 200,000, and a country whose whole topography was changed overnight—these are some of the results that made the earthquake in Kansu, a province in the west of China, at once one of the most appalling and picturesque catastrophes in history. The destruction worked upon civilization by the Japanese earthquake was greater, but "the mountains walked" in China in a way of which history has few records. The earth of the country is largely loess, a mixture of clay and powdered quartz, and it flowed and billowed and piled itself into new hills and valleys under the terrific impulses of the earthquake. Probably not since prehistorical times, it is said, has the physical geography of a country been so altered before.



Illustrations by courtesy of "The National Geographic Magazine" (Washington, D. C.)

WHEN THE ROAD TAKES A RIDE

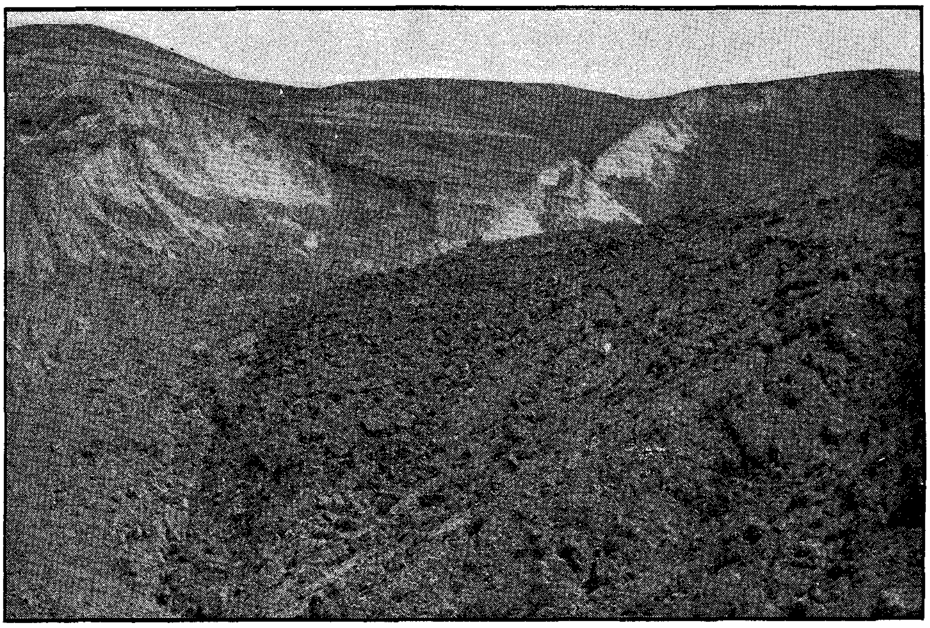
The most striking freak of the 1920 earthquake in China was the way it carried a quarter-mile section of road nearly a mile across country. The picture shows the road in its new position.

This great earthquake has also, in the words of a correspondent of *The National Geographic Magazine*, who followed its course over 10,000 square miles of territory, the distinction of being "perhaps the most poorly advertised calamity that has occurred in modern times." It was scarcely noticed in newspaper reports at the time, and mention of it has, for the most part, escaped the notice of our encyclopedists and gazetteers. Tho the tremendous shaking-up occurred on December 16, 1920, the story, thus far, has hardly spread beyond the narrow defiles which guard the entrance to Kansu Province. After the Japanese quake the daily papers published lists of the great earthquake disasters of recorded time, mentioning dozens of lesser ones and omitting the huge Kansu shock. One of the few journals to recall it was *The Sunday School Times*, of Philadelphia, whose editor wrote to THE DIGEST about it, mentioning the article in the *Geographic* of May, 1922, which thus oddly becomes a matter of news from the very fact that it was evidently forgotten. The native population, explains the *National Geographic* investigator, Josef W. Hall, were too stunned, and the few foreign residents were too busy in relief work to give any time to descriptions of "dancing mountains and vanishing valleys." His record of the "strange things that happened when the earth turned itself into a contortionist," as edited and rewritten by Elsie McCormick, runs:

> The area of destruction, 100 by 300 miles in extent, contains ten large cities, besides numerous villages. In it is the heart of the so-called loess country, where the soil is a mixture of clay and powdered quartz. A narrower region was comprised in the landslide district, where the loose earth cascaded down the valleys and buried every object in its path.

Tales as strange as any that Roman historians have told of Pompeii are recounted by visitors to the devastated country. As three-fifths of the dead are Mohammedan, reports Mr. Hall:

> The non-Moslem Chinese claim that the earthquake was a visitation from heaven against the disciples of the Prophet. Somehow, the Mohammedans have failed to deny this accusation with their usual vigor, and have suddenly become surprizingly humble.
>
> One of the most dramatic episodes of the disaster was the burial of Ma the Benevolent, a famous Moslem fanatic, and 300 of his followers, just as they had met in conclave to proclaim a holy war. The cave in which they had gathered was sealed by a terrific avalanche, while the group knelt on their prayer-mats.
>
> By some miracle, the watchman at the entrance to the cave escaped with his life, but the others were buried so deeply that, despite months of digging over an area of a mile, the Moslems have failed to recover the bodies of their leaders.

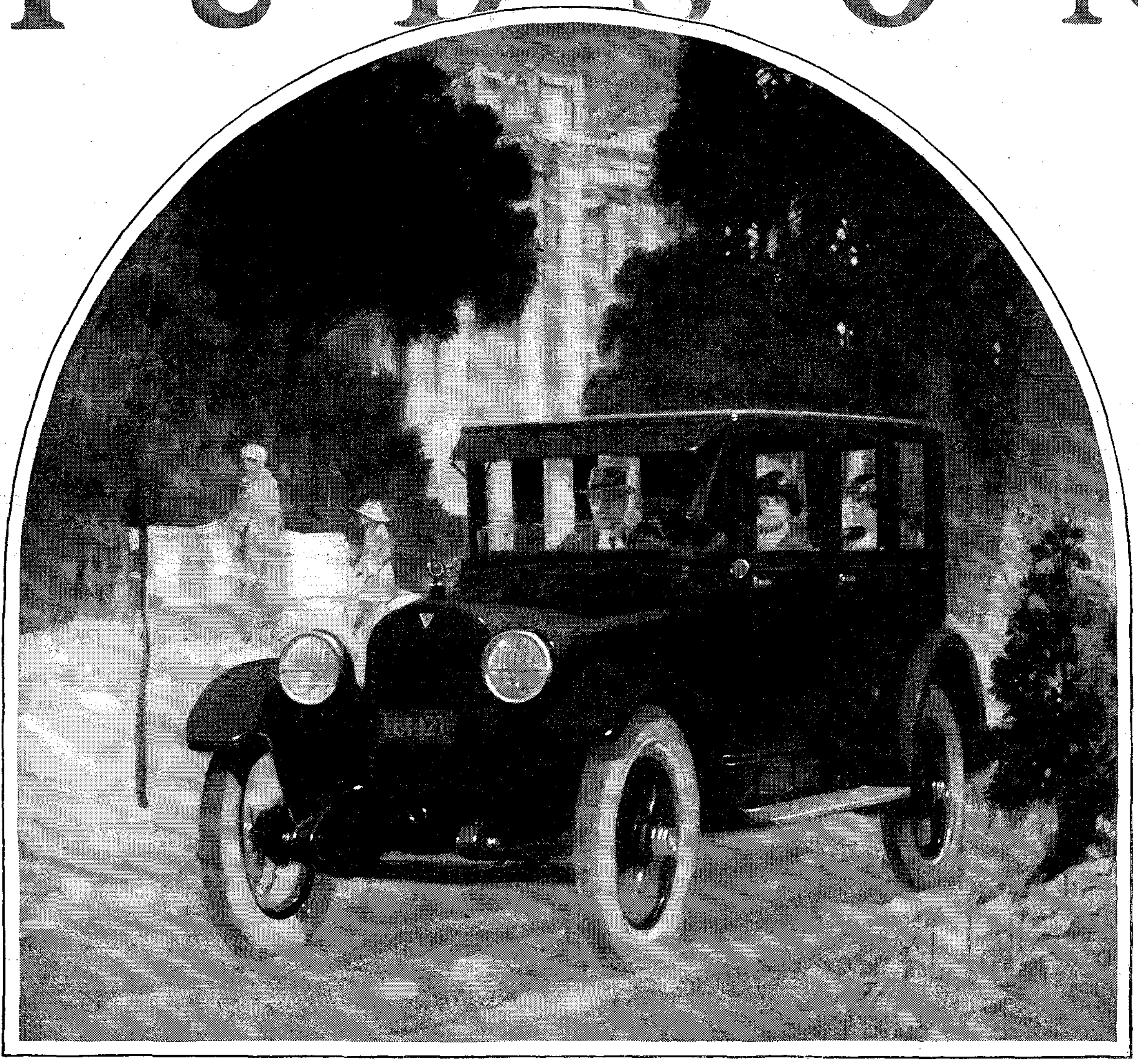


A CHINESE VILLAGE'S BURIAL-MOUND

Where the landslide completely covered a small Chinese town, and left this great gash in the hills.

> In another district Mr. Hall and his party found that a whole mountain topped by a temple had slid into a valley. A little beyond they found that a road bordered by poplar trees had

HUDSON



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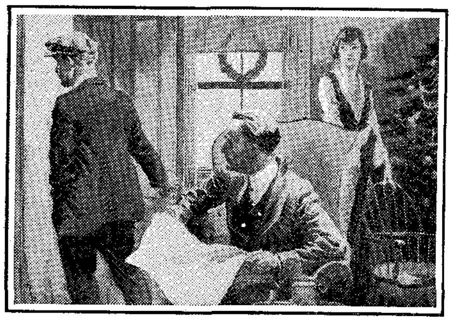

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES

Continued

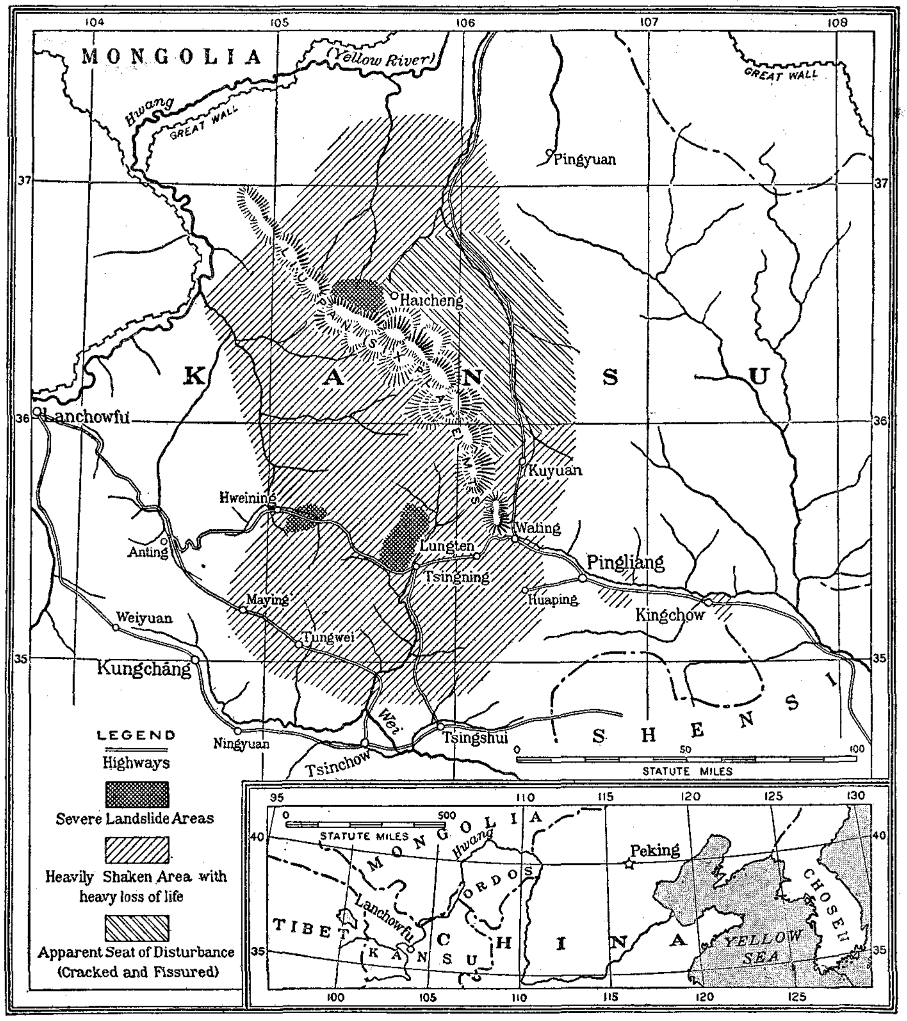
> ridden the crest of a slide for three-quarters of a mile, without apparent damage to the trees, or even to the birds' nests in their branches. One astonished peasant looked out of his window in the morning to find that a high hill had moved onto the homestead, stopping its line of march within a few feet of his hut.
>
> In another village the only people left alive were a couple over seventy years old. They were saved from death only by the fact that their children, displaying a strange lack of filial piety, had sent them to live in a house on the outskirts of the clan village which was buried by an avalanche. The death of their descendants was taken as evidence, by survivors in the neighborhood, that heaven had punished the family for its lack of filial respect.

The most appalling sight of all was the Valley of the Dead, where seven great slides crashed into a gap in the hills three miles long, killing every living thing in the area, except three men and two dogs. Mr. Hall is quoted as reporting that:

> The survivors were carried across the valley on the crest of the avalanche, caught in the cross-current of two other slides, whirled in a gigantic vortex, and catapulted to the slope of another hill. With them, went house, orchard and threshing-floor, and the farmer has since placidly begun to till the new location to which he was so unceremoniously transported.
>
> In a small town on the highway two strangers had put up at the inn on the evening of the disaster. In the terror and confusion that followed the earthquake, the landlord completely forgot his two guests. It was not until several days later that he remembered them, and when, after considerable digging, their room was brought to light, both men were found alive. Stupefied by the shock, they knew nothing of what happened and imagined that they had slept through an ordinary night. The landlord, however, in spite of remonstrances, did not neglect to collect room-rent for the full period of their stay.
>
> The loss of nearly two hundred thousand lives, and the total destruction of hundreds of towns and cities, calls for reconstruction work on a staggering scale.

Taking up the mechanics of the great quake, the actual physical phenomena, the *National Geographic* writer explains:

> Owing to the unusual character of the loess, under the immense deposits of which the rockslip occurred, fantastic effects were produced upon the surface of the earth, which give the observer the weird feeling that he is on some planet still in the formative stage. Likely no other earthquake in scientific annals ever changed the *physical geography* of the affected region to the extent of the Kansu cataclysm.
>
> The region is one of seismic disturbance, but local archives, purporting to register the events of the past four thousand years, record only two earthquakes approximating



From "The National Geographic Magazine," drawn from a sketch by Josef W. Hall

MAP OF THE EARTHQUAKE AREA IN KANSU PROVINCE, CHINA

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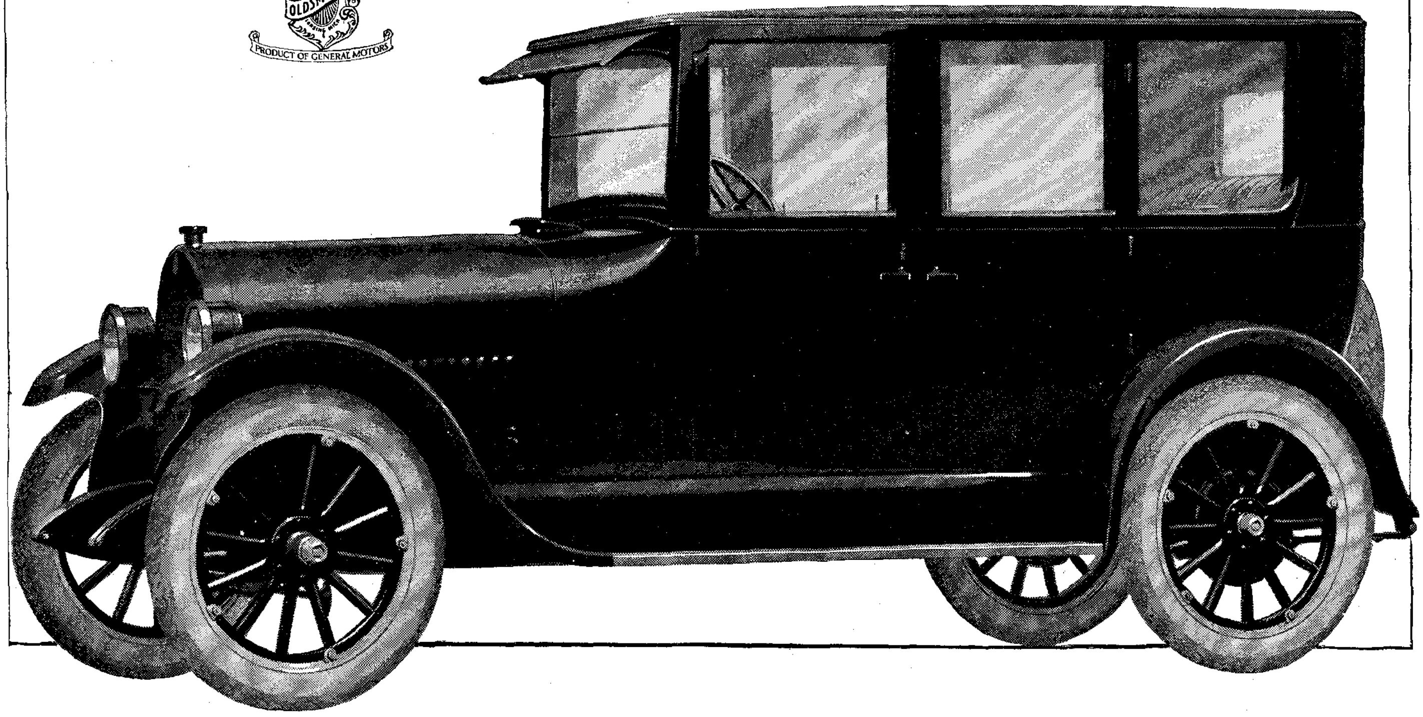

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES

Continued

the recent calamity in destructiveness. One was in the Tang dynasty, 1,200 years ago, affecting most severely an area in the north of Shensi Province, 200 miles to the east of that now in ruins; and the other under the Mings, three hundred years ago, which struck southeast, from the Kansu border to Sianfu. Ancient monuments still bear mute evidence to these two disturbances.

The area most heavily affected by the recent disaster—what one might call the area of supreme destruction, where no brick-and-mud building was left in a habitable condition—is, as shown by the accompanying map, an oblong lying between the Wei and Yellow rivers, 170 miles long and 150 miles wide. It comprises two distinct types of geological formation, at least on the surface, which fact adds great variety and interest to the occurrence.

The southern half of the oval, stretching from the northern bank of the Wei River to Kuyuan, is, with the exception of the precipitous mountain-range, cutting it from north to south not far from its eastern edge, a part of the great loess region which stretches from central Honan almost to Tibet.

It is in the loess area that the immense slides out of the terraced hills occurred, burying or carrying away villages, covering level, farmed valley floors with a débris of unvegetated dust, damming stream-beds, and turning valleys into lakes, and accomplishing those hardly believable freaks which the natives name the "footsteps of the gods."

Here the Chinese, since their vernacular is devoid of a technical or other term corresponding to "landslide," have coined the expression—the only phrase they have for describing what has happened—"The mountains walked" *(Shan tso-liao)*.

The northern half of the oval, from Kuyuan to the Yellow River, is a rolling alkali plateau of clay and gravel formation, a part of the steppes stretching north to Siberia and west to Turkestan. In this district the soil, being of brittle but firmer texture than the loess, did not slide, but cracked into intricate fissures.

The summits of the high Six-Plate (*Liu Pan*) range, consisting of rock of volcanic origin protruding several thousand feet above the loess deposits on either side, altho in the heart of the earthquake belt, were not shaken seriously. The slip apparently occurred in the rock-bed underlying the hard plateau and the loess, and sent vibrations to the surface in varying degrees of intensity, according to the nature of the soil and the thickness of the loess blanket, which acted as a cushion. The vibration was only slightly transmitted to the volcanic strata of the mountains.

The actual quake occurred between 9:30 and 10 o'clock at night, when all persons and animals were housed. A bitter cold wind-and-dust storm, raging at the time, added to the terror of the catastrophe. Black darkness was over the country when, according to the report of Mr. Hall:

The survivors say that they heard a tremendous underground roar and felt the shock, which seemed to them to consist of a sickening swing to the northeast and a violent jerk back to the southwest, lasting half a minute. They made all ordinary efforts to save themselves, and between successive tremors following the main shock huddled back into the ruins of their homes to await the morning.

Not until day dawned and they crawled out to find neighboring villages obliterated, farm-lands carried away or buried, streams blocked, and hills of earth towering above their compounds, did they apprehend that the "hills had walked."

It was in this Valley of the Dead that the most arresting freak of the cataclysm occurred. Two sections of the ancient, well-packed highway, accompanied by the tall trees which bordered it, were cut from the line of road following the side hill, swept hundreds of yards over the stream-bed, and set, intact, upon an angle on top of the heap of loose loess.

It took weeks to reestablish communications over these breakages—to rebuild telegraph lines and pack down trails on which horses would not sink to their bellies and carts to their hubs.

The valley of desolation opened at its western end into a wider, more gradual valley of horseshoe shape, through which we semicircled to the south upon our return to Tsingning.

At the junction of the valleys stands Swen Family Gap, a town of several thousand souls, in which one-tenth were killed by collapse of buildings and cave-dwellings; and the other nine-tenths were saved by the miraculous stoppage of two bodies of earth, shaken loose from the mother hill and left hanging above the village, lacking only another half-second's tremor to send them down. A third avalanche, having flowed from the hills on the opposite side of the valley across the valley floor and the stream-bed, is piled up in a young mountain near enough to the village to overshadow the wall. Our route through this larger valley led us past three lakes formed through the blocking of the stream by five enormous slides.

Some of the scooped-out places left by these slides were half a mile in width at the mouth, extended back into the hills for a mile, and furnished enough dirt to cover several square miles of valley floor. Some were as regular as if they had been made with a gigantic trowel, while others were as ragged as if they had been ripped out of the hills by the teeth of some monster.

In each case the earth which came down bore the appearance of having shaken loose clod from clod and grain from grain, and then cascaded like water, forming vortices, swirls, and all the convolutions into which a torrent might shape itself.

One of these slides pouring down upon a village had buried every building except one inhabited by the old progenitors of the clan. This lone patriarchal home stood on the outskirts, and was half covered.

Hay and grain were mingled and mixed with the earth over a distance of half a mile, showing how the dirt had "worked" in its descent. On the opposite side of this slide a threshing-floor, carrying several stacks, and an apricot orchard, had come down intact.

The cattle had been so caught in the slide that their limbs or heads protruded, and these had been cleaned by the packs of dogs which roamed the country. Ridge-poles of dwellings, turned to sepulchers, showed above the ground.

Two slides causing the lowest of these blockades, coming from the sides of the valley, buried a village of several hundred persons, converted a shapely, high loess butte into a ragged mound, and created several miles of lake out of rich valley farms.

THE DENTIST AND THE PUBLIC

By R. J. Forhan, D. D. S., New York City

The day is not far distant when the American people generally will fully recognize and appreciate the services of the dentist as a guardian of public health.

The United States Government accorded this recognition to his profession when, during the War, it placed the dentist on the same footing in the military establishment with the physician and surgeon.

Dentistry is a branch of medicine and the dentist is the physician and surgeon of the mouth. He is a "specialist" in the same sense as is the man who devotes himself exclusively to the eye, the ear or the throat.

The importance of his branch of medicine is becoming more evident every day. Recent medical discoveries not only emphasize the necessity of *preventive* dentistry, they also point out the fact that the dentist plays the leading rôle in the cure or alleviation of diseases that were for years of obscure origin.

Of course, great masses of people are ignorant of even the first principles of mouth hygiene. But others, educated in these principles, give their teeth a perfunctory brushing twice a day, and growl at a once-in-several-years bill from the dentist.

In modern dentistry, as in modern medicine, the tendency is toward *prevention* rather than *cure.* "Don't let disease get established in your mouth" the dentists say. End dental troubles before they begin by taking proper care of the teeth and gums.

"Taking proper care" means keeping the teeth and gums absolutely clean at all times, and through all the years of life.

Many parents pay slight attention to their children's teeth. They permit the first teeth to blacken and decay, or the permanent teeth to grow in out of alignment. When these teeth do not meet and occlusion is not perfect, the food is not well masticated, and malnutrition has begun. To avoid this condition the child should be under the observation of a dentist during the period of dentition.

So far as adults are concerned—most of their tooth troubles are avoidable. Visits to the dentist at frequent intervals will assure the ending of dental troubles in the most incipient stage.

Cavities detected when decay has just begun are easily and painlessly filled. When decay has progressed to the point which involves a nerve, not only is the condition serious, but treatment and repairs are painful.

All his knowledge and skill the dentist uses to avoid the infliction of pain. But when the patient does suffer, instead of blaming the dentist, let him think rather that he is enduring "a punishment which befits the crime." Had he observed the laws of mouth hygiene, had he visited his dentist *in time,* he would have saved himself useless pain and expense.

And it is a remarkable fact that so much emphasis is laid on "expense" when health and frequently life itself are at stake. A man who will cheerfully pay his lawyer a large fee for a matter involving his property only, will howl in protest when his dentist or physician charges him but a fraction of the legal fee for advice or treatment perhaps involving his very life.

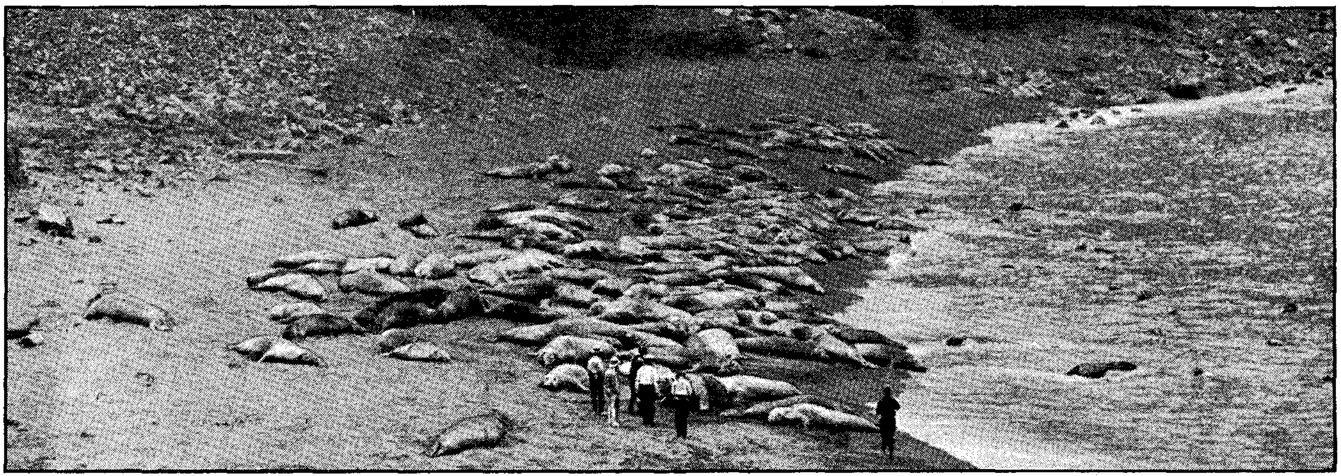
The dentist, like other professional men, has invested years of his life and a large sum of money in acquiring his knowledge and skill. The return on this investment must come in professional reputation, in the consciousness of service rendered to his fellow-men and in a financial compensation sufficient to guarantee a livelihood and a reasonable share of the pleasures of life.

His fees must, of necessity, be reckoned chiefly on his time. For instance, it takes time even to clean the teeth and time that could be devoted equally well to work commanding larger compensation. The public should take this fact into consideration before protesting dental charges.

The work of the dentist is essential to the health of the community and therefore to its happiness and prosperity. If it is to be of the highest character it must be fully recognized and generously paid for. Then only will real progress be made along the pathway toward the goal which modern dentistry seeks to attain.

PUBLICITY PAID FOR IN THE INTERESTS OF ORAL HEALTH

BIRDS-BEASTS-AND-TREES



Photographs by G. Dallas Hanna. Courtesy of "The National Geographic Magazine" (Washington, D. C.)

THE ELEPHANT SEALS ARE FRIENDLY SOULS

Here is the herd on Guadalupe Island, undisturbed while the explorers walk among them and photograph them at close range.

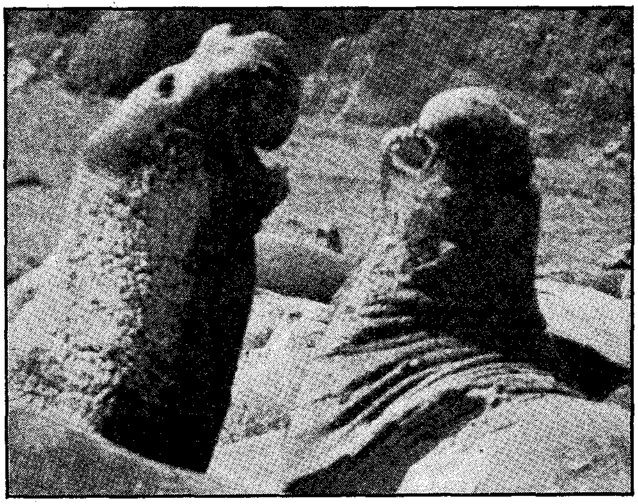
A BROTHER OF THE STRANGE BEASTS BEFORE ADAM

THE LATEST STYLE TRUNK, used on the island of Guadalupe by some inhabitants, is bright geranium pink and made corrugated. It is a well-made trunk, waterproof, is flexible, and is used exclusively by all up-to-date elephant-seals. No well-brought-up elephant-seal could afford to be without one, as "it is not done," and he would be stamped at once as being only an ordinary seal. Then, too, if in a sportive mood, the elephant-seal can place his trunk in his mouth, blow up the end of it like a toy balloon, and then add a snore or trumpet-call, which is a much more uncanny sound than the usual seal can make. This trunk is easy to transport, costs no express, and is strictly home-grown, for it grows on the elephant-seal himself, and the island of Guadalupe is the only place in the Northern Hemisphere where the elephant-seal may be found. Guadalupe lies 200 miles southwest of San Diego, California, and is about twenty miles long, and six miles wide. It is a volcanic formation, and is a dreary place, a rocky waste, inhabited by strange forms of animal life, rapidly becoming extinct. We are told in an article in *The Illustrated London News*, taken from an article in *The National Geographic Magazine* (Washington), by G. Dallas Hanna and A. W. Anthony, about these almost prehistoric-looking animals:

> Guadalupe is the sole remaining home of the only remnant of a herd of elephant-seals in the Northern Hemisphere. Its fine herd of fur seals was hunted and persecuted until apparently the last survivor succumbed to the buckshot of the hunters. At least 200,000 skins of this valuable fur-bearer, which, at present prices would be worth more than 6,000,000 dollars, were taken from the island.
>
> So far as the available records show, the last living fur seal was seen on Guadalupe in 1892. Since then several expeditions besides our own have gone to the island and searched for the animal without success.
>
> Another interesting sea mammal is the Guadalupe elephant-seal—a huge, clumsy beast with a long flexible trunk. The animals were at one time widely distributed and abundant on many of the remote islands of the Antarctic region, but the whalers soon learned that a fair quantity and quality of oil could be obtained from each carcass. So the slaughter began, and ended only when the species was commercially exterminated.
>
> More than once it was thought that the last living

"WHAT'S THE HURRY!"

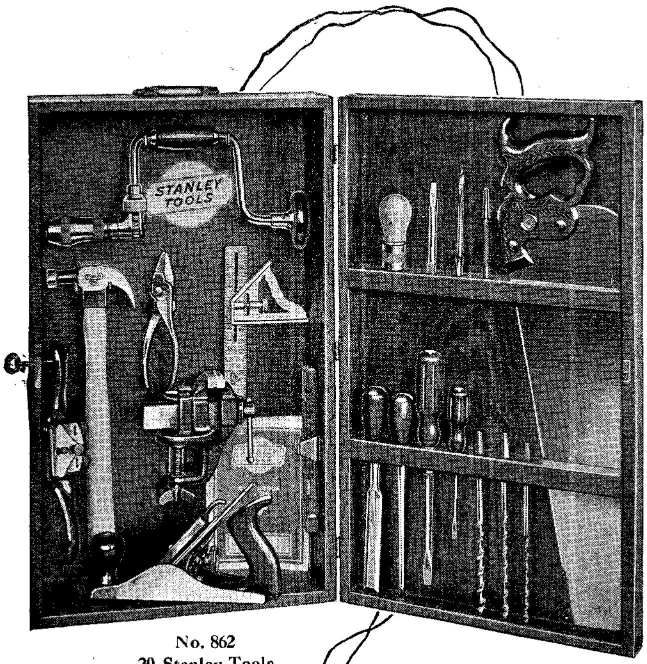
Judging from the expression on his face that is what this portly elephant seal says to himself, as he slowly emerges from the water.



THE SUBTLE SIREN CALL OF THE ELEPHANT SEAL

Here are two elephant seals making their weird trumpet calls, with noses blown full of air and trunks rolled into their mouths.

Drury College Library
Springfield, Missouri



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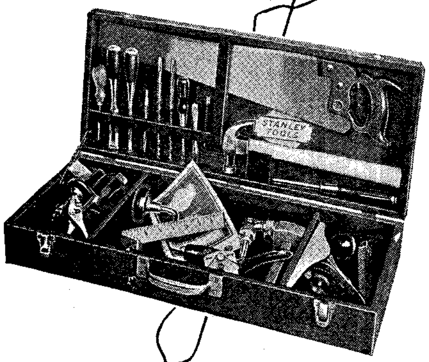

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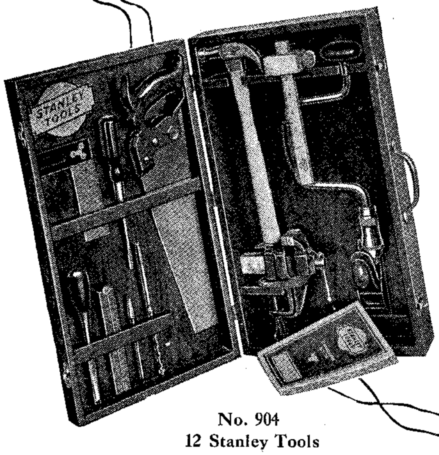

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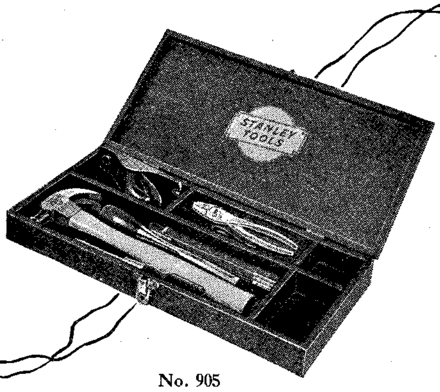

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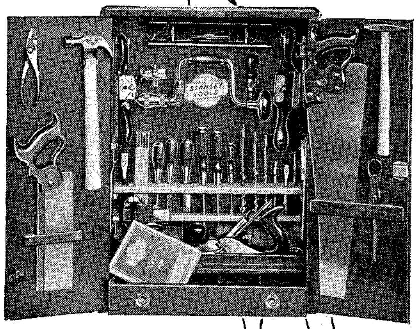

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BIRDS, BEASTS AND TREES

Continued

representative of the species had been killed, but fate has dealt more favorably with it than with the fur seals; each time a nucleus escaped to rebuild the herd. . . . If vandals and unscrupulous hunters can be prevented from raiding the rookery, the species can be preserved indefinitely.

As soon as our expedition returned and submitted reports, prompt measures were urged for the protection of these interesting animals. President Obregon, of Mexico, almost immediately thereafter declared Guadalupe Island a government reservation. Unauthorized landing is now prohibited and no elephant-seal or fur seal can be killed or molested within three miles of its shores. Heavy penalties have been fixt for violation of the protective measures.

Among these strange animals, we seemed to be taken back several geological periods, to the age of the ungainly dinosaurs of the Jurassic or the slovenly giant amphibians of Carboniferous time.

Instead of shedding the hair, as do the mammals with which we are familiar, the elephant-seal sheds the cuticle of the skin; it peels off in large flakes, like the skin of a sunburned bather, and the new skin on the excessively rough and corrugated neck is left a bright geranium pink. Otherwise the animals are a dull leaden gray.

The flexible snout or trunk reaches a maximum length of sixteen inches in old males, and, so far as is known, it serves no useful purpose. When the animal throws its head back and utters its deep, snorelike trumpet call, the end of the trunk, blown full of air like a toy balloon, is placed in the widely opened mouth. An accessory resonator is thus produced, which gives the sound a far-away, uncanny tone, like a distant horn.

The snout of the female is imperfectly developed; therefore this organ would seem to have no association with food-gathering habits, but at present nothing is known as to the animal's food or the manner of obtaining it. Truly the elephant-seal is one of the mysteries of nature.

The swift movement of the so-called "jazz age" has no disturbing effect on an elephant-seal. Life, to him, is one long placid period of rest. The American expedition landed on the shore of the elephant-seal's island home to investigate him, but what cared he for an investigation? As we read:

The animals look as if they were dead, but they are merely enjoying a siesta. They showed not the slightest agitation, and allowed themselves to be slapped on the back, jumped over, and photographed at close range. It was this absence of any fear of man that made them an easy prey to the whalers who hunted them for their oil. "We found these animals," says the writer of the article, "at the original Elephant Seal Beach, a slight indentation of the northwest shore-line of Guadalupe. Precipitous, unscalable cliffs wall in the beach on the back, so we landed at one end very quietly, without disturbing a single animal. Counts were made and photographs, including motion pictures, were taken. It was found that a much more satisfactory enumeration could be made from an enlargement of the photograph of the herd than by a count

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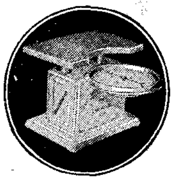

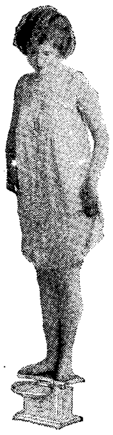

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made in the field. We found 264 animals present. The breeding season had passed and, except in a very few cases, the females and young were absent. An estimate of the entire herd based upon the number of males found gave a total of almost a thousand. If vandals and unscrupulous hunters can be prevented from raiding the rookery, the species can be preserved indefinitely. The elephant-seals are awkward, slow, and deliberate in their movements on land. We soon learned that our fear of disturbing them was groundless, for by degrees the entire party walked down among them, and some of the boys even slapped them on the back or vaulted over them. They seemed to have no conception of man or fear of him."

FAMINE IN THE NORTH WOODS

FAMINE threatens the animals and birds of the northern forests, if the signs observed by scientific naturalists are to be credited. Creatures furred and feathered, which ordinarily winter in the subarctic wilderness, are working their way southward, seeking food. The long-continued drought is held responsible for extraordinarily small crops of evergreen cones, which are a chief dependence of the winter birds and the squirrels. Moreover, a scarcity of mice and rabbits is suspected. Says Science Service's *Daily Science News Bulletin* (Washington):

> As a consequence of these conditions the small birds are moving, and the owls are following them. The fierce goshawk, the great gray Arctic owl, and the horned owl, when deprived of a supply of mammals, also turn to the little birds for food, and they, too, promise to descend into regions which ordinarily they never enter. A similar famine several winters ago brought great flocks of small birds, crossbills, nuthatches, pine grosbeaks, tree sparrows, creepers, woodpeckers, purple finches, chickadees, snow-birds, juncoes, and other hardy species, which ordinarily find living easy in the icy wilderness northward. They were much in evidence in the country neighborhoods and in the suburbs and parks of New England cities. They were accompanied by the owls and the goshawk, which levied toll on the hen-yards and game as well as upon the birds.
>
> Edward Howe Forbush, director of the Division of Ornithology of the Massachusetts Department of Agriculture, in a statement just issued, points out as "a most significant event among the birds," the movement of red-breasted nuthatches, which began in Maine and the Canadian provinces in August, and has spread over southern New England, and probably farther south. This movement, he says, indicates a scarcity of cones in the north, no doubt the result of a dry season. If this scarcity is a fact, a southward movement of pine grosbeaks, crossbills and other boreal birds may be expected. Mr. Forbush continues:
>
> "Large flights of birds are coming down through northern New England where wild fruits and cones are scarce. They are stripping the wild-cherry trees of their fruit. Red squirrels have appeared in numbers in northern Vermont, and are stripping the pine trees of their cones. They are said to have come in from Canada and to be moving southward in search of food. All this as well as an early flight of owls, indicates famine in the north. There must

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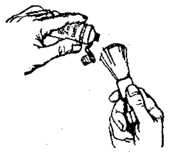
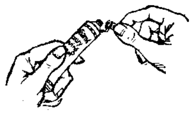
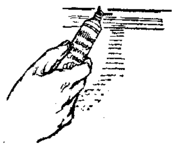


1. The new hinged cap is "on even when it's off." It can't slip from your fingers down the drain pipe or hide under the bath tub.



2. This patented cap is easier to screw on, too. The threads engage perfectly the first time—none of those annoying false starts.



3. There is a ring in the cap. It enables you to hang the tube up out of the way. A screw hook comes in every package.

MORNING minutes are precious. The patented Williams' cap—the only shaving cream with this feature—saves time and patience. The cap is always on—*hinged* on—it can't get lost.

But fine as the cap is, most men would insist on Williams' even if it had a cap that fell off and got lost the way other caps do.

Williams' Shaving Cream will surprise the man who has not used it. White, entirely free from any coloring matter whatsoever, absolutely pure, it bulks into lather that is uncommonly quick, uncommonly thick—*lather*, not just foam.

There's nothing like it for a smooth and easy shave—nothing like it to keep your skin in perfect condition. Williams' contains a certain ingredient that helps keep your skin soothed *while* you shave and glove-smooth *after* you shave.

For men who prefer the stick, Williams' Doublecap (absolutely new) and Williams' Holder Top Stick (the original holder stick) give genuine Williams' in the most convenient stick forms. There are Re-Loads for both.

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BIRDS, BEASTS AND TREES

Continued

be a scarcity of rabbits and of mice in the north. A marked migration of owls has taken place in the woods of northern Ontario. Small owls were seen in the daytime, and many great horned owls were hooting at night. Since then horned owls have been reported in southern New England."

EXPLORERS WHO HUNT PLANTS

WHEN the old Crusaders went hunting for the Holy Grail, with blare of trumpet, prancing steeds, and shouts of the populace, they were costumed in shining armor and prepared to face death to gain glory for their arms; they set a high level of romance. There are, however, in these days Crusaders of all kinds who slip quietly out to brave dangers and death, no retinue of powerful knights following in jingling harness, no silk flags flying, no hope of gain except for mankind. One of these great crusades is conducted by the United States Bureau of Plant Industry, and its head knight is Wilson Popenoe, we are told in *Farm and Fireside* (Springfield, Ohio). The editor of this magazine, Mr. Andrew S. Wing, interviewed Wilson Popenoe, and writes as follows:

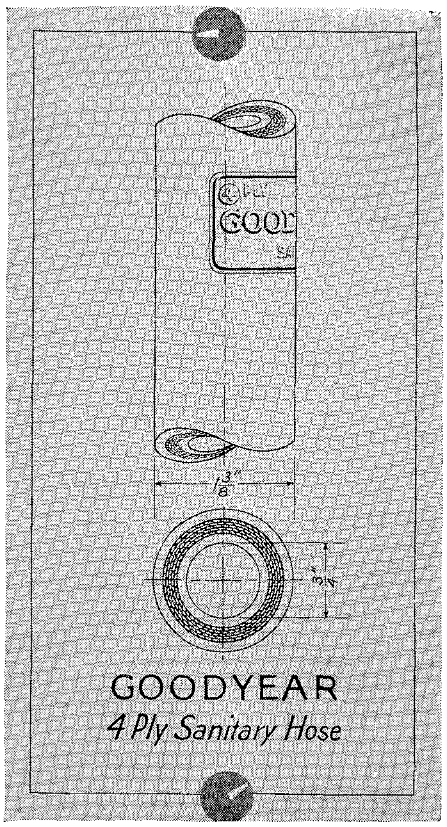
Hunting in the wild lands and back lots of the world for new plants that will help us American farmers make better and more prosperous farmers of ourselves is not a humdrum job by any means. It is both thrilling and dangerous.

Wilson Popenoe claims the jail record of the U. S. Department of Agriculture as one of these plant-hunting wanderers of the world. He has been arrested and jailed seven times, shot at from ambush several times, and robbed four or five times. He has been charged with being a robber, a spy, and a revolutionist. All this, however, occurred outside the boundaries of the United States, and consisted merely of the regular routine of a traveler in a Latin-American country, where Popenoe spent the greater part of ten years in search for useful plants to bring back for you and me to grow on our farms in this country.

In his office in an obscure corner of the old Bureau of Engraving building, in Washington, I sat and talked with Popenoe about his adventures in different parts of the globe, and about the valuable work which the Office of Foreign Seed and Plant Introduction is doing. This department, conceived twenty-five years ago by Dr. David Fairchild, a son-in-law of the late Alexander Graham Bell, has given to American farmers plants which yield crops worth hundreds of millions of dollars annually. To mention only a few, there are Durum wheat, worth $50,000,000 annually; Japanese rices, worth $21,000,000; Egyptian cotton, $20,000,000; and Sudan grass, $10,000,000.

The men who comb out the out-of-the-way corners of the earth in search for new and rare plants are known as plant explorers. Their adventures are often exciting and sometimes dangerous, but the worst features of these explorations are sickness and bad food.

"Some of my most important discoveries," said Mr. Popenoe, "were made in



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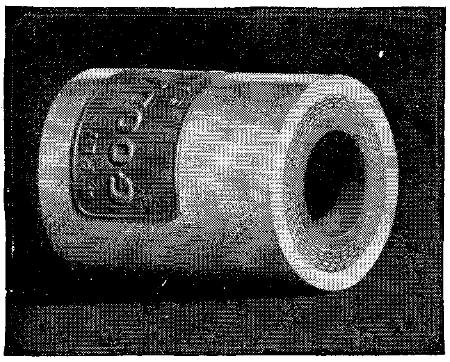

GOODYEAR

BELTS · HOSE · VALVES · PACKING

Guatemala, where I spent several years searching for new varieties of avocados. Doubtless you are familiar with the avocado under the name 'alligator pear.' But since it has nothing to do with either alligators or pears, and since avocado is a simpler and a prettier word, the Department uses the native name. The avocado is proving to be a fruit of great usefulness. It is nutritious, healthful, and is fast coming into favor with the public. Of course, it is suited for growth only in Florida, California, and the warmer sections of the country. Yet in its infancy, the avocado industry is growing in importance.

"But while the plant explorer suffers many hardships, and is deprived of the opportunity of normal home life, there is much of romance in his work. When a new plant or variety that seems to have possibilities for use back home is discovered, you get a real thrill as you imagine large fields or groves in the United States yielding profitable crops. The adventurous life gets into your blood; you like the change of scene and the contact with queer lands and peoples."

Popenoe told me about the work of some of the other plant explorers. He himself is now located in the Washington office, and helps direct the work of collecting plants and propagating and distributing. He had a kind word for Frank H. Meyer, the sturdy Dutch botanist, who spent ten years in the Orient traveling through Russia, Turkestan, Manchuria, Mongolia, and North China. Meyer collected many valuable fruits, including persimmons, pears, peaches, lemons, Chinese jujubes, and other useful plants, including a dry-land elm. He finally lost his health in this work for humanity, carried on far away from civilization, where months often passed without his seeing a white face or a person with whom he could talk. He was drowned while crossing a river in North China. Meyer served his country to a greater extent than most soldiers, and yet few ever heard of his death or of his splendid work. Mr. Popenoe continued:

"When one has collected valuable seeds, plants, buds, and cuttings, there is still the problem of preparing them in such a way that they will arrive safely in the States. Extreme care must be used in packing and shipping these living treasures, since their journey sometimes is several months in duration.

"When these plant immigrants are received in Washington, they first go through a sort of Ellis Island inspection to see that they carry no disease or plant 'cooties.' After this careful scrutiny usually follows a fumigation to destroy any hidden fungous diseases. There is even a detention greenhouse where suspected plants are kept until it is safe for them to enter.

"The next step is the propagation and testing of the new plants in one of the six field stations which are located at Bell, Maryland; Savannah, Georgia; Brooksville and Miami, Florida; Chico, California; and Bellingham, Washington. These stations are so located that varied climatic and soil conditions are represented; in some one of these stations practically any plant, except the most tropical, can be grown. They are really propagating fields where numerous young plants can be turned out to send to the thousands of private and official experimenters in all parts of the country. Here the real tests are made under practical conditions, which determine whether the plant has any economic value. In addition to plants of

Washing cleans only the skin

FREQUENT bathing keeps the skin clean and fresh. But far more important to your health and happiness is *internal* cleanliness. For on this depend a strong body and a clear mind.

You cannot be healthy if you do not keep clean internally. A clogged intestinal system is a disease-breeder. Here start such ailments as headaches, bilious attacks and insomnia—each of which takes toll of your health and vitality. Poisons flood your system and your power of resistance is lowered. Health, even life itself, is threatened. In this clogging, say intestinal specialists, lies the primary cause of more than three quarters of all illness, including the gravest diseases of life.

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"Regular as Clockwork"

BIRDS, BEASTS AND TREES

Continued

economic value, many interesting and beautiful flowers are introduced. Some of our loveliest flowering shrubs originated in China, Japan, and other foreign lands, and were first brought into this country by plant explorers.

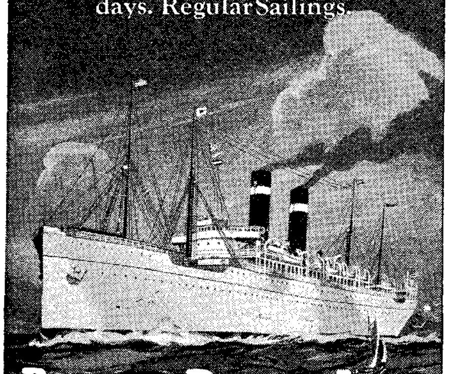
"It would be difficult indeed to estimate the commercial worth of all the plants which Dr. Fairchild and his staff have introduced. There are the hardy alfalfas of Siberia, brought over by Professor Hansen and Mr. Meyer. The date-palm, practically unknown in America in 1898, is now important in the Southwest. Sudan grass came in in 1909, and at first was not thought to be of any more value than Johnson grass; now 500,000 acres are grown annually, representing a value of $10,000,000. I have mentioned Durum wheat and Egyptian cotton, which together add over $70,000,000 to the annual income of American farmers.

"Did you know that one-fourth of the soy beans grown in this country are from varieties originally introduced by the Office of Foreign Seed and Plant Introduction? The soy-bean crop is worth over $6,000,000 annually. Some other crops of lesser importance are Napier grass from southern Rhodesia, Kafir corn, Natal grass, Rhodes grass, Carib grass, feterita, and Siberian millet.

"Another important part of the plant explorer's work is the search for hardy and disease-resistant strains of familiar plants. For example, Frank Meyer found in China a wild variety of pear that resists pear blight, one of the most destructive of fruit-tree diseases. Thousands of pear-trees are now being worked onto these resistant stocks. Meyer also discovered in China a wild peach which grows well on soils too alkaline for ordinary peaches, and this variety is now being used extensively as a stock for cultivated varieties. In like manner, the original home of the destructive chestnut blight was found in China, and disease-resistant strains were located which are now being propagated in America."

LOOKING FOR FORKED-TAILED MONKEYS—Monkeys with forked tails will be one of the objectives of an exploring expedition of the National Geographic Society, which will start shortly for the province of Kweichow, China, we are told by Science Service's *Daily Science News Bulletin* (Washington). We read:

> The main object will be the study of the non-Chinese tribes who dwell there, unassimilated by the surrounding Chinese population after more than 2,300 years of contact. Botanical specimens will also be collected over a spacious region virgin to scientific study. Much doubt exists as to the possibility of finding a forked-tailed monkey, altho such a creature has been described in Chinese literature as inhabiting this region, but a species of monkey believed to be the largest non-anthropoid species in the world is believed to dwell there, the skin of one having been brought out by an explorer. Few white men have ever penetrated this remote region, as large as Missouri, as populous as Pennsylvania, and as inaccessible as Tibet. It lies back of the great mountain ranges which bound the western watershed of the Yangtze River.



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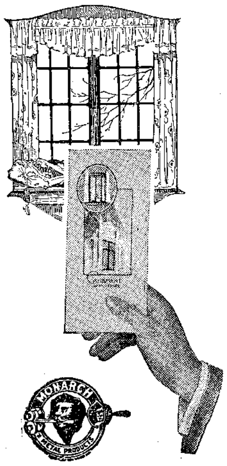

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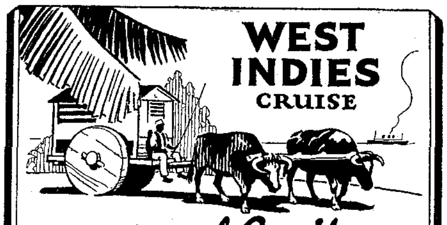

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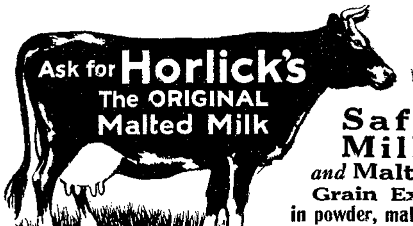

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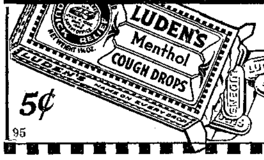

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AN ARCTIC WATER-BABY

INTENSELY bright, clear days, in the short arctic summer, the beautiful jewel-like flowers of vivid hues, strange birds, skuas, jaegers and auks, which circle and scream above the mysterious green waters of the Straits, are a fitting setting for the birth of that little-known sea creature, the otter. In Kingsley's story of the water-babies, the otter was always the foe of the water-baby Tom. Strong and fierce, the otter family swept along with all the water-babies flying before them. The otter himself, we are told by Samuel Scoville, Jr., in his book "Wild Folk" (The Atlantic Monthly Press) is a "water-baby," but does not much resemble the water-babies Kingsley wrote about:

> There, cradled on the swaying stems, a water-baby was born. He had a funny little nose with a padded cushion on top, which made it look like the ace of spades, and his round, blunt head was of a dingy white color, while the rest of his fifteen inches was covered with a loose, kinky, gray-brown coat. Its harsh outer surface, sprinkled with long white hairs, covered a velvet-like inner fur that gave promise of the glory that was yet to be.
>
> In spite of his insignificant appearance, the little cub was of blood royal, of the lineage of the sea-otter, that king of fur-bearers, who wears a fortune on his back and is dogged by death every moment of his life. Vitus Behring and his ship-wrecked crew discovered them in 1741, in the surf and shallows around a barren island, in the sea which now bears his name. When they won their way back to Asia, sly, wise Chinese merchants paid their weight in silver for the new furs, so lustrous, silky, and durable, which the sailors had been using for coats and blankets. In Russia they came to be worth their weight in gold, outranking even the royal sables, which none but the Tsar and his nobles might wear. To-day the pelt of a sea-otter is worth its weight in platinum or palladium.
>
> This last-born princeling soon learned how to float on his back, with his round little head just showing above the kelp. For the most part, however, he lived clasped in his mother's arms and wrapt in the silky folds of her fur, while he nuzzled and fed against her warm breast, making happy little chirps and grunts of satisfaction, quite like a human baby.
>
> To-day, as they rocked back and forth in the swinging water, the kelp-carpet in front of them parted, and a great, blunt, misshapen head thrust itself into the air a few yards away. It had little eyes set high in the skull, while the ears showed below the grinning mouth filled full of blunt teeth like white water-worn pebbles—the hallmark of a sea-otter.
>
> The newcomer was none other than Father Otter, come to look over his son and heir. He did not come very close to his family, for mother otters do not permit even their mates to approach too near a newborn cub. As the old dog otter stretched himself out on the kelp-raft, his cylindrical body, all gleaming ebony and silver in the sunlight, showed nearly as long as that of a man, and weighed perhaps a hundred and twenty-five pounds. It was the great otter's pelt, however, that stamped him as the sea-king that he was. Lustrous as light on the water, the inner fur had a close pile like velvet and, frosted with long white hairs, showed a tinge of

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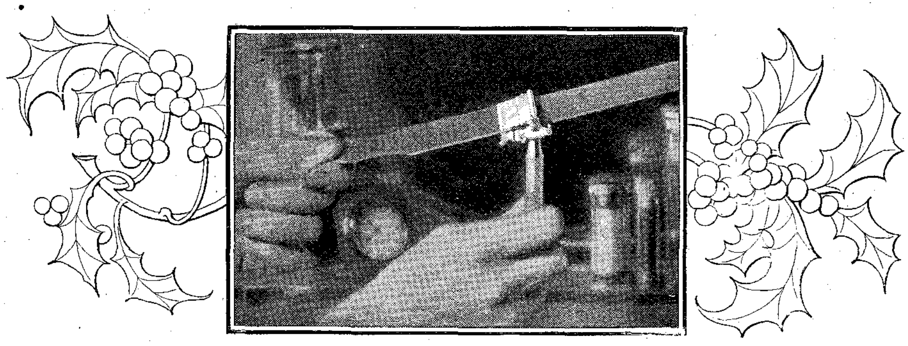

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BIRDS, BEASTS AND TREES
Continued

silver-purple gleaming through its long, loose folds.

For some time the old dog otter gravely surveyed his mate and his new cub, approvingly. Then he scanned sea and sky and kelp, listening the while with a pair of the sharpest ears that ever guarded the life of one of the wild folk, at the same time winnowing the air through a pair of nostrils that could smell smoke—that danger-signal to all wild people—a mile away. There was no sign of danger anywhere, and a moment later he disappeared under the water, after the food which his vibrant body unceasingly required.

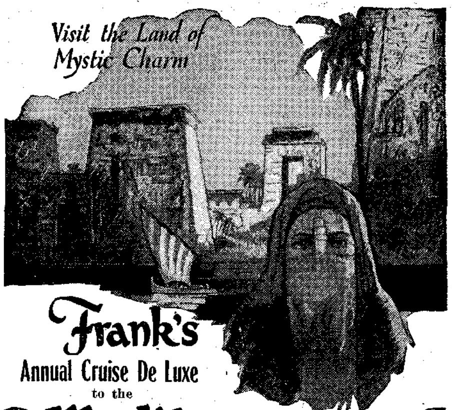
For long after his disappearance the mother otter anxiously studied the horizon for the tiniest danger-signal. Convinced at last that all was well, she stretched herself out on the slow-swinging kelp, for one of those periods of quiet happiness which come even into the lives of the hunted. While her cub snuggled against her soft fur, she tossed a kelp-bulb high into the air, catching it like a ball, first in one bare little palm, then in the other, while she sang the cradle-song which all little sea-otters know. High and shrill she chirped and twittered like a bird, in the midst of that lonely sea, clasping her sleepy baby closer as she sang.

There seemed no living thing near, yet death is never far from the sea-otter. From mid-sky what seemed a dark wisp of cloud drifted toward the sea. Driven down by hunger from the North, an eagle owl, all buff and gray and brown, was crossing from Asia to America; for, unlike most of his fierce clan, he hunted by day. Larger than that death-in-the-dark, the great-horned owl, or that fierce white ghost of the North, the snowy owl, he skimmed down toward the kelp-bed, his round, fixt eyes gleaming red and horrible in the sunlight. Muffled by the softest of down, his great wings, altho they had a spread of nearly five feet, were absolutely noiseless.

Not until the shadow of the bird, like the shadow of death itself, fell upon her cub, did the otter have the slightest warning of any danger. By that time it would have been too late for any other creature to escape. No animal, however, on land or sea, can dive with the sea-otter. Just as the crooked talons were closing, she slipt through the kelp into the water, without a splash, like something overhead the baffled owl snapt its beak like a pistol shot, and flew on toward the Alaskan coast.

As the weeks went by, the cub was trained in the lessons of the sea. He learned to enjoy salads of kelp-sprouts, and to dive with his mother to the bottom of the shallows, and watch her grind her way through the great clams of the northwest, whose bivalves are a foot in width, or crunch with her pebble-like teeth into the white meat of the vast, armored crabs of those seas. Another one of her favorite foods was the sea-urchin—that chestnut burr of the sea. Protected by a bristling hedge of steel-sharp spines, it would seem safe from any attack. Yet, just as the squirrel on land opens without injury the real chestnut burr, so the sea-otter had learned the combination which unlocked this little spiked safe of the sea, and devoured with much relish every one she could find.

As the weeks went by, the larder of the



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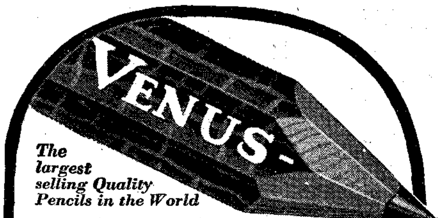

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kelp-bed began to empty. The clam-beds had been stript, the sea-urchins were gone, and the fish had learned to keep away. Little by little, the mother otter hunted farther and farther from the safety of the kelp; until there came a day when, driven by hunger, she followed a fleeing pollock out into the open sea. The big gleaming fish, with the black line along its silver sides, swam far and fast. Yet if the otter had not been hampered by her clinging cub, the chase would have been a short one. As it was, she did not overtake the fugitive until it was fully a quarter of a mile away from the kelp. In desperation it swam down into the lower depth, until the dull green of the water changed to black; but always the weasel of the sea was hard on its track, following the phosphorescent trail which the fleeing fish left behind.

Suddenly, as the pollock dived to even lower depths, in the hope that the water-pressure might drive back its pursuer, a grotesquely horrible head thrust itself up from the darkness right in its path. Dark, and shining like wet rubber, the shape resembled nothing so much as that of a great, double-headed sledge-hammer. From either of the living hammer-heads gleamed a greenish, malignant eye. Before the pollock could dart aside, the great hammer-head shark turned partly over, there was a flash of sharp teeth, and the fugitive fish disappeared.

A second later the ridged, gray, fifteen-foot body shot toward the otter, with such speed that the water fairly hissed from the simitar-shaped side-fins. The sea-otter is among the swiftest swimmers of the mammals, but no air-breathing creature can compete in speed with a shark. Almost instantly the hammer-head was upon her. The jaws of all the sharks are so undershot that, in order to grip their prey, they must perforce turn over on their sides. This peculiarity of their kind was all that saved the otter. For a second the grim head overshadowed her. Then, with a twist of its long tail, shaped like the fluke of an anchor, the shark turned over and the vast mouth swung open, armed with six rows of inch-long, steel-sharp, triangular teeth, whose edges were serrated like a saw. Each separate tooth was curved back toward the gullet, so that for any living thing caught in their dreadful grip there was no more chance of escape than there would be from the interlocking cog-wheels of a stone-crusher.

As the jaws of death gaped for the sea-otter, with a writhe of her swift body she flashed to one side, while the little cub whimpered in her arms and the fatal teeth of the shark just grazed her trailing, flipper-like hind legs, so close they snapt behind her. Swerving beneath the great bulk, the otter began a desperate flight for life. Every foot of the shark's gaunt, stript body was built for speed. There was not a bone anywhere under his drab and livid skin—only rings and strips and columns of tough, springy cartilage, which enabled him to cut through the water like a blade of tempered gray steel. With the rush of a torpedo the grim figure shot after the fleeing otter, who had but one advantage and that was in length. It takes a six-foot body less time to turn than one that measures fifteen feet. In a straightaway race, the fish would have overtaken the mammal in a few seconds; but when it came to twisting, turning, and doubling, the sea-otter had an advantage, albeit of the slightest. Again and again the desperate sea mother avoided death by an inch. More than once the ringing jaws of the great fish snapt together just behind her, and only the tiny tick of time which it took

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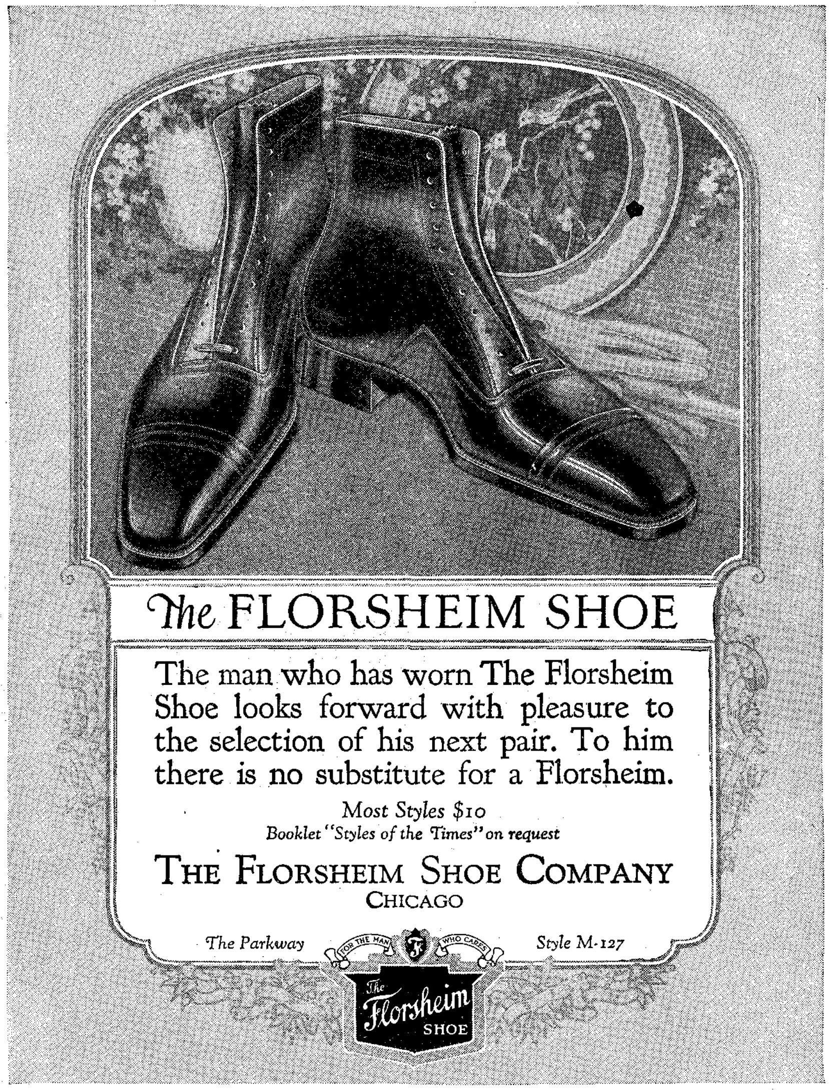

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BIRDS, BEASTS AND TREES
Continued

to turn over saved her. Desperately she sought to win the refuge of the kelp-bed; but always the gray shape thrust itself between her and safety.

At last an ally of the sea-folk joined in the hunt. Water was claiming her toll of oxygen from the alien within her depths. A sea-otter can stay under for half an hour at a pinch—but not when swimming at full speed, with the laboring heart pumping blood at capacity; and this one realized despairingly that soon she must breathe or die. Little by little she shaped her course toward the surface, dreadfully fearing lest the second she must spend in drawing one deep breath would be her last. She flashed upward through a whole gamut of greens—chrome, cedar, jasper, myrtle, malachite, emerald, ending with the pulsing, golden sap-green of the surface. Swim as she would, however, the monstrous head was always just at her flank, and the slightest pause would give those fatal teeth their grip. Once again she avoided by a hair's-breadth a snap of the deadly jaws, and struggled despairingly toward the upper air.

As the great fish turned to follow, out from the sunlight, through the gleaming water, shot a long, dark body. Away from the safety of the kelp to the head of horror with its implacable eyes came the old dog otter, for the creed of the sea-otter is unchanging—one mate for life and death. With his round misshapen head bristling and his snaky black eyes gleaming like fire, this one crossed the vast back of the shark like a shadow. As the great fish turned to follow the fleeing mother, the blunt pebble-teeth of the dog otter, which can grind the flintiest shells to powder, fastened themselves with a bull-dog grip just behind the last fin of the shark, where its long, sinuous tail joined the body. With all the force of his tremendous jaws, the great sea-otter clamped his teeth through the masses of muscles, deep into the cartilage column, crushing one of its ball-and-socket joints.

Like a steel spring, the shark bent almost double on itself. Just as the gaping jaws were about to close, with a quick flirt of his body the otter swung across to the other side, without relaxing for an instant the grip of those punishing teeth. The undershot jaws of the great fish could not reach the head of its tormentor, fixt as it was in the central ridge of the shark's back. Again and again the hammer-head bent from side to side; but each time the old dog otter evaded the clashing teeth and ground to bits joint after joint of the shark's spine, while the lashing tail-strokes became feebler and feebler. Not until the mother otter and her cub were safe on their way to the kelp-bed, breathing great life-saving drafts of fresh air at the surface, did the grim jaws of the old otter relax. Then, with an arrowy dive and double, he shot under and over the disabled fish, and sped away to join his mate in the hidden thickets of the kelp.

At last the short summer of that far-away Arctic region has passed, and the kelp-beds are broken by the wind and gales that toss the great breakers up high in the air and on the coast, and the otters are forced to seek shelter in caves. Then another great danger threatens these priceless animals—the hunters. Indian hunters patrol the beaches, and the otter family are put to it to find a place for the much needed sleep. The little family was led by the dog otter, and nowhere could he find a place for his weary and exhausted companions.

> Smoke spells death to a sea-otter. Beyond Saanak the wary veteran visited other beaches, only to detect the death-scent of human footprints, altho they had been washed by waves and covered by tides. In far-away Oonalaska, he sought the entrance of a sea cave in whose winding depths, many years before, he had found refuge. As he thrust his head into the hidden opening, his sturdy breast struck the strands of a net made of sea-lion sinews, so soaked and bleached by salt water that it bore even to his matchless nostrils no smell of danger. With a warning chirp, he halted his mate following close behind, and backed out carefully, without entangling himself among the wide meshes.
>
> Agonizing for sleep, the little band turned back and journeyed wearily to the far-away islet of Attoo, the westernmost point of land in North America. In its lee was a sheltered kelp-raft never broken by the waves, altho too near shore to be a safe refuge except in a storm. There, in the very center of the heaving bed, with the waves booming outside, the otter family slept the sleep of utter exhaustion, their heads buried under the kelp-stems and their shimmering bodies showing on the surface.
>
> At the foot of a high bluff on Kadiak Island crouched Dick Barrington, on his first otter-hunt. Dick was the son of a factor of the Hudson's Bay Company, which, in spite of kings and parliaments, still rules Arctic America. With him as a guide was Oonga, the chief of a tribe of Aleutian hunters.

While the gale held the old Indian felt that it was no time to start to look for the otters, but after long weary hours of waiting the gale slackened somewhat, so with Dick's help the Indian launched the little craft made of oiled sea-lion's skin, which is nearly unsinkable. Across the bay they went, and soon they reached the kelp-bed in the lee of a little island. Mr. Scoville paints for us the touching scene that ensued:

> Suddenly the old man stretched out his paddle, and, touching Dick on the shoulder, pointed to a dark spot showing against the kelp a hundred yards away.
>
> With infinite care the two edged the canoe along, until there before them lay asleep the mother otter, her cub clasped tight in her arms. Even as they watched, the little otter nuzzled its small white nose against its mother's warm breast. As she felt its touch, without opening her eyes she clasped the cub tighter in her arms, with a curiously human gesture, and wrapt it close in her long silky fur, which had a changing shimmer and ripple through it like watered silk—a pelt with which a man might ransom his life.
>
> As Dick gript the short heavy club which the old chief had placed at his feet at the beginning of the voyage, and looked down upon the pair, it seemed to him as if the great sea had taken him into her confidence and entrusted the sleeping mother and child to him. Suddenly, in the silence, with sea and sky watching, he knew that he could no more strike down that mother sleeping before him with her

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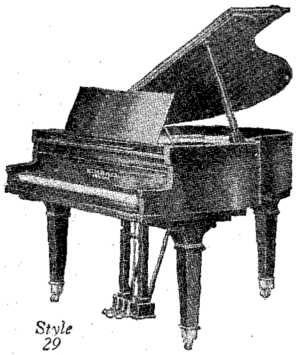

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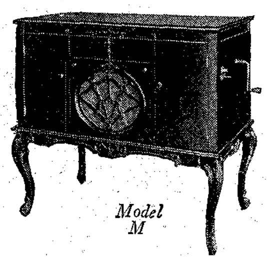

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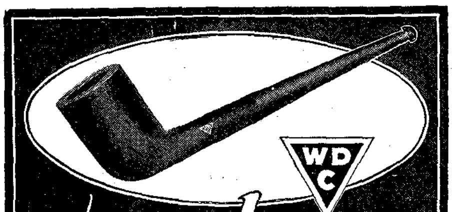

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dear-loved cub in her arms, than he could have killed a human child entrusted to his care. With a quick motion, he splashed the water over the sleeping otter with the end of his club. So swiftly that the eye could scarcely follow her motion, the great otter flashed out of sight under the kelp, with her cub still held close. Once again, mother-love had been too strong for death.

"WORKING LIKE A BEAVER" MEANS LOAFING

ONE fine summer morning when Mr. Enos A. Mills, the late naturalist, was walking through the woods by the river, he came upon a coyote seated like a dog gazing intently at something Mr. Mills could not see, but by softly backing, Mr. Mills discovered, as we read in his article in *Nature Magazine* (Washington), that "several dozen beavers were having a sunbath on a sand-bar." A wild coyote and "several dozen beavers" in one morning in their native habitat would be entertainment enough for most; but Mr. Mills saw also a grizzly bear who had come to the beaver show. His account of all this is fascinating:

Everything was still. Now and then a single beaver, or a pair, came swimming up- or down-stream and silently joined the sand-bathers. Most of them were lying on their stomachs, a few were on their backs; now and then one squirmed over on his side.

Except a few on the up-stream end of the line, they were fairly safe from attack, as a high-cut bank protected them from land enemies.

As two beavers came swimming down-stream the coyote moved a few yards so as to follow them with his eyes. He was more interested in watching them than in trying to seize one for lunch. Perhaps he had never before seen such an extraordinary sight.

After I had been watching an hour or longer I spied a grizzly on the opposite bank of the river also watching the show. The breeze was down-stream and apparently no bear scent had reached the beavers. Scent is the common danger-signal of the wilds.

The grizzly was full of curiosity—fully excited over the beavers. Bears are fond of beaver flesh. But this bear was temporarily interested only in the ways of living ones. Not a move did either the grizzly or the coyote make that might have ended the show; their opportunity to rush in and kill was not used.

I did not know how long the coyote had been enjoying the show before I came, but during the two hours or longer that I watched, his interest was entirely through his eyes.

A dozen or more magpies looked down on the beavers from a high seat on a dead limb in a spruce top. A few long-crested jays eyed the beavers from tree-limbs close to them.

From a tree behind me a squirrel suddenly burst out in protest against the approach of an intruder; one of the jays squawked alarm and the magpies flopped

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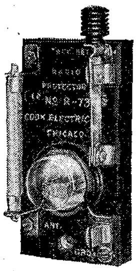

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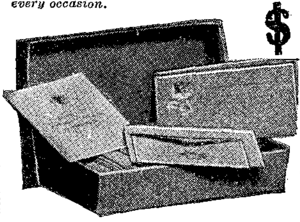

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away. The coyote turned his head to sniff and look.

A second later the beavers almost as a mass made a leap and dived into the river and swam away under water.

I do not know what approaching animal had given the alarm—perhaps a lion. When I next looked at the coyote he was walking slowly off through the woods. The grizzly was standing behind a big tree with forepaws against it and peeping as tho willing to take chances if there was to be another beaver scene.

All the beavers in a number of colonies close to my cabin vanished early in June, almost overnight. I watched in a number of ponds for a dark form; not a sound, not a ripple. For days not a fresh track or beaver cutting had I found. These numerous colonies were as deserted as a winter resort in mid-summer.

Beavers are outdoor enthusiasts. A beaver loves his winter home and it is almost impossible to drive him from it. But this winter house is stuffy, and it is necessary that the beaver should live in the open during some part of the year.

These beaver neighbors of mine were off on their summer vacation. A number would probably go to a safe and secluded streamside place, one mile or many miles from the winter home, and there play and loiter in the sun, picnic in the open. The majority, including the younger ones, would likely put in much of the summer traveling and exploring.

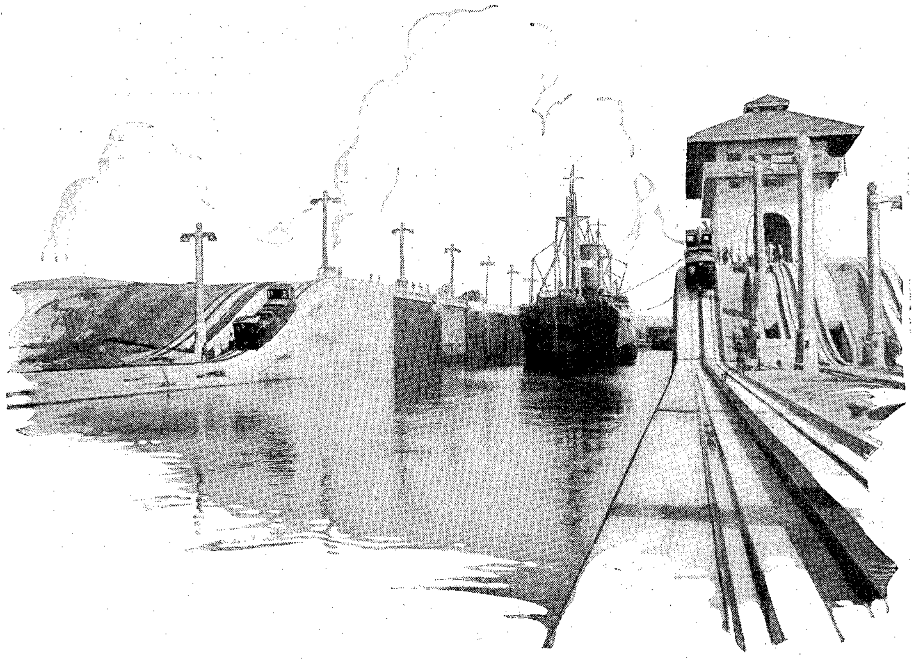
Tracks showed that these beavers had gone down-stream. I followed them. Signs along the way indicated that they were traveling leisurely, picnicking at every favorable place they came to.

Several miles down-stream, where the various brooks had united into a river, the beavers had collected. They had come mostly from the numerous colonies on the headwater brooks; but a number had come from down-stream. Here along a three- or four-mile stretch the beavers gathered—at times more than one hundred together, in a great summer colony of their own.

Every spot and stretch in which beavers could lie or squat in the sun was either occupied or had been or soon would be, by these absorbers of sunshine. In places the beavers lay in the sand with no protecting bank. In other spots two or more would back up against a boulder or a tree. Numbers often found a place between a high-water log and the river. Big boulders in the stream sometimes swarmed with fur coats. There was a scattering of furs over driftwood piles in the river. A few squatted on narrow ledges of the solid rock. One mother had chosen an original place. A tree leaned heavily from the south bank of the stream. Up this she had climbed to a point about mid-stream. Here she flattened herself, her four babies in line upon the tree below her. I must have passed a few times without noticing them, but one day I caught a glimpse of her black tail hanging over the side.

An alarm caused the tree-beavers to dive quickly to safety. The mother warned the youngsters; they took off easily, and she followed with a high dive.

Mothers with babies commonly kept away from other beavers, altho other beavers in passing often stopt to sniff the youngsters. This did not alarm the mother or bring a protest from her. A few times I saw several mothers with from two to six children each, sunning themselves on a sector of a sand-pit. But two or three mothers together I saw a number of times; all the youngsters playing, but the mothers keeping near and watchful. Sun-bathing was the luxurious pleasure. On the sand



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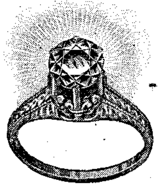

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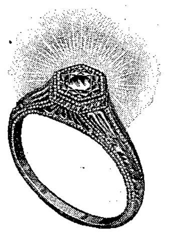

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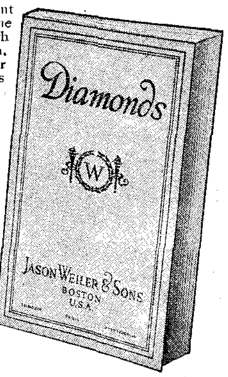

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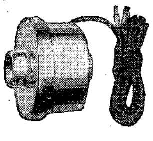

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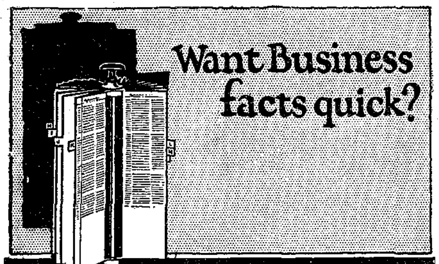

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BIRDS, BEASTS AND TREES

Continued

in the sunshine they lay for hours, on their stomachs, sides or backs; some scooped out a half mound in the warm sand. At times I saw a number of aged and crippled beavers together. Now and then on some beach I noticed a scattering of large fat beavers by themselves; probably the aged beavers of various colonies and beavers without families of their own.

Frequently I saw a number of three-year-old-beavers but commonly not more than six together, unless it was while sunning themselves on the sand. Apparently these three-year-olds did more traveling than the other beavers. Sometimes, however, they were accompanied by one or two older beavers, and many times a pair of old beavers traveled miles up- or down-stream.

One day I saw the yearling youngsters and two-year-olds playing by themselves. They swam in the stream, rolled on the sand and wandered the full length of the beaver-peopled sand-bank.

The entire effect of beaver life on the sand-bar was leisure. Nothing in particular was going on, and no speed was shown except occasionally with the groups of yearlings and two-year-olds. When these were not playing, the yearlings appeared to loiter near their mothers. One of the places where I most frequently saw numbers of beavers loafing in their baths of sun and sand was on a long, narrow sand-bar against the sunny cut-bank of the river. The high, vertical bank shielded the beavers from land enemies. Enemies on the opposite bank could be seen before they came perilously close; so, too, could enemies that came up or down the river. This sand-bank, being on the edge of the water, would enable the beavers in a single leap to land safely in deep water.

One June day I saw more than one hundred beavers on this secure sand-bank. In this mass were beavers of all ages, except the babies.

Numbers of bank-beavers were among the mass of sun-bathers along the river. I had read stories and heard tales about bank-beavers being quarrelsome and lazy; that they were beavers of a low type, driven from regular colonies. These stories are the logical accompaniment of the ancient error that has beavers ever stupidly at work. (Beavers as a species do but little work.)

A bank-beaver is one who lives in a bank den, while house-beavers live in houses. A bank-beaver may have at some time lived in a house, and a house-beaver may have lived in a bank. In a few colonies the beaver residents make and use both houses and bank dens. Bank-beavers that live years in bank dens may be more efficient and skilful than beavers that live an equal number of years in a house. But there is nothing that I know of which will serve to distinguish a bank-beaver from other beavers.

When the beavers go on their summer vacation they are like human folk, and wander to some different place from their home. They like to see the world, and how other beavers live, and Mr. Mills tells of their visiting deserted beaver-houses:

I again visited the various colonies upstream, where most tracks now led. A

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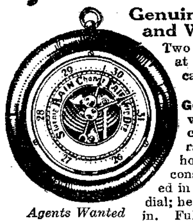

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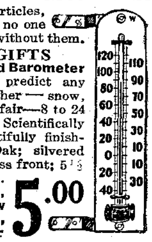

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month earlier these colonies were deserted, but now I everywhere saw tracks, and also beavers in a number of places. These beavers probably were all visitors from down-stream, or from another adjacent stream. I saw more than a dozen beavers curiously exploring in three of the colonies near my cabin. From their uncertain movements I am satisfied that every one was a stranger. They were seeing the homes where other beavers lived and traveling and exploring uninhabited regions.

The majority of beavers simply wander. They make frequent and long stops for sun baths and travel only a few miles up or down-stream from their homes. But a few beavers have the habit of traveling all summer long.

One summer I traced a pair of beavers from a colony near my home. They appeared to keep slowly on the move. By September they had explored the sources of three little mountain brooks.

One beaver that I trailed traveled for sixty miles. He lived near my cabin and wandered down-stream and thirty miles out upon the almost treeless plains. A broken tooth and injured forefoot enabled me to trail him. He returned home early in September.

A beaver vacation is not preceded by heated discussions between Mother and Father Beaver about "Where shall we go?" Father Beaver has no tickets to buy, or trains to catch, for their vacation land is already at their doors. No lunch-boxes or suit-cases do the beavers burden themselves with; they leave all work and care at home:

Beavers in traveling live off the country. They do not carry an ounce of baggage. Usually there are small trees growing near the water that may be readily cut for food. In most places, too, they can go to the river's edge and find protection in a den, under a bank, or in a log jam.

For the most part these travels are made at night, with rest and sunny picnics during daytime at favorable places.

A pair of beavers, one of which was from a colony near my cabin, went off on a journey, a part of which I traced. They explored down-stream for three or four weeks, then turned back up-stream and followed one of the smaller tributaries to its source.

At timberline on Mount Meeker this stream was only a trickle, not deep enough for swimming and giving no protection from enemies. Here they left the channel and continued their explorations for several hundred feet along timberline. They then climbed the steep, dry channel more than a mile up the slope.

In the edge of a small swamp covered with dwarf willows they made a shallow den on the bank. Tracks also on a near-by snowdrift showed that they had climbed over it a number of times.

Life in the outdoors in the good old summertime, without house or den or pond, is the life for beavers. Like the Eskimo, they live from necessity in dark, warm, poorly ventilated winter homes. When spring comes the beavers are ready to leave their stuffy, crowded homes for days in the sun and air. But when the aspen's golden leaves signal the approach of ice and snow, the beavers return to their permanent home, make repairs, and lay in supplies for the winter.

A long vacation away from home is an annual and important part of life in beaver world.

"I hear about long mileage
—why don't I get it?"

"I do not skid my tires by applying the brakes too suddenly.

"I drive slowly over ruts and rough roads.

"I do not scrape the side walls of my tires against the curb.

"I have cuts promptly repaired.

"My wheels are in alignment.

"My tires fit their rims.

"I do not understand why I cannot get maximum mileage out of my tires.

"I wonder if incorrect inflation can be the reason why my tires wear out too soon."

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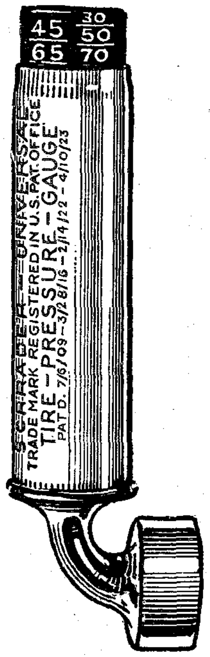
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INVESTMENTS ▾ AND ▾ FINANCE

AMERICAN CAPITAL TO DEVELOP ITALIAN WATER-POWER

IN at least one important field, American capital has taken the place occupied by Germany before the war. An investment trust is to be formed here to finance the development and control of hydroelectric projects in Italy. The corporation, to be known as the Italian Power Company, is to be capitalized at $2,000,000, and will operate through the sale to American investors of securities based upon interests acquired in established Italian companies. The project, notes the New York *Tribune*, "represents the first comprehensive endeavor in this country to utilize the British scheme of an investment trust and thus represents a new phase of American capital investment in European industries." Interested in this scheme are such prominent business leaders as Chairman A. C. Bedford of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, and President Tilney of the Bankers Trust Company of New York. A statement issued by the promoters of the new company reads in part as follows:

> It is well known that Italy has been one of the biggest fields for the development of hydroelectric enterprises, as its resources in water-power are unsurpassed. The Edison Company, of Milan, and similar companies were among the first to introduce the electric light in the early '80's of the last century. In northern Italy the water-power in the Alps and the Appenines furnishes practically unlimited opportunity for the development of hydroelectric power. As Italy has no coal deposits, it is of supreme importance to the country that its water-power be utilized to its full capacity.
>
> It will be the purpose of the Italian Power Company to acquire interest in the financial operations of established Italian companies. It will not offer the securities represented by these interests direct to the investor, but will issue its own obligations secured by a first claim on the assets of the companies it undertakes to finance, so that the American investor will have not only the original security of the Italian enterprises, but the guaranty of the American company, which has been formed with ample capital, and by men of the highest possible standing working in cooperation with prominent bankers and business men in Italy.

The Tribune offers the further explanation that:

> Before the war Italy's important power and light enterprises were financed by German, Swiss and French capital. With the entry of Italy into the war these interests were taken over by the Italians, and the necessity for increased electrical energy for war purposes called for additional capital for extensions of power plants and the building of transmission lines, and this capital had to be furnished from the banking resources of the country. This capital must now be replaced by capital from outside the country.

BRITAIN'S FUTURE DEPENDENT ON COAL DISTILLATION

THE future prosperity of Great Britain, and her security as well, rests upon oil, in the last analysis, says Mr. Archibald Hurd, in a *Contemporary Review* article (London), summarized in *The Annalist.* The Royal Navy, the Royal Air Force, and merchant shipping are all practically dependent on oil for motor power. The percentage of shipping using coal has declined from 89 per cent. to 70 per cent. in the last nine years. The same situation is said to be developing in workshops and factories. And yet to-day Britain controls only 5 per cent. of the world's oil resources and has only 2½ per cent. within the territories of the Empire. Mr. Hurd dismisses the idea that oil is likely to be found in Great Britain, quoting the 1918 report of the Coal Conservation Committee to the effect that she has "neither water-power nor natural oil nor natural gas in any appreciable quantity." Britain's case might be almost hopeless except for the possibility of the profitable distillation or carbonization of oil from British coal. Great Britain still has vast coal reserves. Mr. Hurd's presentation of the possibilities in distillation are thus summed up in *The Annalist:*

> Under the carbonization process, says Mr. Hurd, the open fireplace, dear to the British heart, need not be sacrificed. The residuum of pure coal, after the raw coal has been treated so as to yield oil and gas, is stated by Dr. Margaret Fishenden to average a radiant efficiency of from 30 to 33 per cent. in a grate which gave a radiant efficiency with coal of 25 per cent.
>
> Regarding the problem of coal distillation in the commercial sense, Mr. Hurd declares that if it has not already been solved, it is on the eve of solution. The technical and engineering difficulties, he notes, have been the subject of long study by such experts as Andrew McCulloch and Neville Simpkin, who estimate that out of the annual consumption of 80,000,000 tons of raw coal for motive power a saving of not less than 55,000,000 might be effected in the near future if electric power supply were dealt with on broad and comprehensive lines.
>
> Taking the quantity of imported motor spirit as a basis, says expert quoted by Mr. Hurd, and bearing in mind that the average motor spirit produced per ton is three gallons, it will be seen that 100,000,000 tons of coal would have to be distilled to meet the country's needs. These would produce nearly 1,800,000,000 gallons of tar-oils, which, besides the 300,000,000 gallons of motor spirit, contain all other specified kinds of oils in ample quantities. The total oil imported being about 1,200,000,000 gallons, there would be a difference of some five to six million gallons in this output, but this would represent pitch residue from the distillation of tar-oils, so that coal distillation also promises an almost unlimited supply of pitch for road-making and other purposes.
>
> Total capital costs of erecting the car-

bonizing plant, conforming to the latest and most advanced methods of distilling, Mr. Hurd places at £48,000,000; the total cost of the tar-distilling and oil-refinery plant he puts at about thirty million, making approximately seventy-eight million in all. What, he inquires, is the simple sum thus presented? He states it as follows:

Taking the interest on the capital expenditure and depreciation of plant at 15 per cent	£11,700,000
Wages	12,000,000
Rates, stores, etc	3,000,000

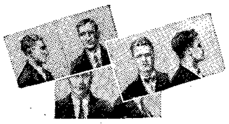
The annual outlay to produce all the oil now imported for which £45,000,000 is paid, and in addition to the pitch required for our roads, would be	£26,700,000

This, he remarks, would represent a gain to the nation of over eighteen million, to say nothing of employment for 125,000 men and many additional miners. Further, Mr. Hurd calculates, the gas obtained from coal thus treated, after deducting the amount required for process purposes, would generate 750,000 to 1,000,000 horse-power when turned into electrical energy. When the commercial value of the smokeless coal, the pitch, the gas or electrical energy and ammonium sulfate are taken into consideration, the saving becomes nearer forty than eighteen million, and Mr. Hurd further assesses the saving in smoke prevention, by reason of better health, less damage to buildings, etc., conservation of artificial light during foggy weather, etc., at another £50,000,000 annually.

COMPULSORY INSURANCE FOR SEAGOERS

THOSE of us who are willing to accept cash as a satisfactory equivalent for life or bodily injury may soon be able to travel at will without any fear of the perils of the sea. For a scheme of compulsory insurance of passengers carried by sea is being discust seriously by the Comité Maritime Internationale, we read in *The Economist* (London). At the recent Gothenburg conference the principle was agreed to and a special committee will report on ways and means at the next conference. The English emigrant lines, it seems, have all come to the conclusion that the compulsory insurance of passengers is essential. As we read in the London weekly:

> The proposal is that the scheme should take the place of the contractual liability of the shipowners toward the passengers traveling on board their vessels, but the insurance would cover all cases, that is, both chance accidents and those caused by negligence, including negligence of a third party.
>
> Payments would be made in respect of death and permanent or partial incapacity, but, as already indicated, the scope and details of the scheme are to be further considered.
>
> Apparently, as the business, carried on out of passage money, has at present to bear the cost of meeting claims, it may be possible that the adoption instead of an international scheme of insurance would not necessarily involve a material increase in the cost of transport, while placing the matter of claims and their settlement on a more satisfactory footing.



17 Times An Hour, a Check Fraud Loss!

Crooks who alter checks are more dangerous than safe crackers' nitroglycerine, says Wm. J. Burns.

Losses by check fraud occur somewhere in the United States *once every three and a half minutes!* In 1922 it is estimated that check frauds cost this country more than fifty million dollars.

Police departments are flooded with descriptions of check crooks. They are men or women of fair education at least; well dressed, smooth of tongue and appearance.

William J. Burns says that raised checks and drafts are more dangerous than the nitroglycerine of the professional safe cracker.

Interesting book free

William J. Burns has written an interesting book of stories about check raisers. You may have a copy, free, by mailing the coupon. Clip the coupon. Drop it in the mail today.

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Send coupon for free copy of interesting book by the famous detective, Wm. J. Burns.

So, today, thousands of banks give

$1000.00 Insurance

against loss by check raising— on checks *triply* safeguarded

Every man and woman who has a "checking account" should know this:

Positive protection against check raisers is now provided by thousands of banks in America.

Many methods have failed. Now, at a single stroke, you are protected against loss, through raised checks, and the check crook is "stopped."

The safety of your check does not depend upon intricate, bothersome mechanical devices, or "patented ink." The positive, *triple* safeguard is incorporated in the fine, crisp checks you use!

First, they are made of the *safest* check paper in the world—usual altering methods are instantly exposed.

$1,000.00 insurance

When your bank supplies you with Super-Safety INSURED Checks you automatically become beneficiary of a $1,000.00 insurance bond.

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"Protected by Burns"

When you use a Super-Safety INSURED Check—a third great safeguard *warns* away check raisers.

Each check warns the crook that it is protected by The William J. Burns International Detective Agency, Inc. To the crook that is a deadly, serious warning.

Your check is safe

The paper resists attempts at alteration—or at once exposes them. The crook—amateur or "master"—is warned off. Finally, you are *insured* against loss.

And, without extra cost, your bank can supply you with these *positively* safe checks—in place of ordinary, *unsafe* checks. Ask your banker for them—today.

The Bankers Supply Company

Largest Manufacturers of Bank Checks in the World

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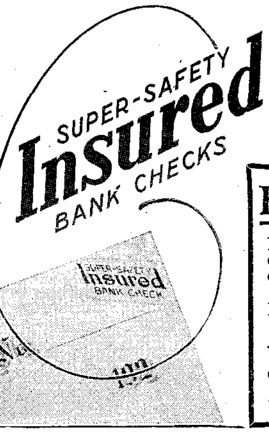

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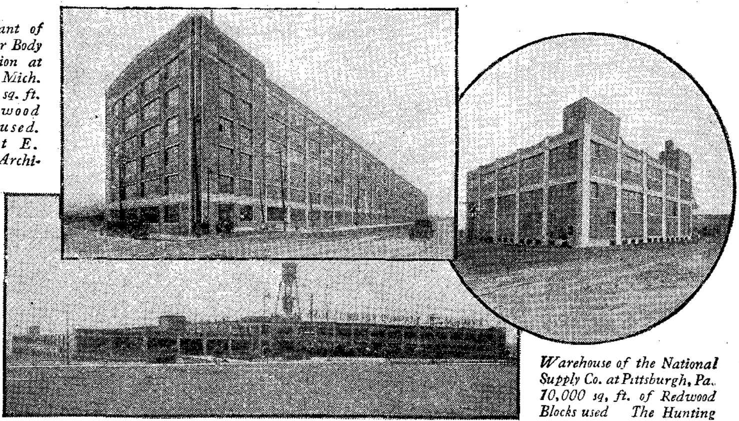

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CURRENT EVENTS

FOREIGN

November 7.—The British Imperial Conference accepts in modified form the original proposals of Secretary of State Hughes for the establishment of a twelve-mile limit in which to check rum-running into the United States. The matter is to be settled by a treaty which will confer reciprocal rights on Great Britain, permitting British passenger ships to bring liquor into American ports under seal when intended for outbound consumption.

Premier Poincaré's second section of instructions, explaining French reservations to the proposed economic inquiry into the German reparations question, says that Germany has no credit and that search would have to be made for hidden resources, that any estimate of her ability to pay can not extend beyond 1930, and that the commission's power would be confined to advising on reductions for the next six years.

November 8.—Dr. Otto von Kahr, General Ludendorff and Lieutenant Adolph Hitler attempt to overthrow the Bavarian Government and proclaim a dictatorship over all Germany. General Nollet, representing French authority, informs the German Government that France will not tolerate a nationalist dictatorship in Germany, and the British Government is reported to have taken similar action.

More than $1,500,000 has been contributed by the United States to the German child-feeding fund during the last six months, says a dispatch from Berlin.

November 9.—The Bavarian Monarchist outbreak is crusht after a brief struggle, and General Ludendorff is arrested, Hitler escaping. Dr. von Kahr and General von Lossow repudiate their part in the movement, asserting that they were forced to acquiesce.

November 10.—Just before the Ministers of the five Allied Powers are about to present a note to protest against his departure, the German ex-Crown Prince leaves the Island of Wieringen, where he has been in exile, and departs for Germany, ostensibly for his estate in Silesia. The Dutch Government announces that it could not legally restrain the Crown Prince from departing.

November 11.—General Ludendorff is paroled on his promise to remain in Munich and refrain from hostile activities pending his examination.

November 12.—Lieutenant Adolf von Hitler, one of the leaders in the Bavarian Monarchist outbreak, is arrested.

The Council of Ambassadors meets to take action on the return of the ex-Crown Prince to Germany. Meanwhile the German Government is reported to have said it can not legally interfere with the return of any German citizen.

King George of Greece agrees, at the request of the Republican faction, to absent himself from Greece for two months, while the political situation is being cleared up.

November 13.—Unable to finance the occupied territory, the German Government, it is reported, decides to proclaim an autonomous Rhineland within the Reich, or Republic. The French occupation of the Ruhr is called an act of war releasing Germany from all obligations under the Versailles Treaty.

Ex-Prime-Ministers Asquith and Lloyd George adjust their political differences, it is reported, and will contest with the Conservatives and the Labor forces for the control of the next Government. The general election will be held on December 6.

The Nobel prize for physics has been awarded to Dr. Robert Andrews Millikan, of Pasadena, California, says a dispatch from Stockholm. Dr. Millikan was the first to succeed in isolating an electron.

Premier Poincaré receives a vote of confidence of 379 to 165 in the French Chamber of Deputies.

The Reparations Commission is reported unanimously to have agreed to grant Germany's request for a hearing on her capacity to pay reparations.

DOMESTIC

November 6.—The death toll of the recent Japanese earthquake, tidal wave and fire is estimated at 400,000, and the property damage at $8,000,000,000, by Thomas A. Jaggar, Jr., Volcanologist, in charge of the Hawaiian Volcano Observatory, who recently returned from Japan, says a dispatch from Honolulu.

November 8.—Purchase of the ancestral home of John Adams and his son, John Quincy Adams, second and sixth Presidents of the United States, at Flore, Northamptonshire, England, is announced by the Board of Governors of the Sulgrave Institution.

November 9.—Federal Judge McKeehan at Philadelphia rules it illegal to seize entire brewing plants in liquor raids, holding that a search warrant authorizes prohibition agents to seize only intoxicating liquors illegally manufactured, and the paraphernalia necessarily used.

French restrictions on the proposed international inquiry into the German reparations question frustrate the whole purpose of the inquiry, Secretary Hughes informs Ambassador Jusserand. The French insist that the inquiry must not go into the legality of the occupation of the Ruhr and the system of taxes established there by them that Germany's "present" capacity to pay must be the basis of investigation, and that the total must not be scaled down.

November 10.—In an Armistice Day address to the nation, ex-President Wilson declares that the attitude of this country in withdrawing "into a sullen and selfish isolation" from our associates in the World War is "cowardly and dishonorable."

November 11.—Secretary of the Treasury Mellon proposes in a program to be submitted to Congress a reduction in taxes of $325,000,000, provided a soldiers' bonus bill be not enacted. A bonus bill, he says, will increase rather than decrease taxation.

A national committee known as the National Vigilance Association is incorporated in Washington to inaugurate a countrywide campaign to combat the Ku Klux Klan and kindred organizations.

November 12.—The alien land laws of California and Washington prohibiting aliens ineligible to citizenship from owning or leasing land are declared constitutional by the United States Supreme Court.

November 13.—Governor Pinchot invites the Governors of all the anthracite-using States to attend a conference in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, on November 26, to outline a plan for national legislation and for State action on the coal problem.

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Speeding Up.—Efficiency Expert (to Central)—"Would you mind if I gave you the number all five times at once?"—*Life.*

Several, in Fact.—Ike—"What do you think of Ford as a Presidential possibility?"

Mike—"Fine! He has the makings of another Lincoln."—*Pitt Panther.*

Breaking the News.—"Your daughter has promised to marry me. Will you forgive me for taking her away from you?"

"Forgive you! Why that's what the party was for."—*London Opinion.*

Real Appreciation.—"I have just called in to say how much I appreciate your treatment, Doctor."

"But I am not your doctor, young man!"

"No. But you were my old uncle's, and I am his heir!"—*Karikaturen (Christiania).*

S-s-s-h-h!—"What is this Almanac de Gotha? Any jokes in it?"

"Plenty, my boy."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

'Tis Better Thus.—Burroughs—"I asked you for a loan of $10. This is only five."

Lenders—"I know it is, but that's the fairest way—you lose five and I lose five."—*Denver Post.*

A Pious Hope.—Superintendent of Sunday School (whose enthusiasm runs toward regular attendance)—"Out of the entire school, only one pupil is absent to-day—little Doris Smith—let us hope that she is ill."—*London Opinion.*

Diplomacy.—Hubby—"Really, Ethel, seven pounds for a hat is the height of extravagance!"

Wife—"Well, my dear, I simply have to look nice when I am with you; you're so distinguished-looking."—*The Passing Show (London).*

Slight Misunderstanding.—Visitor—"Can you tell me if Bill Jones is up in his room?"

Frosh—"Sorry, there's nobody home in the top story."

Visitor—"Oh, excuse me. I'll ask some one else."—*Purple Parrot.*

Now's the Time to S-bscr-be!—"Dear Doctor—My pet billy goat is seriously ill from eating a complete leather-bound set of Shakespeare. What do you prescribe?"

Answer—"Am sending Literary Digest by return mail."—*The Leader (Kansas State Teachers' College).*

Taking His Time.—Boy—"That was a very rude man, father, to push you from the 'bus. He ought to be punished. Will God punish him?"

Father—"He is already punished, my son, for I have his watch!"—*From "What the Butler Winked At" (T. Werner Laurie).*

A Starter.—Farmer—"Now, come along, and I'll teach you to milk the cow."

Cockney Hand—"Seein' I'm new to it, Mister, hadn't I better learn on the calf?"—*London Opinion.*

Helpful Spirit.—The Father—"Young man, you couldn't even buy my daughter's clothes!"

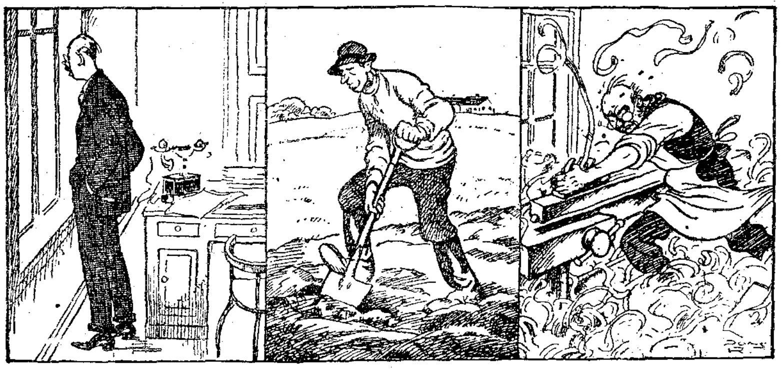
The Suitor—"I could help."—*The Passing Show (London).*

Thoughtless.—Effie—"Why hasn't Daddy much hair?"

Mother—"Because he thinks a lot, darling!"

Effie—(pause)—"But why have you got such a lot, Mummie—?"

Mother—"Get-on-with-your-breakfast! ! !"—*London Opinion.*



LABOR

For the State. For the Boss. For Yourself.

—*Hvepsen* (Christiania).

Fine Board.—"Kate, the hash was very much like sawdust this morning."

"I know it, sir. The missus said to use all that was left of the planked steak."—*Judge.*

All Clear Now.—Whiz Bang—"What's the difference between the jingle of the American dollar and the Chinese yen?"

Sky Rocket—"One is the chink of the coin and the other is the coin of the Chink."—*The American Legion Weekly.*

One Good Turn Deserves Another.—Maude—"What a beautiful new gown Helen is wearing. Says it's imported, doesn't she?"

Marie—"Not exactly in those words. It's her last season's dress. The dressmaker has turned it inside out, and now she says it's from the other side."—*Boston Transcript.*

A New Spoke in the Hub.—The first day of school a little girl presented herself who looked very much like a true daughter of Italy.

"You're an Italian?" asked the teacher.

"No'm," was the astonishing reply.

"But wasn't your father born in Italy?"

"Yes'm."

"And wasn't your mother born in Italy?"

"Yes'm."

"Well, you must be an Italian."

"N'm," she answered. "I'm Irish. I was born in Boston."—*Open Road.*

The Unkindest Cut.—Herbert (finding a piece of rubber in his hash)—"There's n doubt about it, the auto is displacing th horse everywhere."—*The Harvard Lar poon.*

What They All Think.—Nit—"What did he say to the Dean when he was fired?"

Wit—"He congratulated the school o turning out such fine men."—*Purpl Parrot.*

The Little Darling.—"Mother, isn Auntie just like a bulldog?"

"Hush! Hush! Don't talk so loud!"

"Why? Would the bulldog be mad?"—*Kasper (Stockholm).*

How It's Done.—Head Waiter (t waiter)—"The customer in the corne has ordered fresh-mad coffee. Just keep hi waiting ten minutes."—*Klods-Hans (Copenhagen).*

Admiration Absent.—"I get as many as 20 o 30 telephone calls a day."

"My, how popular All admirers, I suppose?"

"No, wrong numbers."—*Worcester Evening G zette.*

Perfect Resemblance—Wife (waxing philc sophical)—"Just to thinl John! First, utter dra ness, then the workin of the sap and finally the gorgeous tree—splendid in its multitude of gold and crimson gowns! How like our lives!"

Fed-up Husband—"How like, indeed, my dear! You the gorgeous tree and me the sap!"—*The Daily Province (Vancouver, B.C.)*

Bandit—Prohibition.—China has a three-mile Bandit Limit, paralleling main railway lines. This is observed as religiously as is the rum-runners' limit in America.—*Korea.*

Simple Mathematics.—To get the exact value of 100 German marks write down the figures "100," then erase the one and rub the rim off both zeros.—*Danville Commercial News.*

Screened Humor.—Many British playwrights are said to be turning to the American film versions of their old dramas to glean new ideas for future comedies.—*Punch (London).*

His Odd Idea.—First Steno—"The idea of your working steady eight hours a day! I would not think of such a thing!"

Second Steno—"Neither would I. It was the boss that thought of it."—*Town Topics.*

One Might.—Now that it has become known that thirty agricultural colleges are giving courses in ice-cream making, might one be pardoned for referring to them as sundae schools?—*Nashville Southern Lumberman.*